

# Moral Reflexions

Upon SELECT

## *English Proverbs:*

FAMILIARLY

Accommodated to the  
Humour and Manners of the  
Present Age.

By OSWALD DYKES, Gent. formerly  
of Queen's-College, Oxon.

*Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit* -- Virgil.

If one will not, another will; or,  
why was the Market made?

L O N D O N:

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*Row*. MDCCVIII.

*Cha: Tre Lawny*





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T O

*Leonard Dykes,*

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WARDAL-HALL in CUM-  
BERLAND, *Esq;*

*Honour'd Father,*

**I** Hope you will accept of this  
Book, such as it is, for the Sake  
of your Son, the *Author* of it.  
'Tis but a small *Return*, for the great  
*Advantages* I have reap'd by the  
good *Education* you gave me in my  
Youth, and a poor *Acknowledgment*  
only of the vast *Duty* which I owe  
A 2 you,

## *The* DEDICATION.

you, besides *scribbling* for your *Diversion*. However, the DEDICATION of these *Moral Reflexions upon English Proverbs*, was highly due to your *Self alone*, for several other good Reasons, besides common *Gratitude* and filial *Affection*, or *Obedience* to a kind, generous, and indulgent FATHER, upon the Account of your own great *Judgment* of this *Way of Writing*, as well as your incomparable *Understanding* of the *Subject* of the following *Descants*, or *Discourses*.

They were penn'd with a Design to please, if possible, the *Palate* of a curious nice Age ; but whether they *do* or *not*, I have gain'd my *Point* yet, if they shall only answer Your more *solid Taste* of Things, and afford you any *Satisfaction* or *Relish* in reading of dry **Proverbs** : For it is the *Interpretation* that must give the *Gust*, or fail of gratifying  
the



## The DEDICATION.

the *dear Person* I intended to oblige with a little *Mirth, Pleasure, and Delight* ; especially , if there be any *Recreation in Queintness of Thought, Variety of Matter, or Novelty of Remark* upon the common *Fooleries, and fashionable Knaveries* of the World.

However now, *dear Sir*, give me Leave to think, that, considering the miserable *Hardships* I have undergone , through difficult Times of *Revolution*, and the troublesome Turnings of *State* ; considering, that I have been all along like a *Government*, never WELL, or a meer *Valetudinarian* ; that I was formerly necessitated to turn a good *Stock of Books* into *Bread and Cheese*, for Subsistence ; that in former Days I was falsely reported to be a *PAPIST*, though I had not *one Cross* left in my Pockets ; that I was mightily malign'd for *Love's knowing no Religion*,

## *The* DEDICATION.

gion, or *mercenary Ends* in Point of Matrimony ; that I was a long Time forc'd to *strike Fire out of Flint*, to get an honest Livelihood ; and that I am now little more still than a *poor Gerund-Grinder*, or a *Haberdasher of Nouns and Verbs* : Considering, I say, all these *Impediments* of pretending to any great Progress and Improvement in *Learning*, This is the *best Present* I can make you, after many Years *Troubles*, upon the *Change of my Fortune* somewhat for the *better*.

But, *thank God !* you are on the *right Side of Four-score* yet ; venerable for your *good old Age* ; valuable for your great *Experience* in Affairs, either Civil or Military ; and well known for your *Sense* and *Learning* ; of a hospitable, frank *Temper* ; and a generous *Spirit* ; noted for *Peace, Justice, and Mercy* ; belov'd by all Men of *Parts, Worth,*

## The DEDICATION.

*Worth, and Integrity ; honourable in your Station, faithful to the Trust of your Commission, and loyal to the QUEEN you serve. --- Old, did I call you then? I have none of ÆSON'S BATH to make you young again ; but I would do any Thing, that is not Magick, Witchcraft, or an Iniquity, to contribute towards the continuing of your Health, Strength, and Vigour ; towards the prolonging of your Life, without Limit, or stinting your Days. Your Happiness shall always be Part of my Devotion. And if a Proverb can divert you, let who will enquire into your Age before the appointed Time ; They may go long bare-foot, that wait for dead Men's Shoes, and, perhaps, shorten their own Lives too, by so undutiful an Enquiry, and so unnatural an Expectation. But however, I wish you may find some Pastime in perusing this Book ; which, if it can*  
give



## *The* DEDICATION.

give you any *Consolation*, *Comfort*,  
or *Satisfaction*, either of *Mind*, or  
of *Body*, under the *Infirmities* of *old*  
*Age*; and conduce, in the least,  
towards relieving the *Labour*, and  
qualifying the *Sorrow* of your *Years*,  
will infinitely *reward* the UNDER-  
TAKING of,

From my Board-  
ing-School, at  
KENSINGTON-  
Gravel - Pits,  
Dec. 12. 1707.

*Honour'd Sir,*

*Your most obedient Son.*

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T H E

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THE  
PREFACE  
TO THE  
READER:  
BEING

An ESSAY upon the *Nature* and Use of *Proverbs*.

**I**F the writing of BOOKS was of no more Benefit and Service to the Publick, than it is of Reputation or Advantage to the AUTHOR, I believe there would hardly be so many good Volumes put forth, purely to oblige People. There's very little Encouragement, now-a-days, for Learning  
a ing

## ii      The PREFACE.

*ing in ENGLAND, more than the Satisfaction of communicating a Man's own private Knowledge, or Sense of Things, in Print, that others may be the better for't. One sows, and another reaps the Profit of his Labour. Now, this is the only Way of speaking to a whole KINGDOM at once, and of publishing one's Thoughts to all Mankind, either with Authority, Privilege, or Perswasion : But as for the Success of the Work at last, it depends entirely upon the READER's Judgment and Approbation ; for every Man will be his own Carver at such a TREAT as this is, and taste for himself upon so general an Entertainment.*

*However, let the Fortune of the Performance be what it will, I have dress'd up these dry **Proverbs** with as much Variety, and as little Cost as I could, to please both the Palate and the Pocket , without being too  
sawcy,*



## The PREFACE. iii

*lawcy, nice, or impertinent on the one Hand, and too dull, heavy, or insipid on the other: Having a Regard still to the gratifying of my Guests above all Things, for fear of falling under the Reflexion of vending more Sawce than Pig; more Bone, than Meat or Marrow; more Liver than Lights, and more Dirt or Trash, in the End, than good wholesome Diet. In short, the Proof of the Pudding will be in the Eating on't; and Applause, if there be any due, must come after Dinner: If none, let 'em keep their Thanks to feed their Chickens; for some churlish CRITICKS are never to be oblig'd by the greatest Complaisance or Fair-Dealing in the World.*

*This Collection of **Proverbs** then is exquisitely new and unborrow'd, upon the whole Order and Method of the Undertaking; and I have also adjusted them, in the Choice, as ex-*

## iv      The PREFACE.

*actly as I could to the present Times ; with MORAL REFLEXIONS over and above , as suitable and agreeable to the Humour of the Age, as it was possible to answer all Gusts, in a Country, where one Man's Meat is another Man's Poison, and Minds differ as much as Faces or Features in a medly-mix'd English Constitution. I have likewise pursu'd the Design, with all Frankness of Observation, Justness of Remark, and Clearness of Stile. The Language is plain and perspicuous ; and, I hope, will be obvious also to the meanest Capacity. Give me leave to add farther, that I have couch'd under every Proverbial Head, some Story or other, either ancient or modern, with such private Passages or publick Hints, as might make it worth the Reading : And I have frequently introduc'd phanciful Allusions, poetical Fictions, and Fables all MORALIZ'D, to render my*  
RE-

## The PREFACE. V

REFLEXIONS *useful and instructive, as well as plausible and diverting upon the Perusal.* However, at least, I thought I could not set forth the Manners of the Age better, than by giving the truest Characters of Things and Persons, in the daily Practices of Vanity and Vice, of Licentiousness, Immorality, and Prophaneness; which generally spring from the Source of our own extravagant Crotchets, or our own selfish Humours, as well as the common FASHION of the World: And this is the sole Reason, why I have so often us'd the Terms of OWN and SELF throughout the whole Work.

In fine, this is the Sum and Substance of what I propose in descanting upon the following **Proverbs**: Save only that I am to tell the Reader ingenuously one Thing more by the By; that, having consulted few Books, and had few Books to consult, I thought fit to adhere chiefly to the Learned  
ERASMUS,



## vi The PREFACE.

ERASMUS, in his ADAGES, as the best Guide I could follow through the various Mazes of Opinion and Interpretation upon this Subject. As for the Application of any Part, or the Menage of the Whole, I must answer for't. If there be any Misconstructions and exceptionable Remarks, I ought, in common Justice, to suffer for my own Faults; and I acquit that famous Author of all Censure, Reflexion, or Calumny. The Mistake is my OWN; and the Pardon, YOURS, if you please.

To press on therefore in his Steps towards an ESSAY, upon the Nature, Use, and Excellency of this Sort of LEARNING, in the Praise of **Proverbs**; I may presume, with very good Authority, to assert, that a **Proverb** is a vulgar Saying accommodated to THINGS and TIMES; which imports more, or signifies something else than the Words express;

## The PREFACE. vii

press ; according to the Definition of it by DONATUS and DIOMEDES, as ERASMUS quotes them to this Purpose. The GREEKS also have defin'd it several Ways, but all to the same End and Purport ; that it is an Expression directing the CONDUCT of human Life, couch'd under a DARK COVER, and containing in it self great Profit and Advantage of INSTRUCTION : Or, that it is a SHORT SPEECH overshadowing a manifest Thing, or a naked Truth in Terms of Obscurity. But with Submission to the Judgment of both, the LATIN and the GREEK Grammarians, I am clearly of my AUTHOR's Opinion, that a **Proverb** is a celebrated SAYING, famous for its remarkable Elegancy, Wit, and Novelty. Now, this is the most exact and complete LOGICAL Definition, I have met with, of a **Proverb** : For the NEWNESS, or Novelty, mention'd here, is  
not

## viii The PREFACE.

*not inconsistent with the Nature of it, though it be never so Old; but at first gave it Life, Birth, and Growth, and transmitted it at last to all Posterity. A **Proverb** is renew'd daily in every Body's Mouth; grows fresh and fresh still under the Decays of Time; and flourishes, when all other Things fade into Insignificancy or Oblivion. It becomes young again in its old Days, recovers Strength by Age, and gets Vigour by ANTIQUITY; and it never dotes or dies, when mortal Men, perhaps, have outliv'd themselves.*

*As for the above-cited Definitions, they seem rather to be imperfect Descriptions of the Use and End of a **Proverb**; giving us to understand only, that it may conduce to the leading of a good Life: But this is not essential, in the least, to the Constitution of it; for 'tis a meer Accident, out of its Power to regulate*  
*our*



## The PREFACE. ix

*our MANNERS, and must wait for the favourable Concurrence of our WILLS ; which have the sole Liberty of practising, or not, according to its Dictates, at our own Choice and Discretion. Besides, when a **Proverb** is defin'd to be a LACONICK Sentence, or a Dark Speech, this gives us only a faint glimmering IDEA of the Manner of wording it, or the Mode of Expression ; but none at all of its ESSENCE : For the wrapping of it up in Obscurity, under a VEIL, alters the Property, and confounds it with a METAPHOR, an ALLEGORY, or an ÆNIGMA. In a Word, there are many **Proverbs** a-foot, which neither are obscure, nor appertain to any Way of living in the World ; and therefore this Notion does not answer the Nature of an universal Truth : Neither do I take MORAL SENTENCES, after all, to be within the VERGE of my Design, or to have the Privilege*

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## X The PREFACE.

*and Quality of Proverbs. So that I conclude, upon the Main, ERASMUS's Definition is the best accommodated to my present Purpose, as well as the most perfect, adequate, and accomplish'd in it self, according to the exactest Rules of Reason or PHILOSOPHY.*

*A Proverb then is a common Saying, or a famous Expression, remarkable for some peculiar Queintness and Elegancy. This I take to be the most proper Character of a true currant ADAGE, to distinguish it from false Counterfeits; which were never coin'd by good Authority, and cannot stand the TEST of a fair Enquiry. For besides that metaphorical or figurative Expressions are excluded out of this Definition; short Setences also, APOLOGUES, or Morals to Fables, APOTHEGMS, or brief pithy Speeches, SCOMMS, or salt and satyirical Sayings, are no Proverbs, strictly*

## The PREFACE. xi

*strictly speaking, though they carry a Proverbial Face along with 'em, and have some Resemblance of Voice, Shape, and Figure, as well as of Countenance and Beauty. But every Like is not the same; and besides, their Affinity or Relation is no Argument neither of their IDENTITY: For the MOTHER and her DAUGHTER are different Persons still, notwithstanding they are so near a-kin.*

*From the Definition last above-mention'd, it appears plain, that there are two Things necessarily requir'd to the constituting of a **Proverb**. FIRST, it must be a celebrated and common Saying, as trite as universal, in every Body's Mouth that walks the Streets, frequents the Market, or follows the Court, in City, Town, and Country. SECONDLY, it ought to be a quaint and an elegant Expression, to distinguish it from the vulgar Way of Speaking: For 'tis not sufficient to*

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intitle



## xii The PREFACE.

*intitle any Saying to the Honour of a*  
**Proverb**, because it is commonly  
us'd ; and a popular, or a figura-  
tive Speech, *unless it be also lauda-  
ble and famous, as well for its Anti-  
quity, Instruction, and Learning.*

FIRST then, how **Proverbs** come  
to be so celebrated, and so frequently  
made Use of in common Speech, will  
appear from this Position ; that they  
chiefly owe their Rise, their Authori-  
ty, and their Reputation, either to  
the ORACLES of the Heathen Gods,  
the SAYINGS of wise Men, or the witty  
Allusions of the ancient Poets. Not  
to mention Histories, Stage-Plays, Fa-  
bles, Apologues ; to say nothing of  
the Manners of Men, the Customs  
of Countries, or the natural Dispo-  
sitions of Animals ; and to pass by  
even Chance it self, or a lucky Word  
dropp'd at Random : From all which,  
several **Proverbs** derive their FAME,  
as from the original Fountains of  
Wit

## The PREFACE. xiii

Wit and Learning ; and so they are industriously adopted into common Discourse, or spread Abroad in vulgar Language upon all Occasions, under the general Character of being Ornaments of Speech, Beauties of ELOQUENCE, Rules of INSTRUCTION, Arguments of WISDOM, and undeniable MAXIMS of ETERNAL TRUTH.

SECONDLY, as to the Queintness of **Proverbs**, it arises sometimes from the Novelty of an Expression, which strikes the Phancy of the Hearer, and engages him to convey it down to AFTER-AGES. Sometimes, the Thing it self discovers its own Elegancy, and charms Men into an universal Reception of it. But a Figure, or a Trope in RHETORICK, most commonly renders a **Proverb** quaint, and remarkable for its Eloquence, Smartness, and Conviction : For a METAPHOR, an ALLEGORY, or an HYPERBOLE, makes an Expression elegant  
to

## xiv The PREFACE.

*to the last Degree, and taking to Admiration, by the wording on't, over and above the moral Instruction of it, couch'd under such a figurative Allusion. It is also frequently beholden to the Propriety, or the Ambiguity of a single Word, for its pleasing Queintness, and ravishing Approbation. In short, I find, that Brevity, without Obscurity, is the very Soul of a **Proverb**; where Truth appears, like the Sun in the Wood, or a Flash of Lightening breaking through a Cloud.*

*Moreover, besides that **Proverbs** are of noble Extract, generous Education, and good Breeding, and as plausible too, as popular in their Progress and Promotion, they ought to be esteem'd also as honourable and as useful, either in Conversation, or in Businels, as Antiquity, Learning, and Veracity can make them, in a scandalous Age of ill Manners; gross Follies,*



## The PREFACE. XV

*Follies, and extravagant Humours : Where IMMORALITY leads VERTUE in Triumph, and defies all the POWERS of Prudence to rescue, or redeem the unfortunate Captive.*

*First, therefore, for the DIGNITY of **Proverbs**, it is as clear as the Sun. They are not to be reckon'd insignificant Trifles, or contemptible SAWS, only fit for School-Boys; since learned Men, of the first Magnitude among the Ancients, study'd them, recorded 'em in lasting Monuments of FAME, and transmitted 'em to Posterity, as the most memorable Instructions of human Life, either in Point of a regular Conduct, or of common Prudence. The Great ARISTOTLE himself thought it worth his While to write a BOOK concerning **Proverbs**, as LAERTIUS reports. CHRYSIPPUS, CLEANTHES, ZENODOTUS, with many others; not to mention more, besides PLUTARCH, THEOPHRASTUS, PLATO, Latins,*

## xvi The PREFACE.

tins, Greeks, and Hebrews ; but not forgetting yet our indefatigable ERASMUS, the most accomplish'd modern Author of ADAGES : These have all look'd upon the Knowledge of **Proverbs** to be an honourable Study ; a Province worthy of a Scholar, and as well deserving their laborious Performances, as the Imitation of succeeding Ages. To say nothing of the **Proverbs** scatter'd through all the Works of the LEARNED, like Salt, to give them a Relish, and to make them keep stale ; or, as Jewels, to beautify, and set them off to future Admiration. I need only quote the Holy Scriptures, for the Reputation and Excellency of **Proverbs** : As, The Parents have eaten sowre Grapes, and the Children's Teeth are set on Edge : The Tree is known by its Fruit : Neither do Men gather Figs of Thistles ; with many other sacred Oracles made Use of by our BLESSED  
SA-

## The PREFACE. xvii

SAVIOUR himself, which must needs be of eternal Credit and Commemoration among CHRISTIANS; with this severe Reflexion upon the Whole, We have pip'd unto you, and ye have not danc'd. And besides these, SOLOMON'S **Proverbs** will be admir'd unto the End of the World, for their WISDOM, their INSTRUCTION, and their AUTHORITY. But I have industriously omitted all such Proverbial Speeches of a divine, or a heavenly Nature, sanctify'd by INSPIRATION above the Reach of Heathen Morality; reckoning upon them as too religious, too spiritual and sublime for the Undertaking of a LAY-MAN.

However, Secondly, the USEFULNESS of **Proverbs** will appear in no wise inferior to their DIGNITY, if we consider how much the Knowledge of 'em conduces to the understanding of PHILOSOPHY, to the Faculty of Persuasion, to the Grace of Speech, and



## xviii The PREFACE.

*to the Reading of the best Authors with Advantage, either in the English, Greek, or Latin Tongues.*

*In the first Place, **Proverbs** must needs contribute mightily to the understanding of PHILOSOPHY ; for they are the very Remains of that ancient Philosophy it self, which was long ago lost, and all the Lights of it that we find left unextinguish'd in the common Destruction of human Things. Now, these sententious Snatches of TRUTH were preserv'd from Oblivion, the Fate of other Learning at large, partly upon the Account of their Compendiousness or Brevity, and partly for their profitable Instruction, as well as Pleasantness and Elegancy of Speaking ; as the most notable and useful LESSONS to all Mankind, for squaring their Lives to the best Advantage. And therefore they are not to be slubber'd over with Mirth and Ridicule, but*  
*seriously*

## The PREFACE. XIX

*seriously weigh'd with Judgment, search'd into with Nicety of Observation, and sifted to the Bottom of their MORALITY: For we shall find, upon a sober Enquiry, many glorious Sparks of the ancient Wisdom couch'd under. SHORT SAYINGS, enflaming our Minds with a Desire to be as wise as they; when we reflect upon their Excellencies, and discover how MUCH is contain'd in a LITTLE, and that whole Volumes are epitomiz'd into single Expressions. As for Instance, that Saying of PYTHAGORAS; namely, All Things are common among Friends; being rightly understood, is the SUM of all Society, Friendship, and Happiness in the World, and the very COMPENDIUM of all human Duty. In short, 'tis PLATO's large voluminous Community in ABSTRACT. And besides, what does it import less, than CHRISTIAN CHARITY? To love one another, as we ought to do; which*

## XX The PREFACE.

*is the fulfilling of the LAW, and the last Accomplishment of our blessed SAVIOUR's Divinity.*

*In the next Place, **Proverbs**, over and above their facilitating the Knowledge of PHILOSOPHY, do very much conduce also to the FACULTY of Perswasion; for what can perswade more effectually, than an elegant Expression of universal Truth well apply'd to a Point in Question, which drives the Nail Home in Discourse, and clinches it with the strongest Conviction? Besides, it oftentimes pins the Basket upon an Adversary, and there's no more to be said of the Matter in Dispute against such an irrefragable Argument: Insomuch, that ARISTOTLE, in his RHETORICK, often reckons **Proverbs** among the undeniable Testimonies of Truth, upon the Account of their perswasive Influence, and their convincing Power. QUINTILLIAN also, in many Places of his*  
IN



## The PREFACE. XXI

INSTITUTIONS, makes mention of **Proverbs**, as mainly conducive to the ART of speaking well, of moving the Passions, and of perswading the Judgment to a Belief of what is spoken with so much Eloquence and Authority. For indeed they are of universal Credit, and so well known every where for their Veracity, that they need not a Justice of Peace his PASS, to carry them through the whole World. They have pass'd through so many Ages already, had the Consent of so many Nations, and are still the SAME in so many Languages, without Contradiction, that they are allow'd on all Hands, and confirm'd by a GENERAL VOICE, to be everlasting Standards of TRUTH: And if TRUTH it self now has not the Power of Perswasion, what an incredulous Age do we live in! But however yet, if Probability be any Argument to perswade the Minds of Men to believe

## xxii The PREFACE.

lieve a **Proverb**, *what is more probably true, than that which every Body says; which is every one's CHAT in Private, or the common 'TOWN-TALK in Publick.*

*But Thirdly, besides the natural Force, and genuine Efficacy of PER-SWASION, which **Proverbs** carry along with them, in Spite of Incredulity, they are likewise great Ornaments of SPEECH, and add a certain Lustre or Grace to the Train of our Discourse; especially, if the Application of 'em be proper, seasonable, and just, either to the Matter of Debate, the Circumstances of ACTION, or the Design of winning Admirers. Who does not see with half an Eye, how much Majesty arises to our SPEECH from Antiquity it self, where the Expression is as old as ADAM, and as simple or nakedly true, as ORIGINAL INNOCENCE? Who can deny the Dignity, and the Beauty of a lucky Word*  
in

## The PREFACE. XXiii

in Season ; *which charms the Phancy upon the first Hearing, engages the Mind upon Sight in Reading, and captivates all the Powers of the Soul with PERSWASION and LOVE ? In fine, who will disapprove, at last, the Wit, Queintness, and Elegancy of Proverbs ; which fill our SPEECH with the finest Flowers in the Garden of Eloquence, make it run as smooth as the Surface of the still Deep, and render it as smart yet upon a quick Turn of Discourse, as the Solar Rays dart upon the World with their dazling Influence ? Over and above the Pleasantness of the Plain, the Beauties of the Valley, and the Height of the Mountain in View, which Proverbs all challenge, either to aggrandize, or adorn our SPEECH ; for their Scope is large, their Drift lofty, and their Design glorious at the Bottom. But, in short, when Proverbs are significantly made Use of, to some witty Purpose*  
or



## XXIV The PREFACE.

*or other, and in their proper Place too, they always carry a Sting in their Tail, and leave a lasting Impression behind them upon the Mind : And besides, they afford both the THYME and the HONEY to the industrious BEE ; I mean the diligent Searcher after Wisdom and Truth, to reward his Labour. They also make our Discourse shine, as it were, with the brightest Stars of Antiquity, sparkle with the most precious Gems of Morality, please with the most plausible Flourishes of Rhetorick, oblige with the most agreeable Graces of good Language, or pleasant Sayings, and ravish, in the End, with the most charming Delicacies of Wit and Beauty : So that **Proverbs** never fail, in fine, of exciting by their QUEINTNESS, of delighting by their SHORTNESS, of perswading by their AUTHORITY.*

*Farther yet, Fourthly ; but suppose now at last, that **Proverbs***  
*were*

## The PREFACE. XXV

were of no other Advantage in the Business of LEARNING, they certainly contribute very much to the understanding of the best ANCIENT AUTHORS : And the Knowledge of 'em is not only profitable, but also necessary, to enlighten any dark Passage, or Ænigmatical Obscurity, which we frequently meet with in reading old Books. 'Tis like cracking the Nut to come at the Kernel ; diving under Water, to fetch any Thing of Value from the Bottom ; or climbing up to the Top of a Hill, to take a better View of the Country. We are but short-sighted at the best, and live always, as it were; in a Wood, for want of a clear Understanding of Things. But insuperable Difficulties would occur still, more and more, in the reading of Authors, without a competent Knowledge of **Proverbs**, to make the Interpretation of an abrupt Expression easy, and to clear up  
d the

## xxvi The PREFACE.

*the true Sense and Meaning of an obscure Word, or a dark Hint : For otherwise, how should we perfectly understand an AUTHOR'S Drift at large, when he only alludes, perhaps, to a **Proverb** by short and sententious INNUENDO'S ? And if we cannot recollect the **Proverb** it self so alluded to, in the full Force of its Signification, we lose both the Spirit of the Work, and the Intention of the Writer, in the Clouds of our own Ignorance. LIGHT came first out of DARKNESS ; and when obscure Proverbial Speeches are well known, they brighten the Understanding, drive off the Shadows of LEARNING, and make it as clear as Noon-Day. However, yet farther, the Knowledge of **Proverbs** is of the greatest Service imaginable in the Translation of Books, as they contribute to the right Understanding of the very IDIOM of the Tongue in which they are writ-*



## The PREFACE. XXvii

*written, and prevent the gross Blunders, or ridiculous Mistakes, that are often committed in transferring one Language into another, for want of knowing well the natural Signification of Words, Phrases, or Proverbial Snatches of Expression in both. But what needs more? Our UNDERTANDING would be miserably puzzl'd, and cramp'd within the narrow Compass of one single old Author, without a sufficient Knowledge of **Proverbs**; which require the whole World for their Purlue, and their Importance.*

*I might pursue the Praise of **Proverbs** a great Way farther yet, and commend the Use of them for their own innate Significancy, as well as their additional Ornament in Discourse, when they are ingeniously apply'd to the Purpose, and appear, like DIAMONDS well set to the Eye, with greater Lustre, by being elegantly plac'd according to ART: But for*

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## xxviii The PREFACE.

*fear of being thought too tedious, or elaborate upon the Excellency of Proverbs, I shall rather now proceed to shew how they may properly be made Use of, either in private Talk, or in Print, with Success, and by what Means they may be set off to Perfection. The understanding of ADAGES, is not half so difficult, as the Knack of applying them decently to the best Advantage. And therefore we must not use them as Meat, but as Sauce or Seasoning; not to clog or stuff, but to grace our SPEECH; not to surfeit or cloy, but to satisfy or whet the Appetite for more: For if we use too many of 'em, or repeat 'em too often upon all Occasions, we manifestly abuse them to the Distaste and Aversion, either of the Hearer, or the Reader, who love nothing like VARIETY and Change of Diet, without cramming too much of any one Thing to SATIETY. Besides, the ful-*  
*some*

## The PREFACE. XXIX

some Repetition of a Novelty it self, may soon turn a full Stomach, and create an everlasting Dislike of that Entertainment for the Future: For a Tautology of **Proverbs**, serv'd up over and over in a Dish of Discourse, must needs be as disagreeable as a CRAMBE in our Fare.

After all, we ought to make Use of **Proverbs** only upon a convenient Opportunity, pat to the Purpose, or in a proper Place, not misapply'd, not impertinent, not too pert, like bold Intruders, nor brought in by Head and Shoulders: For as it would look ridiculous to put a JEWEL or a PATCH upon some Parts of the Body; so it would be very absurd to use a **Proverb** in an improper Place, foreign to the Fashion, and dissonant to the Harmony of Discourse. If **Proverbs** stand too thick, and be crowded, they darken one another, and lose a great deal of their Lustre. As  
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### xxx The PREFACE.

*ture does not appear well, in which there is nothing of Ornament or Shade drawn about it, to set it off to the Life ; so ARTISTS, when they have a Mind to paint several Things in one and the same Landskip, distinguish them by proper Distances, lest the SHADOWS should fall in upon the Bodies, and either hinder the Eminence, or hide the Light of the PIECE. Farther yet, as too many Colours in our wearing Apparel, would look gawdy and affected, if not foppish also, to the last Degree of a Fool's Coat ; so we ought only to adorn our Discourse with **Proverbs** here and there, and not patch it up with those golden Expression, all over Beauty-Spots and Spangles, to be laugh'd at in Company, either for the Extravagance of a superfluous Attire, or the Affectation of a fantastical Dress. Besides, he that makes it his Business to be blurting of **Proverbs** at every Turn,*

## The PREFACE. XXXi

*Turn, must of Necessity fail often both in the Timing, and in the Choice of them : For where a Man affects a MULTITUDE, without any Regard to a select Distinction of Proverbs, he will inevitably make Use of some that are good for Nothing ; perhaps, either forc'd, or impertinent in the CROWD : As whosoever is in Love with Numbers, he must needs frequently mix with ill Company, and comply with many disagreeable Importunities , or improper Applications. In fine, whatsoever is immoderate and unseasonable, loses all its Grace or Agreeableness , and grows contemptible by its Frequency, as well as inspid by its being out of Season ; too great a Familiarity exposing it to Slight on the one Hand ; and a palpable Impropriety of TIME or PLACE, to Aversion on the other.*

*However yet, in short, the Use of ADAGES may be vary'd several Ways,  
and*

## xxxii The PREFACE.

and one single **Proverb** is capable of divers significant Applications : As for Instance ; Τελεειμένον & πηλόν, dolium pertusum ; *that is*, a broken leaky Vessel, that runs, or is full of Holes. Now, this Saying, both in the Greek and the Latin Intention of it, equally reflects either upon a forgetful, or a profuse, or a covetous, or a foolish, or an ungrateful Person : For whatever is pour'd into the Mind of a forgetful Man, runs out as fast as it fills ; nothing lasts with the Prodigal ; the MISER'S Covetousness is never to be satisfy'd ; the Blab cannot contain, or keep a Secret ; and it is Labour lost to do an INGRATE a Kindness, as much as to draw Water with a Sieve, or to fill a broken Cistern. But these different Acceptations now, for the Purpose, are all apposite, and well-adjusted to the comprehensive Sense and Meaning of the aforesaid Self-same **Proverb**. There are many  
more



## THE PREFACE. XXXiii

*more Examples of the like Quality ; but this one may serve for all, to justify the Liberty I have taken in the following REFLEXIONS upon ENGLISH **Proverbs**, where the Matter would bear a Variety of Allusion, without prejudicing the Nature of the Thing, or straining the Expression beyond its due Length, just Proportion, and important Signification. In the mean Time, by the Way, some **Proverbs** in this Work may seem, at first Sight, to be synonymous : But finding 'em, upon second Thoughts, to couch a double Entendre, I have treated of 'em distinctly, to answer the full Scope I propounded, of VARIETY ; and, I presume, without offending the CRITICKS by't.*

*I might now, in the last Place, pretend to make some APOLOGY for the ordinary Performance of this Undertaking, according to CUSTOM ; with Submission to better Pens, and*

### xxxiv The PREFACE.

*more learned Writers, alledge the Want of Time and Retirement, under the slavish Employment of GERUND-GRINDING, to think as seriously and sedately as the most famous Authors of the Age; and modestly, at last, excuse my Disabilities or Blunders to the captious READER, for a favourable Interpretation, upon a thousand other Inconveniences and Disappointments. But all Ceremony apart; if what was written off at Random, in a Hurry, and by Snatches of Time too, may have the good Fortune to please or divert People in some Measure, I shall have nothing to crack on farther in the Accomplishment of this Work, more than an entire Inclination to wear out at the Elbows in the Service of my native Country; and to spin out my Days, as Silk-Worms do their Bowels, to provide other Persons fine Purfes, and better Cloaths. POOR PEDAGOGUES seldom grow rich themselves,*

## The PREFACE. XXXV

*selves, or get Estates by their Wits and good Offices in the Commonwealth. But **Proverbs**, in short, are the best Lessons of human Life, that CHILDREN can learn; and I hope, at least, this will make a tolerable SCHOOL-BOOK, for want of a better.*

*As to the **Proverbs**, which I have made Choice of here to compleat this VOLUME, they are as select as I could possibly imagine, to oblige all Parties, and hit all Humours in a new UNITED KINGDOM. The Collection consists of **Proverbs**, which are most entirely ENGLISH, from the Beginning to the End; daily us'd in common Conversation, from the Court to the Cottage; and the GENERAL LANGUAGE of Rich and Poor, Great and Small, Old and Young, which we suck in with our Mother's Milk, as naturally as the burnt Child dreads the Fire. But I have confin'd my*

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## xxxvi The PREFACE.

*self, however, in the Choice of 'em, to this PUNCTILIO of Nicety, that they are all entire Propositions, which affirm or deny something towards the Regulation of our Manners, or the Instruction of our Lives: Neither do I look upon such Scraps, as, LATTER LAMMAS; LUCK IN A BAG; TOM TELL-TROTH; COME CUT, COME LONG TAIL; A COCKNEY; and forty abrupt Snatches more, to be fit for my Purpose, or to have the Face of Proverbs, 'till they are handsomly resolv'd into perfect Assertions, whereof vulgar People may frame an easy plain IDEA upon the first Hearing.*

*And now I shall only Preface one Thing more to the candid READER, for a Conclusion; that the best SATYR is in Prose, and more instructive, than most, if not all the jingling Poetry that was ever yet in Print: And since the greatest MORALITY would be but*  
*dull*

## The PREFACE. XXXvii

dull *and* heavy without SATYR, I need not excuse my self (I hope) from a little Gall and Inveſtive againſt VICE. I love Pickles, and have exercis'd the Lash a long Time; and SOLOMON himſelf had a ROD for the Fool's Back. However, give me Leave to obſerve at laſt, that this Book was, Part of it, written in the laſt Reign, and frequently looks back upon the late Tranſactions, as well as forward upon the preſent Affairs of the World, or what may happen for the FUTURE. But it is hop'd in the Main, that theſe **Proverbs** moraliz'd, will ſtill keep ſtale, and laſt as long as VERTUE or GOODNESS endures.

Farewel.

T H E

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*Moral*

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*Moral Reflexions*  
UPON  
PROVERBS.

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PROV. I.

*Well begun, is half done.*

*Reflexion.*

**I** Could heartily wish, that my *Book* might have the good Fortune of this *Proverb*. Every Thing under the Sun has a *Beginning*, and as certainly tends to some *End* or other, either of *Satisfaction* and *Diversions*, or of *Instruction* and *Benefit*. All the *Actions* and *Enterprizes* of Mankind, labour under the *Reflexion* of this quaint *moral Sentence*, whether they be *prudent* or *imprudent* in the Undertaking, and *good* or *bad* in the Accomplishment: But it more particularly

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ticularly strikes at the *common Business* of the World. A *Porter* has as much Privilege to this *Proverb*, as a *Peer*; and a *Cobler* understands the Truth on't, as well as a *Courtier*. We all know, our *Work's half done*, if we have once *begun it well*; let our *Calling*, *Quality*, and *Conversation* be never so vastly different and disproportionable: 'Tis no Matter what the *Undertakers* are, or who bears the *Burden*.

As for *moral Actions*, a *good Beginning* is a great Sign of a *good End*; but it cannot justify a *bad one*, upon any Attempt: For there's many a *holy Cheat* in the World; and many an *Iniquity*, countenanc'd with *Religion* and *Self-Preservation*, which is carry'd on under that Mask, to *Rebellion* and *Murder*. The *Goodness* of the *Intention* cannot sanctify the Work neither, if the *Means* be unlawful; for it is only a *fair Preface* to *foul Practices*. Some leud *Rebels*, in Arms for their *Liberty* against a *lawful Prince*, have carry'd the *Bible* in their *Colours*, to justify their Proceedings. But who does not know, that a fine *Inscription* may be put upon an infamous *Bawdy-House*, and the *Place*, or the *People* in't, never the *better* or the *sounder* all the while, either in *Body*, or in *Mind*?

However,

However, to *begin well*, is the only Way to quicken and dispatch the *End*, let it be what it will. It is like *Gun-Powder*, that carries a great Way upon the Discharge, and gains its Point in an Instant. It shortens the *Distance* upon a *Journey*; supports under the *Fatigue* on't, and helps to master all *Difficulties* in the Way: And a *Traveller*, in short, well-mounted, and set forward once, thinks himself *half-way* at *Home*. Take any *Mechanick* whatsoever, from the *Garret*, to the *Stall*; at the *Plough*, the *Loom*, or the *Anvil*; and a good *Beginning* encourages the *Man*; improves the *Fancy*, and presently accomplishes the *Work*. There are a thousand Instances of this *Truth* in all the *Undertakings*, *Inventions*, and *Projects*, great or little, of the *World*; but nothing confirms it more than *Experience* and *Practice*.

Now, all the *Difficulty* is, *how* to *begin well*. 'Tis an easy Matter to make Way, when the *Ice* is once broken; but the *Hardship* and *Danger* is in *breaking* on't. The *Work* does not cost half so much *Trouble*, as the *Design* of it; and the *building* of a fine House, is nothing to the *Difficulty* of drawing the *Model*. A false *Step* at *first Start*, is hardly ever to be recover'd afterwards, throughout the

whole Course. An Error in the Beginning, has cost many an Author his Reputation; many a Lawyer, his Cause; and many a Client, his Estate. In this Sense, stumbling at the Threshold, is ominous and unlucky.

In short, this Proverb turns severely upon the Beginning of Things, which shall never have an End, and building of Houses or Churches, that are never like to be finish'd. It reflects also upon false Foundations, and foolish Projects; building of Castles in the Air, and undertaking to do what's impracticable. It is a Satyr upon perpetual Motion, and squaring the Circle. There's no End of studying such Whimsies; and it is ridiculous ever to begin 'em at all. A mechanical Impossibility is not to be attempted against this Truth, either with Approbation or Success.

This Maxim holds good yet, from Morality and worldly Affairs, to Religion. A good Beginning, is a fair Step to a great, as well as a good End; and he's as wise as SOLOMON can make him, who remembers his Creator in the Days of his Youth; and will hardly ever forget his Lesson, or his Duty afterwards, to the End of the Chapter. Good Education is the making of a Man for ever. 'Tis the ready Way to Preferment and good Fortune: And Parents,



nents; that do not bring their *Children* up to't, lose the Benefit and Instruction of this *Proverb*, and are quite out of *Solomon's Books*.

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PROV. II.

When the *Steed's* stoll'n, shut the *Stable-Door*.

*Reflexion.*

THIS is all the *Wisdom* of the World. When the Thing is over, we are as *wise* as *Experience* can make us. Who would have *thought* it, says the careless *Fool*? And who would have slipp'd so fair an *Opportunity*, says the *Felon*? Here's both the *Knave* and the *Fool* under this *Sentence*. When the *Steed* is stoll'n, the *Groom* never reflects upon his own *Negligence*, but falls foul upon the *bold Adventure* of the *Thief*; as if the *Impudence* and *Knavery* of the *one*, upon so inviting a *Temptation*, could excuse the *Sottishness* and *Folly* of the *other*. The silly People of *Colchos* began to look about them, when *Jason* had carry'd off the *Golden Fleece*. *English-men* also have been often found as *tardy* as the *Phrygians*, in this Respect.

All the *Miscarriages* of Mankind, are for want of *Thinking*. The *Nurse* did not *think* the *Child* would have fallen into the *Fire*; the *Mother* did not *think* the *Nurse* would have starv'd her *Child*; the *Wench* did not *think* she should have had a *Bastard*. But there's no *unthinking* a Misfortune, after it has befallen us for want of *Precaution* and *Forefight*. 'Tis too *late* to *think* of the *Doctor* after *Death*. There's no *Remedy* in the *Grave*; and the best Way, is, to bury the Affliction and the Remembrance of it both together in Oblivion. *After-Wit* is commonly *dear bought*; and we always *pay* for't, either with Misfortune, Anxiety, or Sorrow; either with the Loss of a Limb, or of Life, or something else that is *dearer* to us, than the *Purchase* of Experience can countervail. How many *unfortunate Accidents*, through the whole Course of human Life, are owing to the Want of *Consideration*, and of *thinking* beforehand, towards the preventing of *ill Consequences*, and *unlucky Events*? What can be more ridiculous, than to be recalling an *Arrow*, a *Stone*, or a *Bullet*, when the Mischief is done?

'Tis a mighty *Imprudence* to neglect the weighing of all the *Circumstances* of an *Action*, both as to *Time* and *Place*, before

we venture upon *doing* that which we may perhaps repent of in the Event, to our great Shame, Damage, and Disgrace. The *inconsiderate* Humour, Diversion, or Pleasure of a Moment, has cost many an honest Man his Peace, and his Honour all his Life long. An *After-Thought* may enhance our *Trouble*, but cannot relieve our *Distress* : It may prevent the like *Intemperance* for the *future* , but it cannot make us any *Satisfaction* for what is *past* ; whether it be an Injury or Grievance to *our selves*, or to *others* ; whether it be Loss of Fame, or of Fortune ; Trouble of Mind, or of Body, or any other Casualty, that afflicts beyond *Recovery* and *Redress*. In fine, an *After-Thought* cannot *unmarry* ; it cannot set a *broken Leg* ; it cannot extinguish the *Fire*, when a House is all in a Flame ; it cannot repair any *Loss*, nor make Amends for an *Injury* done : But only puts us upon the *Contemplation* of our own *Misery*, or *Imprudence*, and lays us under the Lash and Remorse of this *Proverb*.



## P R O V. III.

*Naught is never in Danger.*

*Reflexion.*

**H**OW many People are *fav'd* by this *Proverb* ! And indeed, it is not to tell how many *Dangers* and *Difficulties* an *ill Man* goes through, for *one* that a *good Man* escapes. But we must not judge rashly neither, nor lay the Fault upon *Providence*. To fall out with *Heaven* for a *Flea-bite*, is not the Way to prevent *Afflictions* and *Tryals*. *Rash Censures* and *Detractions*, are in every Body's Mouth ; and this *Proverb* is too vulgar, and too frequently made use of among the common People, upon any *providential Deliverance*. If *he* had been *good* for any *Thing*, they cry, he had broke a *Leg* or an *Arm* : And, in short, if he had broke his *Neck*, perhaps he had dy'd a better *Christian* in *their* Opinion. But at this rate of Reasoning, a Man had almost as good be a *Knave*, as not *unfortunate* ; and yet who can believe a Person to be an *ill Liver*, because *Providence* takes Care of him ? It passes for a *Jest* also, but too often among People of better *Rank* and *Quality* ;

*Quality*; One was within an Inch of being kill'd: *Another* had like to have had his Brains dash'd out: Why, says a *third*, they were both sav'd by the **Proverb**: And so loose Men are apt to make a *Banter* of God's Mercy, and to laugh at their own *Preservation* or *Security* under the *Protection* of Heaven.

'Tis true, however, in all other Cases, setting aside *providential Deliverances* and *Escapes*, that *Naught's in no great Danger*. What *Danger* is a *Filt* in of being deluded, that has nothing to *lose*? Who'd run away with a *naughty* or *wanton Woman*, that's a very *Antidote* to *Design*; and has neither *Modesty* nor *Shame* to put her in *Danger* of an *Intrigue*? But to descend now from the *Whore*, to the *Rogue*. He's in no *Danger* of the *Gallows*, he'll tell ye, under the *Comfort* and *Confidence* of this **Proverb**; and indeed he's not *worth* the *hanging*, if the *Law* could punish him effectually any other way, without *Death*. A *House of Office* is in no *Danger* of being rifl'd by a *Rogue*, upon the most pressing or necessary *Occasion*; and *Thieves* do not rob us of our *Dung* or our *Gew-gaws*, but of our *Money* and *Jewels*. They are Things of *Worth* and *Value*, that *endanger* a Gentleman either at Home or Abroad. *Stealing* of the *Crown*, was a bold Adventure indeed;

deed ; but the *Prize* was as *great* as the Attempt was *difficult* or *dangerous*. *Little Things* are *safe* under the *Contempt* of the World ; for their *Insignificancy* secures them against all Apprehension, Danger, and Violence. There are many terrible *Storms* at *Court*, which never reach the *Cottage*, nor touch *Diogenes's Tub*. *Mountains* often suffer, while *Mole-hills* are not so much as ruff'd by Tempests of *Lightening* and *Thunder*.

In short, this *Proverb* secures many a *Bird* from the *Fowler*, and many a *Beast* from the *Hunter*, which are not *worth* either the *catching*, or the *killing* : And it does not only *save* the *Life*, but the *Liberty* of many a poor *Creature* too, that deserves neither a *Cage*, nor a *Chain*. The Matter's plain ; whatsoever is *despicable*, *useless*, and *good for nothing*, is *safe* under the Security of this *old Saying*, to all Intents and Purposes.



## PROV. IV.

*Hungry Dogs will eat dirty Puddings.*

*Reflexion.*

**M**Any a *Man* has been as *hungry* as any *Dog* in the *Proverb*, and very well *satisfy'd* too, with as *ordinary Fare*. *Hunger* is *Sawce* for an *Emperor*, and it gives a *Relish* to the *poorest Entertainment* in the *World*. How many *Great Men* have had an *Appetite* for their own *Excrements*, in a *starving Condition*? The *Puddle* has sometimes been *sweet* to the *Thirsty*; and *People a-dry*, have *quaff'd* up worse *Potions* too, with a *pleasant Gust*. *DARIUS* might well prefer the *quenching of his Drought*, to any other *Victory* or *Conquest*. The *Power of Thirst* is next to the *Miracle of turning Water into Wine*: And *Hunger* is so *strong*, that it changes *Dirt* into a *Dainty*, and makes a *Delicacy* out of a *Dung-hill*. So that if we must eat a *Peck of Dirt* before we die, it must certainly go down when we are *a hungry*, and do not stand upon *Niceties*. 'Tis certain, *dirty Water* will *quench Fire*, and *satisfy* or *cool a burning Lust*.

But

But of late Days, our *Stomachs* are grown wonderfully *nice*, *curious*, and *dainty*. Nothing will please *my Lady* in a Morning, but her *Chocolate*, her *Gellies*, and her *Sweet-meats*; or such like liquorish *Slap-sawces*, which *pall* the Appetite, and *disrelish* the Palate for the whole Day. *Gluttony* and *Pampering* destroy as many People, as *drinking* to Excess: And *they* are happy that indulge themselves in *neither*, to a *Distemper*. Every *Morsel* above Measure, preys upon *Nature* like a *Vulture*; and every *Cup* too much, is like opening *Pandora's Box*, and letting out all the Diseases upon a Man's own Body. One single *Intemperance* has cost many a luscious *Gentleman* either his Liberty, his Limbs, or his Life; his Ease, or his Health for ever. 'Tis strange how far the Humour of *Feasting*, *Guttling*, and *Guzzling* is spread; and how much it has debauch'd Mankind! *Drinking of Healths* is as notorious as the *Deluge*, and as certainly drowns and destroys the Senses of all fottish *Drunkards*. But *Fuddling* and *Carousing*, are so much in Fashion, that it may call a Man's *Sobriety* in Question, perhaps, to reflect upon those *modish Excesses*. However, both *Vices* may shake Hands for this scandalous Truth; that the very *Rump of a Goose* has created a thousand mortal *drinking Bouts*.

*Bouts.* No *Business* is to be done now-a-days, but over a *Bottle*; as if People dealt upon a *Tryal of Skill*, and he that had the *strongest Brain*, should make the *best Bargain*: So that *Guzzling* is become a kind of *Traffick or Commerce*, and the whole *Trade of the Town* does in a great measure depend upon't. And as for *Gormondizing*, there's no End on't, 'till Peoples *Bellies* are full, and they can eat no more, for fear of a *Fever*, a *Funeral*, or the *Undertaker*. There are *Victuals* enough in *London* to serve a *foreign Kingdom*; but for all that, *Hospitality* is quite lost, and *poor Folks* do as it were *starve* in a *Cook's Shop*. Let any Man look into *Leaden-Hall-Market*, and tell me what he thinks of an *English Stomach*. We are the greatest *Flesh-pots* that ever liv'd, out of *Egypt*. And how comes it to pass, that a *Frenchman* should make you as good a Dinner upon one single *Sallad*, a *Turnep*, or a *Potatoe*, as we can do upon *Sir Loins* and *Ragou's*, or *Pig*, *Goose*, and *Capon*?

However, there's another *Extream* yet of some abstemious *Churls*, Enemies to their own Carcasses, either out of a *niggardly, base, pinching Temper*, or an *Enthusiastick, presumptuous Mortification*; who fall under the *Reflexion* of this *Truth*, for denying themselves *Necessaries*,  
and



and baulking their *Stomachs* : For a Man may *fast* so long, 'till he cannot *eat* at all ; and whose Fault is that ? Not the **P**roverb's. 'Tis over-doing a *Duty* ; and the *Appetite* may as soon be lost for *want of Eating*, to support Nature, as upon the most cloying Excess of *eating too much*.

But, in short, this **P**roverb is a severe *Satyr* against all our *unnecessary Varieties* and *Delicacies of Food* ; and it dictates the best Way of *Living* in the World, with an Instruction of *Temperance, Health, and Frugality*, only to *drink* when we are *dry*, and to *eat* when we are *hungry* ; for there is nothing so *wholesome, relishing, or nourishing*, as a *true Hunger*. It reflects also upon all the study'd *Niceties of Dyet*, as costly *Kick-shaws*, and *savoury Sawces* ; which are as *unwholesome*, as they are *extravagant*, and serve only either to feed *Diseases*, or to fatten the *Body* for the *Church-Yard*. It is the Nature of *Luxury*, to make the *Constitution* languish ; sometimes by bloating it up to an unwieldy *Bulk*, or insupportable *Burden* ; and sometimes by wasting it away to an *Anatomy* or a *Shadow* of meer *Skin and Bones*. For how many People *eat and drink* to a *Surfeit*, and lose both the Blessing of *Health*, and the Benefit of the **P**roverb at last, for *Want of good Stomachs* ? 'Tis notoriously

true

true to a fatal Conviction; or else the *Bills of Mortality* would hardly run so high, upon *Fevers, Calentures, and Consumptions*.

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## PROV. V.

Cut your *Cloak* according to your  
*Cloth*.

*Reflexion.*

THIS *Direction* is not only *Taylor's Work*, but a good *Lesson* over and above to all Mankind; and it takes an exact *Measure* of their *Actions*, as well as of their *Shape, Substance, and Bodies*. It is the best *Advice* can be given to People of all Ranks and Degrees, whether of the *Nobility, Gentry, or Commonalty* of the Kingdom; from the *highest* to the *lowest*; to ballance *Accompts* betwixt their *Expence*, and their *Income*; to adjust their *Lives* and *Liberties* to the real *Worth* of their *Estates*; and never to let their *Fortune* become so much indebted to their *Extravagances*, for a *Shew, a Figure, or fine Cloaths*; which it is not able either to pay off upon *Sight*, or discharge upon *Demand*, both with Credit  
and

and Reputation. The *Cloak* owes its *Length*, *Goodness*, and every Thing else, but the *Cut* and the *Make*, to the *Cloath*; and it must be still providently manag'd according to *that Scantling*: So that this *Proverb*, well practis'd, might have sav'd many a *profuse Gentleman* a plentiful Estate, and preserv'd many a *prodigal Tradesman* from breaking. There never were more *Statutes of Bankrupt* a-foot at one Time in the Kingdom. But he that lives above the *Allowance* of his Fortune, is as much in Danger of *Ruin*, as a *Dabbler*, that launches out of his Depth in the *Thames*, is of *Drowning*: And nothing can save him, but a *providential Deliverance*.

This good old Saying is so great a *Maxim* of *Prudence* and *Frugality* in all Families, that People would do well to carry it always about with them in their *Minds*, as a cautionary Guard upon their *Pockets* in the laying out of *Money*, for Fear of out-running the *Constable*. They ought never to go to *Market* without it; nor buy more than they can really afford, beyond *Necessity*. They should *eat* and *drink*, and *cloth* themselves according to the *Discretion* of it. Parents, by the wise Instruction of this *Doctrine*, are only oblig'd to give their *Children* such an *Education*



education, as is answerable to their Birth and Quality. It would look ridiculous for *Mother Huff*, that keeps a little *Ale-House*, at the Sign of the Last-shift, to put her *Daughter Damnable*, either to a *Boarding-School* for Breeding, or to a *Dancing-School* for Carriage and Court-Qualifications; when perhaps, after all, the gawdy Figure the poor *Girl* makes there, she shall not have above a Pot of Drink to her Portion. A prodigal conceited *Barber* would be laugh'd at, if he should pretend to set up his *Son* for a topping *Beau*, or a *Gentleman*, upon the Advantages of *Powder* and *curl'd Locks*: For although he can, perhaps, afford it as well as his Neighbours, it is yet but Vanity and Ambition at the best, and an Affront to a *Miller*, or a *Man in the Meal-Tub*. But there are ten thousand Instances of Pride, Foppery, and Extravagance, in all *Trades* and *Professions*, where the *Cloak* is not cut according to the *Cloath*; and People pay dear at last, for transgressing this frugal Proverb.

I believe the Nation was never so extravagantly *fine*, and so sensibly *poor*, at the same Juncture. The Splendor of our *Equipage* and *Apparel*, is as dazling as the *Sun*, in Spite of all *Clouds*, but those that threaten a *Shower of Rain*. People are  
C clad

clad in Gayety and Glory, under the worst of Fortunes. We put all the Finery of the *Indies* upon our Backs, let the Fear and the Fate of a War be what it will in the *Upsbot*. But, in short, what with *Modes* and *Commodes*, *Silks* and *Sattins*, *Ribbons* and *Laces*, fulsome *Fashions* and *Furbelo's*, *Diamonds*, *Pearls*, and precious *Stones*, the whole World almost goes to the dressing of one of our swaggering *Gal-lants*: So that at this Rate, *England* in a little Time, will become the *universal Wardrobe of Foppery*. However, it is plain how far this *moral Sentence*, upon the leading of a *thrifty Life*, is concern'd both for the *Profuseness* and the *Folly* on't.

'Tis true, *Prodigality* is a jolly *Vice*, and of the most *popular Vogue* in the World; for *some* or *other* still must needs be the *better* for't. But let any Man look at *Home*, and consider it in his own Bosom, and he will find nothing but *vain Glory* in the Beginning, *Trouble* in the Progress, and *Beggary* in the End of a *prodigal Life*. Give me the *Man*, therefore, that knows how to be *generous*, and yet *frugal*; that is *merry* and *wise* upon all Occasions: A *Man* that knows better Things than to sacrifice an *Estate* for vulgar *Applause* and *Popularity*; or to run out *All*, for the *false Honour* of a *good Word*; and *that*  
too,

too, only out of the Mouths of those very People, who are made by his Ruin. How many good-natur'd easy Fools have been meerly flatter'd out of their Money; honour'd out of their Fortunes; and worshipp'd out of their Senses at last, upon the forlorn Hope of a prodigal Catastrophe? But he that governs his Purse by this Proverb, knows better how to live, and how to lay out his Money to the best Advantage of his Credit and Character in the Common-wealth, keeping himself still within the just Bounds of an honest Ability.

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PROV. VI.

It is a good Horse that never stumbles.

Reflexion.

**T**HIS Proverb holds true from the Brute, to the Man. A lame Horse, and a lame Christian upon the Back of him, is no false Heraldry: But the Rider has the less Reason of the two, however, to commit so many gross Blunders in all the Actions of his Life. There is no Creature that ever went upon four Legs,



but has made some false *Step* or other; and every Mother's Son of us upon *two*, hath his *Slips* and his *Imperfections*. In short, every *Jockey* will easily grant me, that *he's* the best *Horse* which stumbles *least*: And not to run too far upon the Comparison of the *Beast*, *he's* the perfectest *Man*, that has the *fewest Faults*, either of *Mind* or of *Body*; and *she's* the most accomplish'd *Woman*, that is the farthest from being a *Fade*.

The greatest *Beauty* hath its *Blemishes*; and the *best* of us all, have our *Failings*. He's the *wisest Man* now-a-days, that is the least a *Fool*; and the *honestest* (generally speaking) that is the least a *Knave*: For *Self* is a *great Rogue*; and where is that incomparable Person in the World, without his *Weak-side*, either of a *Self-Interest* that blinds him, or a *Self-Conceit* that betrays him into a thousand *Errors*, throughout the whole Course of his *Affairs*.

But this *Truth* is to be interpreted rather according to its main Design, in Favour of human *Frailties*, whether in *Thought*, *Word*, or *Deed*. The *Govern-ment of the Thought*, beyond *Passion*, *Prejudice*, or *Revenge*, upon some *Occasion* or another, either of *Injury* or *Affront*, is such a *Conquest* (I believe) as never Man  
yet

yet made under the *Infirmities* of Flesh and Blood. *Thought* is the most *ungovernable* Thing in the World, except we are *Masters* of it within our own Bosoms: For the *Liberty* of it cannot be cramp'd or restrain'd by any *external Power* whatsoever, though it have never so great a *Lasb* over our *Words* and *Actions*. But, in short, the *Hypocrisy* of the Age is become so notorious, that there's no taking a Man's *Word* now for what he *thinks*.

And then, for the *Tongue*, it established this very **Proverb** upon its own blundering *Mistakes*, and extravagant *Raileries*. It is the great *Instrument* of *Error* and *Iniquity*, *Lying*, *Swearing*, and *Reproach*; and it gives *Life*, *Noise*, and *Vigor*, to all the *Vices* upon Earth. *Dives's* Tongue was tormented in the Flame; and some unthinking *Wretches* on Earth, talk nothing but *Hell*, *Fire*, and *Brimstone*, whose *Tongues* are never to be *cool'd*, neither in *this World*, nor the *next*. However, this **Proverb** pleads a Pardon for all *innocent Mistakes* in Conversation and Discourse; and it puts a Check upon all intemperate *Mockery* and *Laughter*, when a well-meaning Person is guilty of an *ignorant Expression* or *Blunder* in Company. *Fleering*, and *Jesting*, and *Banter*, are the Faculties of *Buffoons*, the Froth of *Folly*,

and the Scum of *Conceit* ; and to ridicule an honest Man's *Infirmity* or *Weakness*, is against the Rules of *Urbanity*, common *Civility*, and good *Breeding*, in all the *Schools* of *Vertue* and *Knowledge*.

But every Man has a *blind Side* also in his *Actions* ; for we all *act* as if we did not believe our own *Eyes*. How many *Misfortunes* and *Miscarriages* in this Age, are owing to human *Overfight* and *Inadvertency* ! There's a mighty *Byass* in all *Business*, that runs People foul upon *Error*, *Interest*, or *Injustice* ; and it holds as strong too, upon the *Comparison*, in all the *Transactions* of our *Lives*, as it does in the *Bowling-Green*, whether the *Diversiſion* costs us either *Shame*, *Loss*, or *Disadvantage*. Men are only *Slaves* to their *Passions* ; not excepting *Princes*, and the Great *MOGUL* himself. One single *Prejudice* is powerful enough to put the *poor Mortal* out of *Tune* ; to conquer the *whole World*, and to carry the *War farther* too. But as for *Interest*, it has establish'd an *universal Monarchy* already, and makes *both the Indies* truckle.

However, with a *Regard* to this *Proverb*, let a Man *stumble* never so often, we ought to be *merciful* and *tender*, as well as *just*, in censuring his *Actions* under the *Force* of *ill Customs*, *bad Examples*,



ples, and a *deprav'd State of Nature*. We ought to be kind and compassionate in our *Reflexions* upon all human Miscarriages and Transgressions, either of a *foolish Word*, or a *silly Action*. An *impudent Fact* indeed, is the more *unpardonable* of the two; but perhaps no *Sin* against the *Holy Ghost*. Some *Actions* of the very *Martyrs*, require a *favourable Interpretation*.

But as to the *grumbling Wife*, which is commonly made the *Burden* of the *good Horse* that *never stumbles*, there will be *Scolding*, *Caterwawling*, and *Quarrelling*, among *Men* and *Women* to the *World's End*, let the *good old Proverb* say what it will.

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P R O V. VII.

A Fool's Bolt is soon shot.

*Reflexion.*

EVERY Man ought to have this *Proverb* in his *Mind*, before any *Word* comes out of his *Mouth*. He that never takes *Aim*, my *Life* for't, will never hit the *Mark*. Where is the *Scope* of scattering ill *Words* or rude *Expressions* as thick as *Hail-shot*, among civil *People* that have

left off their *Pop-Guns* ? Talking at *Random*, is like *shooting in the Air*, which does nothing but make a *Noise*. The *Crack* on't only disturbs the Neighbourhood, and frightens Children. A little *Froth* and *Banter*, breaks no Bones, and is only a BRUTUM FULMEN out of a Fool's Mouth.

But there is a *rash Expression* yet of equal Danger with a *Thunder-clap*, which spares no Body in its Way. It flies like *Lightening*, and its sudden *Flashes* commonly either blast a Man's *Reputation*, hurts his *Person*, or strikes at his *Life*: And it is none of the *SPEAKER's* Fault neither, if it does not kill *dead* too. A *Word* dropt by a *gossipping Fellow*, for Want of due *Thinking*, *Secrecy*, or *Civility*, may sometimes do as much Mischief as a *Dagger*, and bring it Home also to his own Door. The *Mouths* of some *Blunderbusses* are always charg'd with *Destruction* against *others*; which, when they are most full, and the foulest, are most apt to recoil upon *themselves* in the *Discharge*. But there's no *Dart* so quick, or so deadly, as the *Tongue* of a loud, tattling, leaky *Woman*.

A *flashy Fool* will be still prating in *wise Mens* Company, to no Manner of Purpose; save only to shew his *Impertinence*,

nence, Ignorance, and the *Vanity* of betraying himself; which is such a Piece of Treachery, as none but a *silly self-conceited Fop* would be guilty of in *common Conversation*. But when his *Bolt* is once shot, (which seldom does any great Mischief) he has no more to do, than to put on his *Cap*, get a *new Coat*, and take his Place in *Paradise*. His own *Confidence*, and a little *Flattery* of other Folks, is sufficient to make him a *Peer of the Realm* there: For an *Affectation of Applause*, and an *Ambition to be thought wise*, is a *Fool's Character* drawn in proper *Colours*.

The Instruction of this **Proverb**, lies in governing the *Tongue* with *Discretion* and *Prudence*. 'Tis a *Lecture of Deliberation*, *Curtesy*, and *Affability* in Company; of *Fidelity* and *Secrecy* in Affairs. It is also a *Satyr* against *fooling*, *blabbing*, or *blurting out* a rash unlucky Word to the *Prejudice* of a Person, and speaking whatever comes uppermost, without any *Regard to good Manners* or *common Sobriety*. It excludes *bantering* the Benefit of good Conversation, and condemns all foolish *Jests*, forward *Raptures*, and unthinking *Railleries* of Language upon any Subject: For it is *Rashness* alone that discharges every *Fool's Bolt*.

PROV.



## P R O V. VIII.

Out of *Sight*, out of *Mind*.

*Reflexion.*

**T**HIS is the common *Complaint* of all *Lovers*. 'Tis certain, that we generally *love* most *in* at our *Eyes*; for the *dearest Object* is soon *forgotten*, when we are once *depriv'd* of the *Advantage* and *Happiness* of *seeing* it: Neither does *this* argue the *Shortness* of the *Memory*, but the *Falseness* of the *Passion*. Our *Memories* do not depend upon our *Eyes*; and yet we are mightily beholden to *Sight*, for the *Impression* of all those *fair Idea's*, which charm and captivate *Admirers*. But the *Minds* of Men are grown so *fickle*, *false*, and *forgetful*, that it is become a *Proverb*; and perhaps of the *Womens* making too; though *both Sexes* have been equally *guilty* of *Inconstancy*. However, all *Face-Love* is like the *Reflexion* of a *Looking-Glass*; for it goes off with the *Person*, and lasts no longer than the *Party* is *present*.

This *universal Oracle* of *Truth* has a farther *Drift* yet, upon *greater Things* than a *poultry Passion*, and is concern'd  
for

for *better People* than little treacherous *Sweet-Hearts*, and inconstant *bumble Servants*. It lashes the *Unkindness* and *Falsehood* of *Friends*, as well as *Lovers*, upon a mutual *Engagement* of their *Affections*: And, as the World goes now, *Distance* is the greatest *Trial* of *Friendship*, and *Absence* the truest *Test* of *Love*: But to *forget* one's *Friend*, whose *good Offices* ought to be had in *everlasting Remembrance*, upon a *Pretence* either of the *one* or the *other*, is a base *Treachery*, and a notorious *Ingratitude*; as if our *Affections* were no longer *a-cooling*, than our *Broth*, and *expir'd* with the last *Breath* of a *FAREWEL*.

We ought to *love* beyond the *Grave*, and *remember* the *Dead*, as well as the *Living*. *True Love* passes the *River Lethe*, and knows no *Oblivion* on *either Side*. I do not mean that *People* should go to *Hell* for *Company*, or follow their *Friends* thither in a *Frolick*; as *THESEUS* and *PIRITHOUS* did out of *Friendship*, and became *everlasting Monuments*, rather than *good Examples* of *Fidelity*: Though the *Moral* of the *Fable* is well worthy of our *Imitation* and *Practice*, which is not to *love* one another to *Self-murder* or *Damnation*; but *be* that *loves* no farther than *he* can *see*, may in *Time* be *marry'd* perhaps; if a *Mountain*, a *Mile* or *two* of *Ground*,  
or a

or a *Day's Absence*, do not break off the *Match*. However, for a FRIEND in any Corner of the World, his *Health* and *Welfare* ought to be Part of our *Devotion*; and it is our *Duty* to relieve him effectually too, every where on this Side *Heaven*, in Spite of any *Distance* or *Difficulty*, either of *Time* or *Place*: For the *Vertue* is still more *glorious* for breaking through all Impediments, Oppositions, and Dangers, with greater *Influence*, as well as *Lustre*. True *Love*, and real *Friendship*, are never to be cramp'd within the narrow Compass of the *Eye-lids*; but challenge the *whole Universe* for their *Purlieu*, their *Memory*, and their *Fame*. The *Ob- ligation* is not *local*, nor bounded by a *Sea* or a *Gulph*.

A dear Friend, one would think, should never be *forsaken* upon a Point of *Honour* and *Interest*; and much less should he ever be *forgotten*, out of *Gratitude* and *Admiration*. His happy *Memory* ought to be constantly display'd in our *Minds*; and as daily and duly repeated in our *Thoughts*, as the *Sun* rises, to form the lovely *Image* of his Beauties and Glories upon the Face of the *Earth*; with this Difference only, that the *continual Commemoration* of his *Kindness*, should never *set* in our *Hearts*, *disappear* in our *Company*, or  
be



*be benighted in our Solitudes.* What ought we not to do in a *thankful Rememberance* of our *blessed Lord and Saviour*, that *FRIEND of Friends*? Or can we *remember him too often*, in his *never to be forgotten Passion and Redemption of the World*? Oh, *memorable Redemption*!

But People are become so *unkind and inconstant* now-a-days, that they doat upon nothing so much as *Variety and Novelty*; and that's the *Mischief* on't, in all the modern *Changes of Love and Friendship*. We are as fond of *new Faces and new Acquaintance*, as *Children* are of *new Cloths, or Courtiers of new Fashions* in Turns of State, and *Revolutions of Government*. The *Affections of Yesterday*, are *old and out of Date* with some *fickle Folks*, and an *Almanack* can hardly please the Year out. The *same Thing* two Days together, *cloy*s, and even *surfeits* our *fanciful Sparks*. So that there's scarce any *relishing Eetertainment* in this Age, but what's as *new* as a *Mushroom*, that hardly ever liv'd to see the *Sun*. And I make no Question at all, but *this Book* will fall under the *Fate of this Proverb*, as well as the *BIBLE*, or *The whole Duty of Man*; for *Ballads of late Days*, are commonly *remember'd longest*.

PROV.

## P R O V. IX.

Like Father, like Son.

## Reflexion.

**W**E are all *a-kin* to ADAM, and his Fall seems to be *entail'd* upon Mankind. How many Sons inherit their *Fathers Failings*, as well as *Estates*? And how many *Daughters* have something of their *Mothers Vanities* both in Dress and Humour? A *great Part* of us, is certainly *traduc'd* from our Parents. Children are generally like either the *Father* or the *Mother*, in their *Minds*, as well as their *Bodies*. The *Faculties* of the former commonly run in a *Blood*; and for the *Features* or the *Complexion* of the latter, they often look as if they were cast in the *same Mould*: Infomuch, that *Likeness* is now reckon'd a Mark of *Legitimacy*.

This Saying sets forth the Force both of *Nature* and *Example*; as well by the violent Bent of *Inclination* in the one, as the Strength of *Imitation* and *Practice* in the other. A Chip of the old Block, is the vulgar Nick-name of a Father-like Boy, that is look'd upon to be no Bastard. However, no Man can deny, but the good Precepts

cepts of an honest *Father*, will go a great Way towards the making of a *vertuous Son*; but one *ill Example*, has ten times the *Power* to make him *vitious*, and plead *Authority* for't. The best *Instructions* are only so much *Breath* lost, where *loose Practices* discredit them, and stagger the *Belief*. And, for this *Reason*, *Children* should never *hear* nor *see* any *Thing* that they may be the *worse* for *Knowing*: So that *Parents* ought to have a strict *Regard* both to their *Words* and their *Actions*, in the *Presence* of their *little Ones*; and to bring them up, without ever having the *Liberty* of *ill Sights*, *idle Stories*, and other *corrupt Language*, in the *Company* of *lewd-tongu'd Men*, or *immodest Maids*. For *human Nature* (we know) is *originally* tainted; fond of *luscious Discourse*, and easily tickl'd by a *Bawdy Word*, either into *ill Thoughts*, *filthy Expressions*, or *debauch'd Practices*. The *Tetter* spreads by *rubbing*. *Lewdness* grows by *Degrees*, from a *Wart* to a *Wen*. The very *Breath* of *Sin*, is dangerous, and *catching* wherever it is *talk'd of*, and *infects* like a *Plague*. 'Tis natural for loose *Persons* to give their *Tails* the same *Liberty* they allow their *Tongues*; for they all *speak* in that *Dialect* from *below*.

But



But if the *Vices* of the *Parents* are got within the *Skin*, and lie deeper in their *Children*, than *Example*, there's no *Way* like training them up in the *Fear of their Maker*, to work off those *evil Impressions* and *over-grown Habits* ; for nothing less than an *Almighty Power* can cancel a *wicked Constitution*, either in *Young* or *Old*, and restore their *deprav'd Nature*, to its former *Liberty* of *Reason*, *Vertue*, and *Religion*. A liberal and a learned *Education*, may do great *Things* towards the *recovering* of a *sicken'd Mind* ; and though it cannot cure the *Blood*, yet it may govern the *Risings* and *Intemperances* of it. 'Tis certain, that both *Universities* have often mended the *Matter* by hard *Study* and good *Discipline* ; and many *young Gentlemen* bred up *there*, have prov'd *soberer* and *wiser* than their *Ancestors*. But there are some *natural Likenesses* after all, between the *Father* and the *Son*, either in *Fancy*, *Humour*, or *Disposition* ; which are still as *unalterable* as the *Proverb* ; and all the *Art* of *Man* cannot *unteach* them.

This *Proverb*, however, is *true*, yet in too many *Families*, for the *worse* ; but there are some glorious *Instances* of it still in the *Kingdom* for the *better*. The *Force* of it appears farther in all *Nurseries of Learning*, where *Likeness* is in a Manner  
study'd

*study'd with Earnestness and Affectation.*

A *School-master* has a great deal to answer for in the *Instruction* of his *Scholar*. He ought to be as nice and discreet in his *Conduct*, as in his *Method of Teaching*. He meets with a thousand *Provocations* to ruffle his *Passions*, disorder his *Judgment*, and try his *Patience*; for, I believe, *JOB* was no *School-master*. His *Life* should be as *moral*, *vertuous*, and *exemplary*, as the *Lessons* he sets his *Scholars* out of *CATO*, or *CULMAN'S Sentences*; for his *Practice* is *their Pattern*; and *Boys* will *copy* after their *Master's Example*, whether it be *good* or *bad*, as well as his *Precept*. 'Twas a witty Saying of a *noble Child*, who, upon a certain *Occasion*, *counterfeiting* a mighty *Respect* and *Concern* for his *PRÆCEPTOR*, that was no *honest*er than he should be, fam'd for his *Hypocrisy* and *Disimulation*, and whom he lov'd no farther than he could see him; was ask'd, *How he could dissemble so?* *Why*, say'd the *Child*, *would you have me learn nothing of him?*

It holds good also, betwixt the *Master* and the *Man*. *Servants* are but *Gentle-mens Apes*, *Monkeys of Fashion* and *Grimace*; for they live only by *Example*, *Imitation*, and *Presumption*. Is there a *Foot-man* about *Town*, that does not dress,

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and powder, and look big, upon the Advantages of a *new-lac'd Livery*? But nothing makes him more *like* his Master, than a *Sword* by his Side too; a Mark of more *Vanity* than *Valour*; which dishonours the very *Weapon*, and brings the Custom of *wearing* it in *Disgrace*. However, to descend now from those foppish Peoples *Habit* and *Drapery*, to their *Actions*: They owe most of their *Vices* and *Virtues* too, (if they have *any*) to the Power of *Example*, for Want of *better Education*; save only, that *Pride*, *Impudence*, and *Ignorance*, are purely their *own*, without being beholden to their *Betters* for those *Qualifications*. *Servants* are the greatest *Mimicks* in Nature, and they copy all the *Qualities* of their *Masters* and *Mistresses* to the Life, without any *Distinction* of *Good* and *Evil*. No Man ever yet question'd a *Debauchee's Servant*, for a *lewd* or a *lascivious Fellow*; a *Drunkard's*, for a *Tipler* or a *boon Companion*; a *Gamester's*, for a *Pack of Cards* or *false Dice* in his Pocket; and the *like* in all other the respective *Services* of Mankind. They glory in *imitating* the *Iniquities* of their *Betters*, and honour their *Superiors* in the foulest *Intrigues*. 'Tis but *Trim-tram*; right or wrong, they'll follow the *Fashion*, and do their *Duty*. But nothing



is so intollerable, as when their *Imitation* runs too close upon the Heels of *Gentility*; and these little *Vassals* grow so ambitious to be like their *Masters*, that at last, they set up for *Gentlemen* themselves.

In fine, the *Morality* of this *Proverb* extends it self to the giving of a good *Example*, from a *King*, to his *People*; a *Father*, to his *Children*, and a *Master*, to his *Scholars* or *Servants*. The *Reformation* of *Manners* should begin at the *Palace* first, and then perhaps *private Families* would follow their *Leaders*, or strive at least to be like their *Superiors*. But 'till then, the World will be no better, than it has been under the *Influence* of ill *Examples*, and the popular *Blindness* of *Imitation*, in all publick *Relations*, *Practices*, and *Professions*.

# PROV. X.

One Man had better steal a Horse;  
than another look over the Hedge.

## Reflexion.

THIS does not justify *Stealing* at all. The *Proverb* means very honestly, and is only a smart Turn upon all

*partial Proceedings in publick Tryals, as well as in private Judgments. As to the former, there's no Doubt but many an innocent Person has held up his Hand at the Bar, and been sent as far out of Town too, as the guilty, by Subornation, Prejudice, and Corruption: But for the latter, there's nothing more ordinary and common, than for a poor Man to be condemn'd for a Peca-dillo, out of Envy or Malice, or for Want of Money; while the prosperous Villain shall escape so much as an Aspersion for the grossest Crimes and Enormities. When great Rogues are in Authority, and have the Laws against Oppression and Robbery in their own Hands, little Thieves only go to Pot for't; and inferior Pirates are punish'd with Death at the Gallows, while those of a superior Orb, or first Rate Offenders, live safe and successful at the Helm of Government. When MERCURY, the Patron of Thieves, stole King ADMETUS's Cattel, least he should be punished for the Theft, he cunningly robb'd APOLLO (the Keeper) of the Arrows that should have shot him for't: So that such mighty Sharpers, either by Sea or Land, are too politick to be call'd to an Account for Piracy or Pilfering, least they should attempt the Throne that would bring 'em to condign Punishment, and disarm*

arm it of *Prerogative*, as well as *Power*, to do the World *Justice*. The *Place of Execution* has been frequently loaded with the *justest Reproaches* upon this Account; and 'tis *hard*, that *one Man* should be *hang'd* out of the Way, to save *another Man's Bacon*. But *large Fishes* easily swallow up the *small Shrimps*, and grow *fat* upon't. *Pikes* prey upon *Gudgeons*. *Great Men* lord it over the *Commons*. Some *Robbers* thrive in their *Iniquities*, and triumph in their *Deprædations*, while the melancholy *Lookers on*, are as *poor* as *Job*; oppress'd by *Rapine*; and, as it were, *punish'd* for being *guilty of Honesty*: And this is *true*, from the *Horse-Stealer*, to the *Felon of Quality*.

What is *this* then, but the *Partiality* of the World? That *some Men* had better *steal*, than *others* look out of their *Eye-lids*; and yet *winking* at the *Crime*, would be a great deal more *capital* and *unpardonable*. *Laws* are like *Cob-webs*, said the ingenious *ANACHARIS*, which easily catch *little Flies*, but are not strong enough to hold *Wasps*, or entangle *Hornets*. *Poor Offenders* suffer, but *rich Ones* never smart for't. There is nothing so *unequal* under the Cope of Heaven, as a *Respect of Persons* in the partial *Distribution* either of *Rewards* or *Punishments*;



where *one* is severely hamper'd, persecuted, martyr'd in the *State* upon a fatal *Rencounter*, and *another* escapes *Scot-free*, with a Pardon, Pension, and Protection for the next Mischief; where *one* is promoted to Honour for the same Villany, that *another* has his Quarters stuck upon the Gates for, to terrify such audacious *Bravo's* for the Future; and where *one* again is put to the Disgrace of a publick *Scandal*, or an ignominious *Death* in the Face of the Sun, while *another* scarce suffers a *Scar* in his *Reputation*: And *both* yet perhaps *equally* concern'd, faulty, and undeserving, either of *Preferment* or *Mercy*; but only that the *Person* who is *sav'd*, often proves to be the *blacker* and *unworthier Devil* of the *two*. And, in short, it is a Pity that such *Malefactors*, by what Names or Titles soever they be *dignify'd*, whether for *Murder*, *Robbery*, or *Rebellion*, should not all fare alike under an *equal Guilt*; without any particular *Distinctions* of *Royal Favour*, *politick Clemency*, or *popular Affection*.

What has heighten'd the *Contempt* of the *Clergy* more, than an *Inequality* of *Censure*, *Detraction*, and *Calumny*? A *Spot* is soon seen in *Black*; but *Religion* does not consist in the *Coat*, nor in *Colours*. The *Gown* and *Cassock* do not make the *Man*,

nor

nor distinguish the *Saint* from the *Sinner*. However, there's more Notice taken of *some Persons* for an *Imprudence*, than of *others* for a *solemn Iniquity*. If a *Clergyman* commits a Fault, some *venial Slip* or other, either in Practice or Example, it shall be presently *magnify'd*, and make a greater Noise in the *Parish*, than a *Church-Warden's SACRILEGE*, or an *Overseer's ROBBING THE POOR*; and it will not fail neither perhaps of being proclaim'd to the whole World for a horrid *Impiety* in the *Person*, an abominable *Scandal* to the *Church*, and an unpardonable *Offence* to all *Posterity*: As if the *Parishioners* were not oblig'd to be *good Christians*, unless their *PARSON* were so too. At this *partial Rate* of Things, a *Divine* is the most unreasonably liable to vulgar *Slander* and *Misconstruction*, of all Mankind, even from a *Word*, a *Countenance*, a *Motion*, a *Gesture*, or his common *Carriage*, to a downright Reproach of his very *Thoughts* and *Actions*. But we ought not to judge of *Men* by their *Mien*, their *Looks*, or their *outward Imperfections*; for 'tis certain, that *Vertue* and *Vice* do not lie so near the *Skin*.

However, this *Proverb* is for doing *all People Justice alike*, from the *highest* to the *lowest*; and in *all Cases* whatsoe-

ver, either of *Desert*, or *Demerit* ; where our Constructions ought to be *indifferent*, our Reflexions *equal*, and our Judgments *impartial*. An *unprejudic'd Looker-on*, after all, is the most faithful *Interpreter*, either of the *Divinity*, the *Conscience*, or the *Law* of the Matter, and knows best how to set the *Saddle* upon the *right Horse*, both in *Church* and *State* ; let the *Felons* or the *Malefactors* be who they will, either in the *one*, or the *other*. But the old *Saying* is verifi'd still in this *Respect of Persons* ; so that *one Man* had better rob a Kingdom, than *another* pretend to rule it, and there's an End on't. We live in a thieving, cheating, and plundering Age, from the *Crown*, to the *Cottage* ; and our very *Altars* are not *secure*. *Cozening* is become a *topping Trade* ; only we have got a genteeler Way of *Stealing* now, than to take a *Man's Horse* from him upon the High-way ; and our *Rapparees* are Men of better *Breeding* and *Fashion*. But the *Mob* is not always *just* in this Point ; for *one Pick-pocket* deserves a *Horse-pond*, as well as *another*, without any *Regard to Quality or fine Cloths*.



## PROV. XI.

A Cat may look at a King.

*Reflexion.*

**T**IS very true, KINGS do not use to call Cats to an Account for their Looks, or their *undistinguishing Boldness*: But there are many Cats of this Kind, which are too much made of, indulg'd, and encourag'd, 'till they fly at last in the Face of sacred Majesty. In this Sense, it is a true-blue Protestant-~~Proverb~~. I do not know whether it was calculated for the Rabble, or not; to pur and mew like Cats about a Throne, 'till at Length they scratch the Hand that strokes them, and mob their Protector. However, there has been ill Use made on't; and it has often been extravagantly misapply'd to Outrage and Violence upon a King's Person, as well in Print, as in some Peoples Mouths. It has also been sometimes wire-drawn into a Field of Battel against a lawful Monarch, and shed the Blood of an innocent Prince.

But to take this Saying by the right Handle; Princes are not such proud, arbitrary, and imperious Persons, as some Cai-  
tiffs

*tiffs* would insinuate. Their *Subjects* may look at 'em, and *welcome*, without any Danger of the *Gallows*. But too curious an *Inspection*, argues an *evil Eye*, and kills like a *Basilisk*. The *People* may *address* to their *King* for a just *Liberty of Conscience*; but then they are always oblig'd to make a *Conscience* of that *Liberty*, when it is once *granted*: For otherwise it is only *begging* a favourable Opportunity to do him a *Mischief*, and shake his *Prerogative* for his *Kindness*. The most popular *Clamours* of *Right*, *Property*, and *Religion*, are little less than *Libels* against the *Government* or *Administration*, and only a genteeler Way of *Rebelling*; which, like the *Grudges* of an *Ague*, forebode greater Misery and Disaster in a *trembling State*. *Religion* has been made a mighty *Stalking-Horse* to *Villany* and *Murder*; but it would be the same Thing, whether a *King* was knock'd on the Head with a *Bible*, or dispatch'd with a *Musket-Bullet*; and all the *reveal'd Word of God*, would not *sanctify* the *Work*.

We are miserably divided in *Politicks*, both *Ecclesiastical* and *Civil*; and no Wonder then, if we *differ* about the *Interpretation* of a *Proverb*, when the very *TEXT* cannot reconcile us, either in *Church* or *State*: But the *Truth* of it lies betwixt the

the *Whig* and the *Tory*, as well as the *Cat* and the *King*, through a palpable *Misunderstanding* of both Parties. However, there are several Sorts of *Cats* in the World, and we ought not to condemn *all* for *one*. Now, WHITTINGTON's was a good honest *Cat*, for any Thing I know to the contrary, and minded her own *Game* only among the *Rats* and the *Mice*: But a *fanatical* Puss in her *Majesty*, is a dangerous Creature, and fit for nothing but DON QUEVEDO's *Parliament of Cats*; and then they are all of a Litter, quoth Lambert. But shall any *puritannick* Poll-cat come in Competition with our *Queen*, to corrupt the Breath of our Nostrils, lift a Foot against her *Person*, stand in *Defiance* of her *Commands*, claw her *Prerogative*, or grumble at her *Power* and *Supremacy*? Such Approaches are too bold to be tolerated. GOOD GOD! what wicked and audacious *Conspiracies* have been undertaken? And what horrid *Barbarities* have been practis'd upon *Christian Princes*? Bloody *Affassinations*! *Protestant*, as well as *Popish Plots*! Not to mention the RAVILLIAC's, MASSANELLO's, WAT TILER's, and other *Murderers* of the World. The *beheading* of one *King*, and the *banishing* of another, hath blacken'd our *Chronicles*. What is an evil Counselor's



lor's sticking a *Feather* in his *Prince's Cap*, to take the *Crown* off his *Head*, but *kicking him up Stairs*, or *flattering and cajoling him out of his Kingdom* ? What is the *Insurrection of Subjects* against their *Sovereign*, upon the most plausible *Pretensions* of doing *GOD Service*, but a meer *Instigation* and *Sham* of the *DEVIL* ? And therefore such *CATS* as these, in a *Common-wealth*, are intolerable ; who make no more than a *Mouse* of a *KING*.

A *gracious* and a *merciful King*, is certainly one of the *greatest Blessings* Heaven can bestow upon a *People* on *Earth* ; but *ill Usage*, and *cramping his Prerogative*, may change his *Temper*, and turn the *Tables* : For *Resistance*, *Insolence*, and *Presumption*, will never make a *good One* the better ; but such *undutiful Practices* may easily provoke an *ill One* to be worse. We might learn better *Manners*, and more *Policy* of an *old Woman*, than to confront *Majesty*, or controul our *Sovereign*. She us'd to pray for the *Life* of *DIONISIUS*, as great a *Tyrant* as he was, when all other *People* were weary of his *Government*, and wish'd him *dead*. For why ? She said, they had *exchang'd* their *Kings* so often for the worse, that she was afraid the *Devil* would come *next* to be his *Successor*. There's no tampering with *Power* and *Tyranny*,

ranny, but by Patience, Humility, and Submission. *Little People* are allow'd to honour and admire GREAT MEN, PATRIOTS, or POTENTATES, but not to spit in their Faces: And so let the Cat be winking. But when PUSS in the Proverb grows too *sawcy* and *familiar*; disobeys *Authority*, or disoblige a *Prince*; there is only one Way in the World left to humble her Ambition, and bring her again to her *Duty*: And that is, to make her keep off, and know her *Distance*.

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## PROV. XII.

He sets the Fox to keep his Geese.

## Reflexion.

I Do not know who *this Man* is in particular; but he's the greatest Goose in the whole World. He had as good have set a Kite to keep his Chickens, a Wolf his Lambs, or a Hawk his Pigeons. And yet most People are so sottishly silly in one Sense or another, as to be gull'd by noted Impostors, wheedl'd by known Sweeteners, and impos'd upon by profess'd Rakes. 'Tis a general Imprudence to trust a sworn Enemy; though a Man is no safer in the Con-

Confidence of his *Friendship*, than *Geese* are under the Custody and Care of the *Fox*

What can be a greater *Folly*, than to employ a *Traytor* in the Service of any Government, to court a *Treachery*, and commission a *Mischief*? *State-Foxes* will be still playing the same Game over again: They'll always make a *Prey* of the *People*, though it costs them a *Chain*, and a *Ken-  
nel* at last for their Pains. Let *Reynard* loose after five or six Years taming, civilizing, or Confinement, and I would not be a *Goose* in his Way, for the Kingdom.

This *Proverb* reflects upon the ill *Conduct* of Men, in the *Menage* of their Affairs, by intrusting either *Sharppers* with their *Money*, *Blabs* with their *Secrets*, or *Enemies* and *Informers*, with their *Lives*. These Things, how dear soever, are all thrown away upon little Creatures, *Parasites*, *Pimps*, and *Gossips*; who either *must*, out of *Necessity*, or *will*, out of *Cowardice*, *Falshood*, and *Knavery*, live upon what is committed to their *Keeping*. All's *Carri-  
on*, that comes in the Way of *hungry Rooks*. *Ravenous Appetites* are afraid of no *Bones*. No *Obligation* can bind against *Nature*. A *Fox* will love a *Goose* still, though his *Skin* is to be stript over his  
Ears



Ears for't: And a *common Cheat* will always follow his old Trade of *tricking his Friend*, in Spite of all Promises and Principles of *Honour, Honesty, and good Faith*. This may serve for the *Guardian's Instruction*, that he ought not to defraud his *Pupil*; but it is a far *better Lesson* to the *Pupil*, to consider, with the utmost Discretion he is Master of, what *Guardian* he chooses, for Fear of committing his *Sheep* to the Keeping of a *Wolf* in *Disguise*, or his *Vineyard* to the Care of a *wild Boar* in *Masquerade*. In short, some *Rascally Knaves* in Grain (I believe) would renounce their CREED, to *prey* upon an easy, good-natur'd *Cully*; notwithstanding the greatest Protestations, and most solemn Assurances of *Fidelity, fair Dealing, and Justice*.

I take it for granted, 'tis not *safe* to *trust* a *fair Lady* with a notorious *Letcher*, or a lewd *Gallant*, for Fear of spoiling her *Fortune*, as well as cracking her *Reputation*. A *young Heiress* ought to be kept under a *stricter Guard*, than an *old Bawd*, or a mercenary *Match-maker*, for Fear of being *trepann'd* into unwarrantable Embraces. And as the *Comedian* very well observes to this Purpose, it is *dangerous trusting* an EUNUCH with a *beautiful Maid*, for Fear of *Treachery* and *Intrigue* among dissolute Admirers in a *Marriage-bating Age*

Age: For *Impotence* it self is no Security against PIMPING, which advanc'd this very *Proverb*.

Who can *confide* in a false *Courtier*, a faithless *Hypocrite*, or a cunning *Fox* at last, in *Sheep's Clothing*, that wants nothing but a *Commission* to do your *Business* effectually, destroy your *Poultry* with *Authority*, and not leave you so much as a *Goose* out of the whole *Flock*, though it had sav'd the *CAPITOL*? Who can put any *Confidence* in a profess'd *Enemy*, or a flattering *Sycophant*? The late immortal SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE, would not trust FATHER PETERS with his *Religion*, or the Affairs of his *Soul*, who had so often deceiv'd him in his *Wordly Business*. The *Story* is well known, and needs no other *Remark*, but that it came from his own *Mouth*: When he whisper'd that *Gentleman* with the aforesaid *Declaration*, [A LOUD] once in the *Lobby*; who, after many fair *Promises* to do him a considerable *Favour* at *Court*, about an *Arrear* due from the *Crown*, as often disappointed his *Expectations*; and told him at last, that it depended wholly upon his *Conversion*, and coming over to the *Church of Rome*. But he was no such *Goose-Cap*! However, he that nourishes a *Snake* in his *Bosom*, may thank himself for being stung.  
Who

Who then, but a *Fool of a Master*, would entertain a *Servant*, that should *betray* him ; a *Prentice*, that should *embezil* his Goods ; a *Steward*, that should grow *rich* upon his *Ruin* ; or even a *Roguy Cur* at last, that should *worry his Mutton*, and afterwards *leap at his own Throat* ? This is the *Man* in the *Proverb*, that knows no better, than to *set the Fox to keep his Geese*.

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P R O V. XIII.

*Old Birds* are not caught with *Chaff*.

*Reflexion.*

**T**HIS *Proverb* has more in't, than of *Bird-catching* only. It holds from the *Diversiō* of spreading a Net for LARKS, ROBINS, or GOLDFINCHES, to the Intrigues of ensnaring MEN : But *old People* are not easily impos'd upon, either by *Slight*, *Artifice*, or *Invention*. The *Tricks of the Town*, are only CHAFF to *old Age*, *Wisdom*, and *Experience* ; for you shall seldom or never see the GUINEA-DROPPERS of *London* attempt upon a *Man in Years*, for Fear of the Worst ; under an Apprehension either of *Disappointment* or *Discovery*, or *catching a Tartar*. Old Birds  
E know



know better Things, than to scrape Acquaintance with the *Fowler* ; to give him an *Opportunity*, or to take an *Invitation*. However, there *will* be laying of *Snares*, and setting of *Gins* for *People*, as long as there are any *WOODCOCKS* in the World.

But *young Men* and *Women* are the *Fools*, that are easily play'd upon by the *false Appearance* of Things ; deluded with meer *Shadows*, and drawn into an *Inconvenience* by every *glaring Lure* : For any Thing that can make a *Jack-a-Lantern*, is sufficient to strike the *Sense* of a giddy *Youth* ; to engage his *Mind*, and turn him out of his *Way*. *Young People* are mightily pleas'd with *Gypsies*, *Jugglers*, and *Mountebanks* ; fond of having their *Fortunes* told, or their *Handkerchiefs* cut by a *HOCUS* ; and wonderfully well pleas'd with the *Deception* : If their *Purses* do not really suffer too by the *Legerdemain*. *Youngsters* are as soon taken, as *Trouts*, by tickling their *Phancies* ; soon set agog for an *enticing Frolick*, and willingly inveig'd into a *charming Misfortune*. They will be still gaping up at every *Impostor*, and thrusting their *Noses* into every *Crowd* ; being equally transported with *Spectacle*, *Novelty*, and *Error*, into Excesses of *Joy* and *Admiration*. A *Ballad*, a *Raree-show*, a *Play*, a *Ball*, or a *Musick-meeting*, are catching.

*catching* Temptations ; and they court their own *Captivity*, where the *Scene* is delightful, and the *Mistake* admir'd ; 'till at last perhaps they are forc'd to compound for their *Liberty*, with the Loss of their *Money*, their *Modesty*, or their *Honour* : Besides that, such alluring *Engagements* as these, have many times, without Doubt, cost some *sparkish Captives* their *Lives* too, by being *rivall'd* only in their Lewdness and Destruction. A fond *Younker*, enamour'd with a fluttering *fair One*, has little or no *Government* against *Desire* ; but eagerly pursues the *belov'd Object* to Enjoyment ; to a *Snare*, through all the *Impediments* of Prudence, and *Obstructions* of Vertue ; and he never *stops* in the Career of his *Amour*, like the *Lovers of Old*, but at the *Monument* of a *ravishing Beauty*, or the *Metamorphose* of his *Affections*. When MARS grew effeminate, he was by VULCAN cunningly *caught* in Bed with VENUS, and easily expos'd to the View, the Derision, and Contempt of all the wondering GODS. The *Fiction* will bear this *Moral* ; That it is the greatest *Scandal* and *Shame* for a SOLDIER, of all others of the *Masculine Gender*, to *unman* himself so, as to fall in Love with every *Punk* he meets ; to be a *Whore-master* in the *wrong Sense* ; to forsake a *Camp*, for

E 2 the

the *Company of Women* ; to be blinded with such CHAFF, and to sink altogether into *Effeminacy, Cowardice, and Disgrace*. Thus VENUS's *General* will certainly fall at last into VULCAN's *Net*, and come off with *publick Scorn*, for making no better Use of the noble *Weapon* that is put into his Hand ; while the sneaking *Dastard* quits the *Field of Valour*, with the brave *Exploits of the Sword*, for the bloodless *Vanities of the Petticoat*.

How many forward *Beaux* have been ruin'd by *ill Company*, before ever they had *Beards* on their Faces ? How many easy *Fops* have been sacrific'd to *Paint and Hypocrisy*, before they liv'd to see *Twenty* ? How many luscious *Gallants* have been caught with worse CHAFF too, and cut off in the *Bloom of their Youth* ? But not to descant any farther upon this melancholy and untempting *Topick* ; of all *Fools*, the *old One* is the least to be *pity'd*, whether he be a *Prodigal*, a *Gamester*, a *Drunkard*, a *Letcher*, a *Cully*, or a *Cuckold* in his *old Days*. What Relief or Compassion can a Man even on the *right side of Fourscore*, expect, for entering into the fatal *Noose of Matrimony*, upon an unequal and unhappy Match, or for *keeping a gay Mistress*, that sends him to his *Grave* with a *Pox* to him ? Have not *old Men* liv'd too long,



long, when they *dote* of *Destruction*? On the contrary, their *Lives* should be free from any *Reflexion*, and their *Age* venerable for *Gravity*, good *Example*, and *Authority*. They should be *solid* in their *Judgment*, *prudent* in their *Conduct*, *discreet* in their *Inclination*, *impragnable* in their *Vertue*, and *Proof* against *Imposition*, *Flattery*, and *Delusion*: So that all their *Actions* might assert their *Character*, from the common *Aspersions* of being *twice Children*. 'Tis no *Disparagement* for a *Child* to part with an *Inheritance*, as much as in *him* lyes, for a *Play-Thing*, or a *Sugar-Plumb*: But, generally speaking, there's no putting of *Tricks* upon *old Travellers*; no *fobbing* of *gawdy Fallacies*, or *glittering Counterfeits*, upon *aged Persons*; who are *deaf* to the most *charming Rattles*, and *blind* to the most *splendid, tempting, fair Appearances*, without any natural *Infirmity* or *Imperfection*. However, the *World* is grown a great *Cheat*, and there's hardly any *Thing* but *CHAFF* stirring in't.

But the *old Birds* in the *Proverb*, methinks, might teach all *youthful People* a better *Lesson*, than to be *chows'd, cozen'd, and trepann'd*, either out of *Life, Liberty, and Estate*; *Peace, and Tranquility of Mind*; or *Health, Honour, and Vertue*,

upon the most specious *Pretexts*, plausible *Cheats*, and inviting *Snares* whatsoever, of *Sharps*, *Bullies*, *Bawds*, *Pimps*, *Match-makers*, *Fortune-stealers*, and the common *Seducers* of Mankind: Especially after a thousand palpable *Examples*, either of *utter Ruin* on the one Hand, or a *happy Deliverance* on the other, through all the *Miscarriages* of human Life.

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## P R O V. XIV.

I talk of *Chalk*, and you of *Cheese*.

*Reflexion.*

**T**HIS was the *Confusion* of BABEL. One call'd for *Brick*, and t'other brough him *Mortar*, by the Rule of *Contraries* still, and *cross Purposes*. All the *Impertinence* in Conversation, Commerce, or Business, are couch'd under *this Saying*, where the *Company* do not make a *Harmony* in their Discourse, nor keep to the *Point* in *Question*: For a Man had better hold his *Tongue*, than *talk* out of *Tune*, and not *speak* to the *Purpose*. But, in short, this is a mighty *Fault*; whether it falls out upon a *Blunder*, or a *Mistake* for want of *Attention*, or happens out of  
*Ignorance*

*Ignorance* Point-blank, for want of more *Understanding*. However, nothing can aggravate the *Offence* to a greater Degree of *Incivility*, beyond the Bounds even of an *Apology*, or a *Pardon*, than the *Spirit of Contradiction*; which is the most *reigning Devil* upon Earth in all Conversation *within Doors*; sets People together by the Ears *without*, and disturbs the *Peace* of the *whole World*.

Some People are so possess'd with an *eternal Clack* of *Noise* and *Nonsense*, that they never stick at *interrupting* a serious Discourse upon the greatest Subject of the *Creation*, with some frivolous *Story* or other, and perhaps of *Bread and Cheese* too for want of a better, without any Regard to *good Manners*, or the *Quality* of the *Entertainment*: For indeed the *Language* of the *Belly* interlopes too often upon that of the *Brain*. In a Word, every *Answer* ought to be *proper*, and *pertinent* to the *Question* that is ask'd; every *Relation* ought to be *accommodated* to the *Disposition* of the Company, that hears it; and every *Sermon* ought to be *suited* to the *Capacity*, as well as the *Ear* of the *Auditory*, where it is preach'd: For otherwise, it is *absurd*, *improper*, and *insignificant*, to all *Intents and Purposes*. Nothing can *edify* more, or gain its Point sooner,



than a *Discourse* that is well *adjusted*, and agreeable to the *Hearers*.

If I talk of *one* Thing, and *you* of *another*, where's the End on't? 'Tis only to make a *Jargon* of a *Dispute*, and to widen the *Controversy* beyond any *Accommodation*, *Instruction*, or *Understanding*. The only Way of *edifying*, is to keep close to the *Text* still, on either Side of the *Table*; from a *Pulpit-Harangue*, to a *Tub-Lecture* of extemporary Zeal: And he that wanders *first*, is in a fair Way of losing his *Argument*, his *Senses*, or *himself* in a *Labyrinth* of Error. I'd never chuse a *Rambler* for my *Companion*; for he can never *stick* to any Thing, either in *Discourse*, *Society*, or good *Fellowship*.

'Tis a Point of good *Breeding*, not to be *impertinent*. How *rude* would it look in *Conversation*, for a *prating Blockhead* to break in upon *History*, *Philosophy*, or *Religion*, with a *Story of a Cock and a Bull*; and to talk of the *Bear-Garden* in the Company of *DIVINES*, without any Respect to their *Character*, and the *Distinction* of Persons! But when all's said, there are hardly any *Laws* against the *Liberties of speaking*, or the *Importunities of forcing a Discourse*, which *unsociable People* will be ever the *better* for: And if *one* talks of *CHALK*, another will talk of *CHEESE* still,

still, or tell a *Tale of a Tub*, though they be at the Trouble of bringing it in by Head and Shoulders, to make good the Proverb.

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PROV. XV.

A Lark is better than a Kite.

*Reflexion.*

THIS Proverb prescribes as well to the *Judgment*, as to the *Appetite*. 'Tis not the *Quantity*, but the *Quality*, that makes the *Feast*. It is not how *much*, or how *many Dishes*, but the *Goodness* of the *Fare*, that recommends it to the *Guests*. He that understands *good Eating*, will easily grant me, that the *Wing*, or the *Leg of a Lark*, is worth the whole *Body* of a *Crow*, or a *Carrion*.

This *Saying* is in all People's Mouths in the *Market*; and ought to be the standing Rule of *Buying*, as well as the Knack of *Selling* there. *Best, is best cheap* still in the *Shambles*, whether it be *Flesh*, or *Fish*, or *good Red Herring*. The *Butcher*, the *Poulterer*, the *Fish-monger*, and *forty People* more, are all beholden to't; either for the carrying on of a brisk *Trade*, or the

the Encouragement of *Customers*, for present Use and Service. It holds likewise from the *Tavern*, to the *Ale-house* ; from the *Mercers* in *Covent-Garden*, to the *Salesman* in *Long-Lane* ; and from the *Royal Exchange*, to the *Milliner's Shop*, or the *Frippery* and *Brocade* of the Town.

It is as *true* also in other Affairs, as in *Meat*, *Drink*, and *Cloth*. Things are not to be *rated* by their *Bulk*, but according to their *intrinsic Worth* and *Value*. *Weights* and *Measures* ought to be *just* indeed ; though they do not *add* to the *Purchase*, nor make a *bad Bargain* one Jot the *better*, than it is in its own Nature, *Quality*, or *Corruption*. Our old Friends, the *Booksellers*, know this very well, that there are some *little Books* better for *Sale*, and more profitable in the *Reading*, upon a *true Digestion*, than the *biggest Volumes* in the *Vatican*, or any other *Library* of the World. *MANUALS* may *please* as much in the *Perusal*, as *greater Works*, and *instruct* with no less *Advantage*, or *Improvement*. The *BIBLE* is not to be despis'd for its *Smallness*. But I do not know, if *Angels* writ *Books*, whether we should have *fewer Folio's* ; as it is hinted by a certain *contemplative Divine*. However, though *small Birds* have their *Merit*, and the *Excellency* either of gratifying the *Ear*,  
or



or of pleasing the *Palate*, beyond great *Ones*, *Owls* and *Ostriches*; yet the *biggest* of *little Things* equally good, are generally the *best* for the *Trencher*. *Little People* too, as well as *little Beasts* and *Birds*, have their *Perfections*. They generally excel huge *Elephantin Folk* in *Fineness of Shape*, in *Clearness of Voice*, or in *Quickness of Phancy*; either in *Beauties of Body*, or of *Mind*; in *external*, or *internal Parts*; in *Judgment*, *Memory*, or *Invention*; and in some *Endowments* or other still, to the last Degree of human *Accomplishment*. *Dwarfs* do not fail of being *admir'd*, as well as *Giants* and *Monsters*; and the *Raree-show* of *those* is as *diverting*, as the *Sight* of *these* is either *frightful*, or *terrible*. There have been *illustrious Pigmies* in the *World*; *ÆSOP'S*, *GALBA'S*, *LUXEMBURGH'S*, and *Hunch-back'd Hero's*, as famous for *Wit* and *Policy*, as *Alexander the Great* was for *War*. The *Pebble* that smote the proud *Philistine*, and fetch'd down the mighty *GOLIAH* to the *Ground*, was a *precious Stone*, and of *inestimable Value* for the brave *Exploit*. A *small Gem* may be worth a huge *Rock*, or a whole *Mountain*. One single *Spark* of a *Diamond* outshines the *largest Chrystal*; and a *Cart-load* of *Bristow*, *Purbeck*, or *Fire-stone*, is not  
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comparable to it for *Hardness*, *Ornament*, or *Lustre* : So that Things are not so *contemptible*, *unworthy*, and *dishonourable* for their being **LITTLE**. A *diminutive Creature* may be *Good*, though not *Great*, or **OMNIPOTENT**.

But to pursue the *Adage* a little closer to the *Letter* ; there are many People, that do not understand their own *Welfare* in the Choice of their *daily Food* ; and *stuffing* of Carcasses, is their Business, let the *Entertainment* be what it will, a *Collation*, or a *Banquet*. However, this **Proverb** does not stint a Man's *Dinner* to a **LARK**, if he has perhaps a larger *Stomach*, and can dispense with *more Victuals* ; but only distinguishes upon the *Quantity*, as well as *Quality* of the *Diet*, for his Benefit and Advantage ; lest *Nature* should suffer in the *Digestion*, by being *over-charg'd*, or sicken into a *Distemper* by *eating* to a *Purge*, and *drinking* any Thing *impure*, *gross*, and *disagreeable* to a *Vomit* : For this is not the right Way of taking *Physick*. Besides, *Satiety* is loathsome, and *disgusts* the *Palate* ; it *disorders* the *Body*, *corrupts* the whole *Mass* of *Blood*, and breeds innumerable *Diseases*, to stop the *Glutton's Mouth*.

It is an incomparable *Lecture* of *Temperance* and *Health*, *Moderation*, *Prudence*,  
and

and *Frugality*, to all Gentlemen especially that have Families, for the keeping of a *good Table*, without pinching the Rules of *Hospitality*; rather than a *great, splendid, or profuse One*, enough to *surfeit* a whole *County*, and breed a *Famine* in the *Land*. Now, *Feasting* was never more in Fashion, to the Excess of *nauseating* and turning a *Philosopher's Stomach*. 'Tis also an excellent *Instruction* against the *Indiscretion* and *Greediness of the Eye*, which is commonly ten Times *bigger* than the *Belly*. But we are nevertheless to *satisfy* Nature plentifully, according to *Discretion, Choice, and good Government*. A *little and good*, goes farther, than a *great Deal* of insipid *Stuff*, or unwholsome *Cramming*; and a delicious *LARK* will never fail of *pleasing*, where an *unsavoury*, or a *common Kite*, will hardly go down with a *grateful Gust*. In short, a *relishing Bit*, is oftentimes more *entertaining*, than whole *Legs, Rumps, and Sir-Loyns*.



## P R O V. XVI.

*Money makes the Mare to go.*

*Reflexion.*

EVERY Man worth a Groat, has experienc'd this *Truth* at some Time or another, either of *Necessity*, *Convenience*, or *Occasion*. It needs no *Illustration*; but a little *Morality* will do it no *Harm*; for it labours under some vulgar *Prejudices*, which must be taken off, as a *Film* from the *Eye*, before we can view it in a proper *Light*. GOLD, they say, is good for the *Eyes*; but the *Cataracts*, [ I mean *Covetousness*, *Injustice*, and *Oppression* ] that blind them, ought to be first couch'd, to make the *Sight* clear, before we can look upon that glittering Object without seeing double, or twinkling at the *Sun of Righteousness*, which shines upon our *Faces*. MONEY is certainly the best *Companion*, *Friend*, and *Servant* in the *World*; but it ought not to be *Master* on't.

The *Power of Money*, is grown *absolute*, *arbitrary*, and *irresistible*. It over-rules all *Government*, perverts *Justice*, and infatuates the *Wisdom of a Nation*. It also bears down the most sacred and solemn  
*Duties*

*Duties of Mankind, to a shameful Violation of the Obligations, both of Heaven and Earth. It oftentimes makes a meer Market of Marriage, as you would buy Mares in Smithfield; 'tis the most Money strikes the Bargain. A great Deal of Gold, makes the Lady a Beauty, an Angel, a Goddess; handsome, if she be ugly; genteel, if crooked; and as fair as a Rose, if Tallow-fac'd or tawny. The Money is of a brighter Complexion, and answers for all other Imperfections and Deformities. And in short, People do not only marry for Money now-a-Days; but do worse also for the Lucre, and the Leachery of it. 'Tis the common Motive of Debauchery, as well as of Rapine, Robbery, and Murder. The Whoremaster cannot keep his Miss, without Money to maintain her Extravagances. The Assassine, the Incendiary, the Highwayman, and the false Coiner, all make it their God. In fine, it corrupts all Persons in its Way, who do not defy the Devil. The Silver Hook, and the Golden Bait, catch all the Fish upon dry Land: And People are never more out of their Element, than when they greedily gape after Riches, and swallow their own Confusion.*

The Ancients us'd to call Money, the Root of all Evil, the Mother of Mischief, and the

the *general Idol of the whole World*. But it has a great *Power and Authority* among *Christians* too, as among *Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks*. It is become the *Umpire of the Universe, the Standard of Fighting Europe, both in Peace and War*. 'Tis the *Prince of Usurpation*, and is certainly at the *Head of all Persecutions, and Invasions of other Men's Rights*; how *invisible* soever to those, that *will not see Faults in Themselves, or their Friends*. There is no *Fort so strong*, that it cannot easily *take*, without *storming on't*; no *Town so impregnable*, that it cannot make *Surrender*, without an *Affault*; and no *Army so invincible*, that it cannot *vanquish*, without ever *striking a Blow for't*. *Surprizing Conquests, ungenerous Revolts, and precarious Revolutions*, are often owing to the *Influence and Arms* of this victorious Champion. And to worship *Britannia's Picture on our Coin* at this Rate, is not only downright *Idolatry*, but a *Crime* complicated with *Rebellion*. But this is no *Fault of the Money* all the while, if *Great Men* were Proof only against the *Temptation*. However, *PYGMALION's unjust Wealth* will never prosper, nor *Avarice* thrive by *Assassination, Perjury, and Oppression*. May *SIMON MAGUS's Money* perish with him. *ANANIAS's Destruction*  
was



was as *exemplary* and *instructive*, as *sudden*, upon a *fraudulent Account*. If there be any *Simony* in the *Church*, *Injustice* in the *State*, *Bribery* in the *Court*, *Roguery* in the *Exchequer*, or *Fraud* in the *Treasury* of *Princes*, they are all *pecuniary Iniquities* : For *Sacrilege*, *Pilfering*, *Purloining*, *Extortion*, *Injury*, *Persecution*, and all do palpably fall under the strong *Delusion* of *MONEY*, and the *Damnation* of *Ill-gotten Goods*. Insomuch that it *rivals* OMNIPOTENCE it self, and dares the *Almighty* with its *Wickedness* ; though it is sure to be *worsted* upon the *Contention*, and *Contumacy* in the *End*.

On the other Hand ; *MONEY*, be it never so *bad*, is yet a most *necessary Evil* at this *Time of Day* ; and it wonderfully supplies all our *Wants*, both *Publick* and *Private*, almost to a *Miracle* : For otherwise *we* had never been valu'd so much of late by our *dear Neighbours* the *DUTCH*. And *English Money* goes a great Way *farther* too, than *HOLLAND*. But *Money* has its *Vertues*, as well as *Vices*, upon the *present Exigences* of *Mankind*. It cloaths the *Naked*, and feeds the *Hungry*, and buys a *Crutch* for the *Cripple*. It sets the *Poor* at Work in *City*, *Town*, and *Country* ; and all *idle Hands* might get an honest *Livelihood* by their *Employments*, if

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*Begging* were not more beneficial to some *Strolers*, that make a *Trade* on't.

'Tis not to tell how many Millions of *Miseries* and *Afflictions* attend the *Want* of *Money*. The insuperable Difficulties of *Poverty*, are unsupportable to *Flesh* and *Blood*; and *dispirit* at least, if they do not *destroy* the *Starving*. A *Money-less Traveller* may sing before a *Robber*, because he has nothing to *lose*; but I believe he had rather be in *Danger*, than in *Want*: For the real Extremities of *Hunger* and *Indigence*, are far more intolerable, than the imaginary Apprehensions of having his *Throat* cut upon the *Road*; besides, that the *Money* may, perhaps, compound for his *Life* in this *Streight*, when he must inevitably *perish* by a miserable *Necessity* in the *other Condition*,  
 UNRELIEV'D. An indigent Person can purchase neither *House* nor *Land*; neither *Lodging*, *Attendance*, nor common *Civility* or *Respect*, without *ready Money*. People will not budge, even to the going of an *Errand*, *without* it: And, perhaps, the *Mare* in the *Proverb* was *resty* too, for want of her *Oats*. There's no living long upon *Credit*, without *Duns* and *Disappointments*, *Inconveniences*, *Troubles*, and *Vexations*. 'Tis the *READY* only, that makes all Things *easy*. A Gentleman

man without a *Penny* in his Pocket, is neither fit for a *Coffee-House*, nor the common *Conversation* of the Town. A *Link-Boy* to light him Home in a dark Night, is his Master; and a *Porter*, none of his Companion, or *Servant*. Many a poor honest Man walks a-foot in Rags now-a-days upon this Account, while the rich Knave rides in his Coach, clad in Furr and Velvet. In a Word, it is MONEY that carries on all the Business upon Earth; and there is nothing to be done without it in any Affair, either of Necessity, or Convenience; of common Support, ordinary Traffick, or living happily in the World.

## P R O V. XVII.

Many talk of *Robin Hood*, that never shot in his Bow.

*Reflexion.*

THE Story of this famous Robber is as well known amongst Men, Women, and Children, throughout the whole Kingdom, as the *Church-Catechism*, or the *Practice of Piety*. But every one is not a Saint, that talks of Religion; nor every Man an Archer, that speaks of ROBIN-



HOOD, let him boast never so much of his *Bows*, and his *Arrows*. The King of ARRAGON could not have made the *World* BETTER, for all his boasted *Wisdom* and *Blasphemy*.

This **Proverb** is applicable to all ignorant *Pretenders* and *Braggadocio's* whatsoever, either in *Knowledge*, or in *Business*: As if a *Maker of Mouse-Traps* should set up for an *Engineer*, a *Country-Fiddler* should fancy himself *Master of Musick*, or a *Tar of the Thames* should crack of *Navigation*, and shooting of *Gulphs*. But there are a thousand other *Bravado's*, besides those, couch'd under this comical Allusion of *Robin Hood's Adventures*. The *Pirates* indeed have some Pretence to *roving* at Sea, while other People do but *rattle* and *rave* at Land, who never were of *Avery's Crew*; never saw the Face of *Madagascar*, and, perhaps, never sail'd out of the *Downs*. However, they only wanted a *Convoy*, and a *fair Wind*, to have compass'd the *World*; and wou'd have far out-done *DRAKE*, if ever they could have got out of the *Chaps of the Channel*.

They that pretend themselves to be what they are *not*, will be always prating of what they do not *know*. *Bragging* and *boasting*, are common *Impertinences* in *Conversation*; especially among *Travelers*

*vellers* and *Soldiers*, as well as *Poets* and *Painters*, who never outdid *Nature*, but only in the *Lie* : And whatever they may think of having Leave to *lie* by Authority, I am sure we are not oblig'd to believe them. There are more *Knights Errant* in the World, than of any other *Quality*; but *Rhodomontade* or *Romance*, were never yet made *Articles of Faith*. A *Bartholomew-Fair-Rattle* is worth forty of 'em, and edifies more with its *Noise*.

Every Man is not a *Master* of the *Art* he professes. There are *Pedants* and *Smatterers* in *Grammar*, *Rhetorick*, and all other *Learning*, as well as *Bunglers* in *Handicraft*. There are many *Poetasters*, even upon *Parnassus's Hill*; abundance of *Quack-Doctors*, tho' not all *Knights*, crept into Favour and Practice : To say nothing of *Empiricks*, if there be any, in the very *College of Physicians*. There are *Fools* of *Philosophers* too; and many People that will be chopping of *Logick*, which they never understood out of a *Tippling-House*, or a *Tavern-Kitchen*.

In short, this good old *Saying* lashes all illiterate *Professors*, both of *Divinity* and *Law*, as well as *Physick*; Men that have not a competent *Knowledge* either of the one, or the other, and yet pretend as much to the Faculty of *preaching* and *pleading*.

as ever *Robin Hood* did to shooting in the *long Bow*. But the *Pulpit*, and the *Bar*, were never yet the *wiser* for all their *Talk* and *Ostentation*. *Talking* does not make a *Divine*, nor *Prating* a *Lawyer*.

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## P R O V. XVIII.

*Birds of a Feather flock together.*

*Reflexion.*

**E**Very *Fowler* knows the Truth of this *Proverb*. All the *Birds* in the *Air*, on the *Earth*, and the *Waters*, have a mutual *Correspondence*, *Rendezvous*, and *Understanding* with those of the *same Feather*; and nothing but *Destruction* can separate 'em. They may be scatter'd, or dispers'd for a Time into *different Corners* and *Quarters* of the *Country*; but they will still be upon the *Wing* to find out their *Straglers*, and *flock together* again, in *Spite* either of *Sportsmen* or *Spaniels*, *Guns*, *Nets*, or *Stalking-Horses*. This is palpable in all *Birds*, that fly over the *Face* of the *Earth* for *Game*, or the *Gentleman's Recreation*.

There's the same *Society* and *Affection* also among *Beasts*. 'Tis natural for Cat-

tel



*tel of the same Kind to go together in Herds, upon Mountains, in Valleys, and in Plains all the World over. The Sheep follow their Bell-weather as sociably, and as close upon the Heel, for good Pasture, as Rebels do their Ring-leaders, for Spoil and Booty: The tingling of a Bell keeps those together, and the Hopes of a golden Fleece these; Pillage, Plunder and Rapine, Interest and Irreligion, being the principal Motives to all Rebellious Cabals, or Associations.*

But howsoever the **Proverb** be interpreted, it holds yet from a *Flock of Geese*, or a *Flight of Larks* (as wild as they are) to human Society and Friendship. A *Covey of Partridges* in the Country, is an exact Emblem of a *Company of Gossips* in the Town. They have all the same Calls, the same Haunts, and the same Basking-places, for junketing, telling of Stories, and setting a whole Neighbourhood together by the Ears, with their Lies, Slanders, and Reflexions. *Gossiping Women* have the whole Intelligence of a *Parish*, and make a greater Noise in it, than the *London-Gazette*. They can advertise you of all Affairs and Transactions in a Family, from the having of a *Pudding* to Dinner, to the very Secrets of the Dressing-Room, or the Privacies of the Chamber-Pot. They are

the very *Pest* of the *Town*, and do more *Mischief* within the *Bill of Mortality*, than any one single *Distemper*. However, 'tis below any Thing of a *Man* to be a *Gossip*; and whenever the *Husband* sets up for one, his *Wife* ought to give over her *Trade*: For two *Busy-bodies*, or two *Tale-bearers*, are too many in one *House*; and 'tis Pity they should not pay double Duties to the *Parish*.

To return now from this *Digression*. GOSSIPS will meet together still, as well as *Whores* and *Rogues*, notwithstanding all that the *Societies for Reformation of Manners* can do to prevent their *Intrigues*: For it is to be fear'd, those pretended *Reformers* only inflame *their* Iniquities, by the mercenary Practices of some rude *Informers* and *Incendiaries*, (not to say *Debauchees*) among *themselves*. This is not the Way to quench the *Flames of Hell* upon *Earth*, when one *Firebrand* catches hold of another. Such *Spiritual Foxes* ought to be made the first *Examples*, and should be ty'd *Tail to Tail*, in order to scour the *Country* effectually. There's a *Society of Sharpers* too, a *Society of Newgate-Birds*, a *Society of Any-Thingarians*, a *Society of Occasional Conformists*, and (they say) a *Society* also of *Dog-stealers* in and about *London*.

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There is nothing more common here, than to meet with a Knot of *Knaves* got together at *Nine-Pins* in Publick, or at *All Fours* in Private; and an *honest Man* among 'em would be look'd upon as an *Intruder*, or an *Interloper*, fitter for the *East Indies*, than *their* Conversation and Pastime. A *Pack of Rakes* at a *Tavern*, is as notorious as a *Pack of Cards* at the *Groom-Porter's*. All *Gamesters*, like *Birds of Prey*, will be about the *Carcass* of a *Cully*. They all sympathize, and amicably agree in the *Decoy*. They are generally People of the *same Quality*, though not of the *same Sex*, perhaps, that make *Assignations*, and either leave, or ask for *Number Two* or *THREE* at the *Bar*. One *Fool* loves another, one *Fop* admires another, and one impudent *Blockhead* is pleased with the *Affurance*, *Conceit*, and *Affectation* of another: And if a wise, discreet, modest Person ever happens by meer Chance to fall in among *them*, they presently think that he makes 'em a *mix'd Company*, and spoils good Conversation.

If all *Footmen* wore *Shoulder-Knots*, it would be an excellent Fashion to distinguish *them* from *better Folks*, and to shew 'em (according to the *Proverb*) with whom they ought only to converse; that is, with *People* of their own *Colour* and  
*Fortune.*



*Fortune.* For this *good old Saying* carries a *genteel Instruction* along with it, for Persons of all Ranks and Degrees, to know, either how to pay a due *Respect* to their *Superiors*, or how to keep their *Inferiors* at a *decent Distance*: So that, on the *one Hand*, it is not *handsom*, that either *Ladies* should *mix* with their *Servants*, or *Lords* be familiar with their *Pages* and *Pedees*; neither is it tolerable, on the *other*, that such mean *Fellows* should either insult their *Masters*, and abuse their *Mistresses*; or that *Joan*, the *Chambermaid*, should make her self *Hail-fellow-well-met* with *Madam*, and be my *Lady's Favourite*. 'Tis a Scandal for Persons of *Quality* to keep Company with *little Scoundrels*; and it has oftentimes bred *ill Blood* in a Family. What have *Magpies* to do among *Nightingales*, *Wrens* among *Eagles*, and *Geese* among *Swans*? The *Jackdaws* had like to have paid dearly in former Days, for being among the *Rooks*, when some wicked *Birds*, of the *same Republican Feather*, were got *together* a conspiring the Death of the *noble Black-bird* and *Gold-finch*: But they miss'd their Aim.

*Society* is a powerful *Attractive*; but *Likeness* is the *Lure* that draws People of the same *Kidney* and *Faculty together*, with as strong an *Affection* and *Sympathy*,

as the *Load-stone* gathers up the *Needle*. This *Proverb*, in fine, has a particular Influence upon all our *Traffick* and *Commerce*, both by *Sea* and *Land*. It appears every *Day* among the *Merchants*, upon the *Royal Exchange*; the *English*, *Scotch*, *Irish*, *Dutch*, and all flocking together there in their *several Walks*, and either conferring with one another about buying and selling of *Goods*, or spreading *false News* through the *Town* to raise their own *Stocks*. It is likewise practis'd every *Term* at *Westminster-Hall*, and the *Lawyers* get their *Living* by't; neither is it quite out of *Fashion* in the *long Vacation*. It couches a just *Reflexion* also upon our *Divisions*, *Factions*, and *Parties*. Some *People* go to the *Church*, some to the *Conventicle*, and others to *either*, or *neither*, as if *GOD ALMIGHTY* stood *Neuter*: And so *Birds of a Feather* will still flock together, as long as they can fly, whether they be either *HIGH-FLYERS* or *Low-Flyers*. But to speak the *Truth* once for all, this sociable *Proverb* is neither *Independent*, *Presbyterian*, nor *partial*: And though the *Dissenters* (as they say) deal chiefly with their own *sober Party*, out of a *Pique* to the *establis'd Church-men*, which is a little *unfair*, or *unsociable* at least; yet generally speaking, I believe, *all Mankind* of  
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the *same Trade and Profession* (let 'em be of what *Perfwasion* soever in *Point of Religion*) commonly converse with *one another*, and frequently lay their Heads *together* for promoting their own *Designs*, advancing their own *Bus'ness*, and accomplishing their own *Honour and Advantage*.

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## P R O V. XIX.

Near is my *Shirt*, but nearer is my  
*Skin*,

## Reflexion.

LET a Man's *Shirt* fit never so close to his *Back*, his *Skin* will be still *nearer* and *dearer* to him than his *Linnen*; and he would sooner chuse to have *one* pink'd, than the *other*, upon a *Rencounter*. There are several facetious *Sayings* and *Comparisons* to this Purpose; as, of the *Coat's* being nearer than the *Cloak*, the *Smock* than the *Petticoat*, and such-like vulgar *Phancies*: But the *MORAL* of the whole is *this*, that *Charity begins at Home*. And though it *does* for certain, yet it ought not to be always sneaking at *Home*; but shew it self *Abroad* sometimes, and  
launch



launch out into the *wide World*. *Charity* should not be confin'd to *Christendom*, and much less cramp'd within the narrow Limits of *England, Scotland, France, and Ireland*. It ought to be as free and extensive as the *Light*, and bestow a kind *Ray* here and there upon *Strangers* and *Foreigners*, as well as *Bosom-Friends*, and *Acquaintance* of our own Family, Faith, or Persuasion. The *Family of Love* and *Friendship*, ought to be as large as the *Universe*; for we are all a-kin to *Adam* in the Fall. We all fail in our *Duty* too, and do not *love* one another, as we ought to *do*, out of *Paradise*. A *religious Charity* diffuses it self, like the *Sun*, and knows no *Bounds* under *Heaven*; but *enlarges* the Blessing of its Warmth far beyond the *Restraints* of a particular Affection, or a selfish Regard.

However yet, there's all the Reason in Nature, that common *Charity* should begin first at *our own Houses*. Our *Hospitality* ought to *commence* there, for the Entertainment of our own *Families, Friends, and Relations* WITHIN DOORS; and after that, 'tis Time enough to think of relieving the *Poor of the Parish*, or regaling the *Beggars of Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, WITHOUT: But, in the Conclusion of a *plentiful Table*, the *Alms-Basket* is never to be forgotten.

gotten. We are all oblig'd to provide for *our selves*, and to make our *own Childrens* Fortune in the *first Place*; and *then* we may be as *generous* as we please to *other People*, with Authority and Commendation. Can any Thing here *below* be *dearer* to us than our *own Lives*, or more *nearly* concern us than the Happiness and Prosperity of our *second Selves*? Can any Thing come in Competition with an *only Child*, for a *Mother's Fondness* and *Indulgence*? No *young Gentleman* was ever yet *disinherited* by this **P**roverb, upon a *Father's* having a greater *Respect*, *Tenderness*, or *Affection* for a *Stranger*, than for his *own Flesh and Blood*.

It is as good as an *Estate of Inheritance*, to live up to the Prudence and Provision of this *old Rule*, of *preferring* our *own Interest* before *another's Satisfaction*, of valuing our *Bodies* more than our *Goods*, or of parting with our *Cloaths* off our *Backs* rather than have our *Skins* stripp'd over our *Ears*. A Man may be *kind* to his *Neighbours*, *Friends*, and *Relations*, without being an *Enemy* to *himself*, his *Wife*, or his *Children*. He may be *liberal* to *others*, without being *profuse*; and do an *indigent Person* a Service in a Case of *Necessity*, without bringing *himself* into a *Scrape*, or running the *Risque* of his *own Welfare*,

Welfare, Liberty, and Livelihood. No Man is bound to make himself *Felo de se*, by his good Offices to *another*. It would be a ridiculous Folly for *one* to venture the breaking of his *own Neck*, to prevent *another Person's* inevitable Fall. *Self-Preservation*, rightly stated, is the highest *Obligation* upon human Nature. I think my *self* oblig'd, in Honour and Compassion, to be as *bountiful* as I can, within the Compass of my Fortune, to a *Gentleman* in Affliction or Danger; but not to my own Inconvenience, Prejudice, and Destruction. I am not to sacrifice my *own Peace*, ruin a *Family*, or rob the *Spittle*, to redress *his* Grievances.

But *this Virtue* stands in a slippery Place, upon the Brink either of an *ungenerous Self-Love*, or of a *foreign extravagant Affection*; and it is very apt to slide into the *one*, or the *other* of those *discommendable Extremes*. SELF is a great Clown, as well as a Churl. I'll serve my *self* first, says *the one*; and I love my *self* best, says *the other*, upon all Occasions, without any Regard to *Complaisance*, or *good Manners*. The close-fisted *Curmudgeon*, and the unmerciful *Greedy-Gut*, can never find in their Hearts to relieve the *Distress'd* with one *Mite*, or a *Morsel* out of their Abundance, either by *cloathing the Naked*,  
feeding



*feeding the Hungry, or refreshing the weary Traveller: And what is worst of all yet, so miserably are those selfish Wretches bigotted to ill Breeding and Barbarity, that they commonly make use of this mistaken Proverb, as an Apology for disobeying the Commands of the Gospel.*

*Selfishness* is an uncharitable, unfriendly, and unsociable Vice; an inhospitable, ungentle, and inhuman Singularity. It makes a Man his own Idolater, and a morose Devil to all others. Every one for himself, cries the hard-hearted Niggard, that would think much to save a Cat from starving with the Orts at his Table. He'll not part with a Farthing out of his Pocket to supply another Man's Wants, nor be at the Expence of a Penny to preserve his Life. He has nothing for the Needy, but a denying Look, or a helpless Wish, and away. Thus is LAZARUS often fed with an empty Prayer, instead of some Crumbs of Comfort and Relief for the poor Starving.

But, on the other Hand, it is a strange Sort of Charity, and a prodigal Affection, to love other Persons better than our selves. 'Tis an extravagant Kindness to enrich Strangers by our own Poverty, or to build their Fortunes upon our own Beggary and Ruin. A national Charity to an oppress'd suffering

*suffering People*, sounds *well* in the Ears of some of our Neighbours, and it looks *noble* too in the Eye of the World; but it may, perhaps, prove *fatal* to so *bountiful* a Kingdom in the End. England has been notoriously *generous*, in former Days, to the *Poor distress'd States of Holland*, and contributed more than any other Country towards the making of them HIGH AND MIGHTY. It has also been extraordinary *liberal* to the *French Protestants, Hugunots, and Refugees*, even to Profuseness, and to the Prejudice of the *English, our own Country-men, and truest Friends*: For there are other Ways of relieving persecuted *Foreigners and Interlopers*, than by allowing them to be *Master-Workmen*, and to take the Bread out of the very Mouths of the NATIVES. In short, *my Charity begins at Home* still, according to the Discretion of this good old *English Proverb*; and my *Skin* is far *nearer and dearer* to me, than my *Shirt*, or a CAMISAR.

## P R O V. XX.

As you *Brew*, so shall you *Bake*.

*Reflexion.*

**T**HIS *Proverb* touches more People, than *Brewers* and *Bakers*. It is a *Reflexion* upon all *those*, that suffer by their own *Folly* in the Management of Affairs. 'Twas your own *Fault*, says *Phormio* to *Geta* in *Terence*; you *did* it, and must *answer* for't: However the *Intrigue* is *manag'd*, you must *stand* or *fall* by't in the Event. If *young People* will be *fooling*, and *marrying* without the Consent of their *Parents*, they must take what *Misfortunes* do follow, for their Pains. If old Folks will not allow their *Children* the common *Liberties* of Mankind in indifferent Matters of Conversation, Courtship, or Address; in Cases of Conscience, or Principles of Religion, they may thank *themselves* for all the ill Consequences of so fatal a *Severity*, when *Youth* flies out at last into the greatest Extravagances of a *prodigal Humour*, or a *foolish Choice*, and asserts its *Right* at the Expence of *Reputation*, *Vertue*, or *Estate*, and the *Happiness* of a single Life.

All



All the indifferent *Slips*, *Mismanagements*, and *Afflictions*, either of *Old* or *Young*, through *Rashness*, *Oversight*, or *Corruption*, are expos'd to this bitter *Taunt*: *As they brew, e'en so let 'em bake*. Let those that act *Hand over Head* in *Matters of Moment and Concern*, without the *Precaution* of good *Counsel* and *Advice*, pay for their *Forwardness*, *Inadvertency*, and *Conceit*, by a dear *Repentance*, and a severe *After-reckoning*. This *Sarcasm* goes higher yet upon the same *Drift*, and has no *Compassion* or *Relief*, either for the *Fool*, or the *Knave*. Who'd pity a *prodigal Rake* of a *Spendthrift* in a *Fail*, a *Scribbler* of *Pieces of Scandal* against the *Higher Powers*, in the *Pillory*, or an *old Offender*, after repeated *Mercies* and *Deliverances*, at the *Gallows*? Who'd commiserate the *Condition* of a *Whore-master*, with a *Pox* to him, pickl'd up to the very *Nose* in the *Powdering-Tub* of *Sin* and *Salivation*? And if the *Debauchee* happens to have a *Bastard* laid to his *Door*, why should he not *maintain* it with *Disgrace*, and give *Security* to the *Parish* into the *Bargain*? *They* all have their *Deserts* only, and there's an *End* on't. He that pisses a plentiful *Estate* away against the *Wall*, will die a *Beggar* at last in all *Probability*. He that *libels* and *lampoons*

the *Government* out of Spleen, Faction, or Poverty, will assuredly be brought to *condign Punishment*, if his Crime be ripe enough for Destruction. He that *robs* never so successfully, civilly, or genteely upon the *High-way*, will hardly 'scape being *taken* at long Run, and *hang'd* for't. In fine, the Person that *will* thrust his Hand into the *Fire* upon the greatest Confidence of Security, may expect to burn his Fingers, or singe 'em at least, without the *Miracle* of *Shadreck, Mesbech, and Abednego* in the Furnace: And whosoever *will* run his Head against a *Post* for the Purpose, is *Voluntier* to his own Mischief or Ruin; and who can help it? A *wilful Mistake* deserves the utmost *Correction* in all Cases.

To be serious. *As you sow, so shall you reap*, is an elegant and religious *Metaphor*, frequently made Use of in *Holy Scripture*. *They that sow in Tears, shall reap in Joy*, says the *Psalmist*. *He that sows in the Flesh, shall of the Flesh reap Corruption; he that sows in the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap eternal Life*, according to the great *St. Paul*: So that every Man at the last Day of *Judgment*, will be rewarded or punish'd according to his Works. The *Tares* will be easily distinguish'd then from the *true*  
Corn,

*Corn*, and the good *Wheat* winnow'd from the *unhappy Chaff*, into everlasting *Bliss* and endless *Glory*, incorruptible, immortal, and unspeakable **GLORY**.

But even in *this World* too, Men generally meet with *Rewards* and *Punishments* most suitable to their *Actions*: And according to our *Deeds*, good or bad, true or false, wise or foolish, we commonly live either in *Reputation* or *Disgrace*, in *Joy* or *Sorrow*, in *Trouble* or *Tranquility*, in *Sickness* or *Health*, in *Danger* or *Security*. The *Fruits* of our *Labour* will ever be agreeable to the *Nature* and *Quality* of it in all our *Undertakings*. Men do not gather *Grapes* of *Thistles*, *Plumbs* of *Thorns*, or *Pomegranates* of *Crab-Trees*. In short, *as we live, so we shall die*, and leave this **Proverb** behind us, for a Memorial of our *Behaviour* on this Side the Grave.

One Instance more I shall mention. If a Man will be *drunk* over-night, and his Head akes the next Morning, he is right serv'd for his *Intemperance*. The *Mischief* was of his own *brewing*, and he ought to bear it with no less *Shame* than *Indisposition*. However, when the *Baker* gets fuddled, and spoils a whole *Batch* of *Bread*, it is the very *Completion* of this **Proverb** to the Letter on't. But without jesting, *Bread* and *Beer* are necessary Supports of



Life; and *such* as we *eat* and *drink*, (not to question the *Honesty* either of the *Brewer*, or the *Baker*) so we may expect to have our *Health* accordingly. To say this by the By then, I can hardly think *Malt-Drink* to be a *Liquor* that was ever design'd in the *Creation*, so long as there is *Fruit*, *Water*, and *Wine* enough in the *World*: And though it be never so wholesome and serviceable to the robust Bodies of *laborious thirsty Drudges*, that bear the *Burden* and *Heat* of the *Day*; yet all Sorts of *Grain* seem rather to have been appropriated to *other Uses*, and chiefly to satisfy the *Hunger* either of *Man* or *Beast*. But be it as it will, the *Brewing* and *SOPHISTICATING* of *Wine* is become a mighty *Trade* of late Days; and the most generous *Juice of the Grape* is notoriously *balderdash'd*, and mortally *adulterated*, even to the endangering of a *Man's Constitution* with a *Bottle* of some of the common Draught in *Taverns*. But if all People were of my Mind, *as they brew*, e'en so *they should bake*; for I would drink none on't. 'Tis good for nothing but *Funerals*.

## P R O V. XXI.

Save a *Thief* from *Hanging*, and he'll  
cut your *Throat*.

*Reflexion.*

**T**HIS *Proverb* is no *Friend* to *Highway-men*, or *House-Breakers*. It neither reprieves, pardons, nor protects such *ungrateful Villains* to the *Commonwealth*; but advises rather the *dispatching* of 'em immediately out of the *Way*, for *Fear* of worse *Mischief*. However, to say this by the *By*, *HANGING* is too *good* for 'em, and a *living Kind of Death* would be a far more terrible *Punishment*, than a *Swing* at *Tyburn*. *Actisanes*, an *Æthiopian King*, us'd to cut off their *Noses*, and banish them into *Desarts*, with perpetual *Ignominy* and *Hardships of Life*. It is as severe a *Lecture* also against doing an *unthankful Person* a *Kindness*, as against *saving a Thief from the Gallows*. There is as much *Imprudence* in the one, as *Danger* in the other; for nothing can engage an *Ingrate* against abusing his *Benefactor*, or a *Thief* unhang'd against cutting his *Friend's Throat*.

'Tis impossible to oblige an *ungrateful Wretch*; so that *Favours* are but thrown away upon him, and lost for ever. If you *respect* him, he'll *sight* or *revile* you; if you *relieve* him, he'll bring you into *Trouble*; and if you *save his Life*, in short, he'll *endanger* yours for't. These are the *Returns* he usually makes his *best Friends*. *Nineteen good Turns* signify nothing towards the making him commonly *civil, thankful, or obliging*; and it is none of his *Benefactor's* Fault neither, if he does him not an *Injury* for the *Twentieth*. *Thankless Souls* live upon other Men's *Benefits*, as *Hogs* feed upon *Acorns*: They never once look up to the *Tree* from whence they come, nor *acknowledge* the *Blessing*; but still lie grubbing at the *Root* on't, either to fetch it down for its *good Services*, or to expose it for its *Fruitfulness*, to all *Weathers, Winter-storms, and Indignities* of the *World*. It is hardly in the *Nature* of *Spungers, or Hangers-on*, to be *grateful* for *Kindnesses* receiv'd. Whatsoever they *suck up*, must be *squeez'd* out again, to make even an *unwilling Acknowledgment*, and much less a *voluntary Requit*. They cannot find in their *Hearts* to return *Thanks* either to *God* or *Man*, for the most generous *Treats* and plentiful *Entertainments*; and they seldom or never *say Grace*  
after



after Meat, without giving themselves the Lie. Poor ACTÆON, kind as he was, kept a Pack of hungry Hounds about him, which worry'd and devour'd him at last for his Pains.

*Ingratitude* is the most universal, reigning, and accomplish'd *Vice* upon Earth. It is an insolent *Affront* to the *Author of Nature*, and even strikes at *Heaven* it self, in Spite of all its *Blessings* and *Deliverances*. It made *Man* first offend his *Maker*; it mov'd the *Israelites* to murmur against *Moses*; and, as a finishing Stroke of its *Barbarity*, it excited the obstinate, faithless, and inhuman *Jews*, to crucify the SAVIOUR of the World. Men are generally *harden'd* now-a-days by *Mercies*, grow desperate by *Judgments*, become *leud* by *Liberties*, and are made rampant-ly *rebellious* by *Toleration*, or *Indulgence*. The *Husband-man* prays hard, perhaps, for a good *Crop*; but after he has had a plentiful *Harvest* on't, he frequently lays by his *Sickle* and his *Religion* 'till the next *Summer*. *Ingratitude* is the Mother of the most horrid *Impieties*. It tramples upon the *sacred'st Obligations*, and treads all *civil Duties* under Foot to Dirt. It does not stick at the *Murther* of one *Friend*, the *Imprisonment* of another, and the *Ruin* of a *Third*, to fulfil the Proverb. Ca-  
lummy

*lummy* and *Detraction*, are its constant *Attendants*. *Ill Will* is its chief *Confederate* and *Accomplice*, and carries *Destruction* in its Bosom. In short, it never rests doing of *Mischief*, 'till it has run a Course of *Iniquity* through all the Points of the Compass, and *usurp'd* upon the whole Globe. All People have a Spice on't, in one Climate or another, as well *Christians* too, as *Pagans*. The *North* also is as famous for *thankless* and *ungrateful Thieves*, as any other Country. The BEAR certainly has the *Ascendant*, where *Subjects* are so undutiful to their *Sovereigns* for their *Protection*, *Children* so disobedient to their *Parents* for their *Tenderness*, *Servants* so uncivil to their *Masters* for their *Maintenance*, and *Scholars* at last so unkind to their *Instructors* for their *Education*. Now, 'tis a Pity to save such *unthankful Brutes* as these, from the Gallows, who make no better Use of the *Benefit of the Clergy*, than to destroy their *Benefactors*, *Deliverers*, or *Preservers*; and, like *Vipers*, force their Way through the Bowels of those that give them *Life, Liberty, and Security*.

## PROV. XXII.

That which is *bred* in the *Bone*, will  
never out of the *Flesh*.

## Reflexion.

NATURE is no *Changeling* ; and whatever is *bred in the Bone*, will stick by us to the Day of our *Deaths* ; whether it be *Disease of Body*, or *Indisposition of Mind*. What's *natural*, will never out of the *Flesh*. A *Melancholy inherited*, most certainly disposes a Man to the *same Fate*, *Temper*, and *Actions*, good or bad, of his *Progenitors* : And an *inbred Distemper* traduc'd from the *Parents*, often proves as incurable by all the *Art of Æsculapius*, as the *Doctor* himself is *mortal*, and makes one of those *Patients* that labour under this *Proverb*. 'Tis as common for *Flesh* and *Blood* to live up to the Dictates and Directions of NATURE, as it is to *die* ; and we never shake Hands with our *darling Inclinations*, but in a *final Dissolution*. And some say, not *then* neither, who believe that the *Soul*, *separate*, hankers after the *Body* still, with strong Impressions and longing Desires to be *reunited* to its old Acquaintance.

But



But however, the *natural Bent* of our *Minds*, on this Side the Grave, remains (generally speaking) as *immutable* as the Almighty FIAT of the Creation, in Spite of all Opposition and Controul. *Nature* will appear still, either *wicked* or *immoral*, as it is above-board, and shew it self *bare-fac'd* at one time or another, let it *lurk* never so long under the Skin, notwithstanding the greatest *Ties of Duty*, the strongest *Restraints of Interest* and *Reformation* to the contrary. I do not say, that it is altogether *inflexible* under the powerful Perswasion of the *Gospel*, the Correction of the *Law*, and the Government of *Philosophy*; but it oftentimes *returns* to its *original Depravity*, in Defiance of all Checks; and frequently discovers its *Bias* and *Inclination* in our *Faces*, *Words*, or *Actions*, sooner than we can lay our Hands upon our *Hearts* to stop the irregular *Motions of our Minds*. *Ill Customs* indeed may be industriously *corrected* by good Education; *Over-grown Habits* may be *untaught* by diligent Care, or strict Discipline, and *unravell'd* by Degrees into *better Manners*. But who can give a *Block-head* more Brains than he has by *Nature*, or instruct a *Sign-Post*? All the *Art* of Man can never make a *Sea-Crab* crawl forwards, nor teach a *Land-Spaniel* to creep backwards. The  
Eye

Eye or the Hand is no sooner *off*, but the Beast is *it self* again, and frustrates the Attempt of *inverting* the *natural Course* of any Creature: So that it is as impossible to *subvert* the Order of *Nature* for good and all, as to train up, and preserve a *Fish* or a *Dog* out of its own Element. When Things are become *customary* and *habitual*, it seems to be little more than striving against the Stream, to endeavour to stop their *Current*. *Rivers* do not run *up-Hill*, nor *Cattel* graze *under Water*; and it is probable, that even the *amphibious Animals* themselves, *out of the Ark*, did not survive the *Deluge*. 'Tis easily granted, that *Wolves* change their *Hair*, and that *Horses* grow *grey* with Drudgery and Age; but the ungovernable *Appetites* of *those Brutes*, and the tractable *Tempers* of *these*, are sensibly still the *same*: For a wild *Rapacity* is the *immutable* Quality of *that Breed*; and a tameable *Strength*, or a tolerable *Swiftnefs*, either for Service or Diversion, of *this*. But be it as it will; can the *Leopard* change his *Spots*? Can the *Lion* forget his *Fiercenefs*? Or any *living Creature* totally abandon its *natural Disposition*, upon *taming*? Set the Cage open to the *Bird*, give *Reynard* his Liberty, let the *Lions* loose in the Tower, and *they* will soon evince the Truth of this Proverb,

verb, to our own Loss, Sorrow, or Destruction.

So much for the *natural Sense* of this *Adage*; which seems yet to be chiefly borrow'd from *Boughs* wrested by the Labourer's Hand from their *natural Growth*, according to the Opinion of *Horace*:

*Nature expell'd by Force, will still return,  
And find a Resurrection in its Urn.*

And, to pursue this notable *Metaphor*, if a slender *Branch* can hardly be *distorted*, or *kept down* by *Violence* from shooting upwards, and recovering its former *Inclination*; how should a *crooked Tree* be ever made to grow *streight*, contrary to the unalterable Bent of *Nature*? Inveterate *Habits* are as *incorrigible* as ill *Weeds*, that are seldom or never to be *rooted out* of the Land of the Living. But the *moral Signification* of the whole, is *this*: That Persons *naturally* addicted to any *Vice*, will scarce ever be *reclaim'd* afterwards by the *Art of Rhetorick*, or the Powers of *Persuasion*, *Authority*, and *Command*: For though they may, perhaps, be often *disappointed* of their base Intentions, either by Force, Fear, or Shame, they will yet find an Opportunity at last, to let the World know their *Proneness* and *innate Dispo-*



*Disposition* to what they either *dare* not, or *cannot* commit without suffering for't. As many a Man's Mouth *waters* still at the *forbidden Fruit*; and many a Wench would gladly *gratify* the Desires of *human Frailty*, but for Fear of a *Bastard*. They are only *honest*, by being *timorous*; and they dare not run the *Risque* of giving *Nature* its full Swing; not for the Sake of *Virtue*, but out of an *Apprehension* either of *Disgrace*, or of *Punishment*. Men may *dissemble*, as they please, for their own *Honour* and *Reputation*, to be thought what they are *not* really in the *Commonwealth*; but *Nature* can never be *cancell'd* like an old Deed out of Date, nor *counterfeited* with universal *Approbation*; for it will certainly rise up in *Judgment* at long Run, unmask the *Cheat*, and expose the fairest *Dissimulation* to the *Scorn* and *Ignominy* of the *unguilty World*. The *covetous* Man would fain seem *liberal*, *generous*, and *charitable*, TEETH-OUTWARDS, while he hugs the *Vice* and the *Viper* still in his *Bosom*. The *litigious* Person speaks of nothing more than *Peace* and *Quietness*, and *three Meals a Day*; he would come to any *Accommodation*; while he entertains an *inveterate* *Malice*, and harbours an *irreconcilable* *Quarrel* in his *Heart*. The *proud Fellow* brags of his *Courtesy*,  
Kindness,

*Kindness*, and *Affability* to Strangers, *Beggars*, and the meanest of Mankind ; while the cunning Wretch only affects a popular *Applause* by his pretended *Humility*, and is really *proud* over and above of being *humble*. Now, these *Dissemblers* are the *same Men* still at the Bottom ; the *same Hypocrites*, according to the Character of this **Proverb** ; and they only give *Nature* the *Lie* for their own Ends. Their insinuating *Policies* lye deeper than the *Surface*, outward *Aspect*, or common *Practice* : They are *bred in the Bone*, have corrupted the very *Marrow* of 'em, and will *never out of the Flesh* so long as they live.

On the *other Hand*, I might here likewise shew, how hard it is for Persons *naturally inclin'd to Vertue and Goodness*, to be tempted to a *vicious Habitude*, or *one single Debauch*, by a thousand glorious Examples both among the *Living* and the *Dead* : THAT ILLUSTRIOUS ONE now in being, whose *Motto* of SEMPER EADEM is so well deserv'd, may suffice for ALL : But this **Proverb** is generally taken in the *worse Sense*. However, this is not to render *Education* useless, nor to discourage our Endeavours to a downright Despair of Amendment and Reformation of Life : But since *Nature* is so victorious and inviolable in Regard of *Vertue*, and so Headstrong

strong or incorrigible in Respect of *Vice* ; since it proves so difficult a Task to *unlearn* those *Errors*, which are *naturally implan-  
ted* in every Mother's Son of us even from the *Womb* ; and since *Children* at last, after they are *born*, retain the *first Notices* longest, which they learn by *Imitation, Example, or Precept*, from their very *Cradles* ; PARENTS would do well to breed them up to *good Manners* BETIMES, under the severest and most constant Discipline at *School*, in order to *instruct* 'em how to distinguish betwixt *Good* and *Evil* upon the *first Approach* ; to *rectify* their *erroneous Judgments*, and *correct* their *un-  
toward Dispositions*, while they are *tender*, and capable of receiving *better Impressions*, than playing at *Cards*, or at *Chuck-Far-  
thing*. For *young Twigs* will bend with most Ease, before they grow *stubborn* or *stiff-neck'd* : And we ought to begin *early* to lay the *Foundation* of Learning, Know-  
ledge, and Vertue, in the Morning of our *Lives* ; for we are hardly safe from *Cor-  
ruption* in our *Nurse's Arms*. And then, if the *vertuous Instructions* of a prudent MA-  
STER do not go as far as possible towards regulating the *vitious Inclinations* of his SCHOLAR, as well as improving the *good  
natural Parts* or *Endowments* of the *Youth*, by being often *interrupted*, perhaps, in his  
H Business,



*Business*, and controul'd in his *Authority*; this **Proverb** will be an everlasting *Reflexion* upon the *Parent's Indulgence*, either for *losing Time*, or *sparing the Rod*, and *spoiling the Child*; for, in short, it is observable, that the *Tricks* a *Colt* gets upon his *first Backing* in the full *Career* of his *Youth*, will never leave the *Beast* afterwards in his *old Age*, or upon the *Declension* of his *Vigor*.

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PROV. XXIII.

Set a *Beggar* on *Horse-back*, and he'll  
Ride.

*Reflexion.*

**W** *Hither*, but to the *Devil*? There is no *Pride* like that of a *poor Man* grown *rich*; of a *Beggar* set on *Horse-back*, who makes nothing of *riding* over his *Quondam-Friends*; and *trampling* his former *Acquaintance*, or *Benefactors*, under *Foot*. This is the *CENTAUR* without a *Fiction*, and the real *Monster* of *Scorn*, *Insolence*, and *Indignity*, with a *Witness*. A *proud Beggar*, when he is once *mounted* so high, as to keep his *Coach* (which was only invented for *Cripples*) to carry him  
in

in Triumph above the Earth, thinks it below him to look down upon his *Inferiours*, and inconsistent with his *Grandure*, to take any Notice of *little People*, that stand in the Way of his impetuous *Career*, or imperious *Contempt*. How was the poor hack'd *Ass*, in the *Fable*, insulted by a pamper'd Jade of a *Horse* in his *Trappings*! But the *Man* makes the *Moral* still, and the *Rider* must answer for the *Pride* and *Arrogance* of the *Beast*. There goes a Story of a *Horse's* being created *Consul* once; but the *Brutish Emperor* that made him so, and *rid* him up to that Degree of *Stateliness*, *Presumption*, and *Dignity*, was only in Fault.

Oh the *Perverseness* of Mankind upon a *rising Ground*, and the *Haughtiness* of People in *Prosperity*! How do they *buff* then, or *overlook* their nearest *Neighbours* in *Adversity*! How do they *scorn*, or *neglect* to relieve their *poor Relations*, that are going *down-Hill*, against the *Obligations* both of *Blood* and *Religion*! Besides, how remarkable is their *Imperiousness* over those, that are beholden to 'em for their *Assistance* upon a *Pinch*, who must always be at *their Command* afterwards, even to a *Beck* and a *Nod* of doing *them* ten Times the *Service* for't! What *State* do *new-fang'd* People take upon them! Some *upstart La-*

*dies* cannot stoop to their own *Shoe-Buckles*, without lessening their Character, *Forsooth* ! Nor *wet* their Fingers, without sullying their Glory ; nor step out of Doors *a-foot* , without degrading their Quality. They cannot *submit* to the mean Offices of *good House-Wifery*, for Fear of spoiling their *Beauty*, or their *Finery*. They must not in Honour be without their *Close-Stools* in their Chambers, lest they should *disoblige* their delicate *Nostrils* at the *necessary House*. On the other Hand again, some of our young *Mushroom-Noblemen*, that sprang up as it were in *one Night*, must be almost as *long* upon their *Levee*, or at the *Looking-Glass*, as in getting *Estates*, and making their *Fortunes* in a *Morning*, while the Sun shines in their Faces. They must have such an *Attendance* and *Dependence* upon their *new-fashion'd Honours*, as will make 'em look big and glorious upon their *rising*, to rival the most splendid *Planet*, and dazzle their *over-aw'd Beholders* at the greatest Distance with *Lustre*. They must make it their Business to forget their *mean Extract*, to disown their *ignoble Kindred*, and to avoid their *Society* or *Addresses*, as dishonourable Condescensions, and the highest SCANDALUM MAGNATUM to give them any *Entertainment* or *Reception*.



tion. In short, every *Page* or *Skip-Kennel*, who formerly waited upon *my Lord* or *my Lady* SOME-BODY, that has got *Preferment* and *Money*, sets up for a *Gentleman* now-a-days, and is as *proud* as any *Beggar* in the *Proverb* upon *Horse-back*, that gallops head-long, without either *Fear* or *Wit*, upon the *Precipice* of *Ambition*, and the *Brink* of *Ruin*.

*Lord!* how several *broken Tradesmen* swagger upon being *new-vamp'd* into some *Office*, *Place* of *Trust*, or *Profession*! A *Villain* *inrich'd*, or *ennobl'd* at *Court*, always slights his nearest *Relations*, and passes by his most familiar *Friends* with a *forbidding*, or an *unacquainted Look*, the very next *Day* after his *Advancement*. The *preferr'd Scoundrel* will deny both his *Father* in *Heaven*, and on *Earth*, for the *Sake* of his dear *God* MAMMON. He has neither *Mother*, *Brother*, nor *Sister*, that he will own in the *Pomp* and *Parade* of his *Promotion*, for *Fear* of discovering his ordinary *Extraction*, his beggarly *Rise*, or how ill he deserv'd that *honourable Employment* by his *unnatural Haughtiness*, and *disobedient Temper* towards his *Parents*.

O foolish *degenerate Man!* to grow *proud* upon *Providence*, or *Prosperity*, which is none of thy *own*, but *Fortune's Gift*, fickle and unconstant as *she* is, who may

turn thee out of Favour, and discard thee to *Morrow*! To forsake thy former Friends, Familiars, or Benefactors to Day! To renounce thy Parents! To forget thy self! To vaunt thy self upon Riches and Honour! To make thy self so little upon being great! To behave thy self so insolently towards thy Fellow-Creatures upon Preferment! Like ALEXANDER's great Horse, BUCEPHALUS, which, when he was naked, would let any one back him, mount and welcome; but with his Royal Trappings on, would admit no Rider, save only the King his Master. The Comparison is not odious, nor despicable; if we change the Quality of our affable, courteous, and kind Tempers in a mean Condition, for Moroseness, Incivility, or Uneasiness of Access, upon our being advanc'd to the highest Pitch of Honour, Dignity, and Wealth in the World.

However yet, 'tis no Sin to be born a Beggar, and no Scandal to be poor by Inheritance: And if a Man raises himself to Grandure and good Fortune, from a low Degree, by his own Industry, Vertue, Valour, Learning, or Merit, it is highly commendable. 'Tis Praise-worthy indeed for a vulgar Person to prosper in this Age, without growing imperious, or insolent upon the Success of becoming rich. But then

when he ought always to *acknowledge* his *Kindred* and *Parentage*; not to confront his *Betters*, despise his *Equals*, or insult upon his *Inferiours*; not to demean himself like a *haughty*, *arrogant*, *Purse-proud* *Upstart*, in order to convince the World, that he is none of the *Beggars set on Horse-back*, who ride after the Rate of this *galloping Proverb*, and *over-run* the Duties of *common Civility*, *Peace*, and *good Neighbourhood*.

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P R O V. XXIV.

Every *Bean* hath its *Black*.

*Reflexion.*

N O Man was ever yet *born* of a *Woman* without some *Imperfections*, or without *Sin*, except the *Son of God*, that *immaculate Lamb*, the *Saviour* of the *World*. *Humanity* was never hitherto justly reckon'd *infallible*, nor free from all *Error* and *Weakness* on *one* side or *another*. Some *People* are *Left-handed*, others are *Ambidexters*; and some again are *Neuters*, will neither meddle nor make in *Matters* of *Moment*, *right* or *wrong*, and so are guilty of *Indifferency*, *Laziness*, or *Moderation*,



ration, to a *Fault*. In short, it is as natural for *all Men* to offend sometimes, to fall out, or to quarrel, as it is for every *Bean* to have a *black Eye*. 'Tis Matter of Fact, some are religious to *Enthusiasm* or *Superstition*, and others *vertuous*, even to a vicious Degree of *Austerity*, or *Self-denial*, against the Rules of a reasonable Liberty, good Conversation, and common Society. I appeal to the *Gospel*. Let *him* that is innocent among *Christians*, throw the first *Stone*, and we shall *all* be condemn'd of some *Sin* or other, upon the *Trial* of the *Woman taken in Adultery*. He is less akin to *old Adam* than I am, that can acquit himself of *human Frailties*. The proud *Pharisee* may boast of his *Purity* and *Perfection*; but the poor *Publican* will be sooner justify'd upon his ingenuous *Confession*, sincere *Repentance*, and acceptable *Humiliation*, than the other upon the *Ostentation* of his singular *Sanctity*, and unspotted *Vertue*.

The very *Gods* themselves of the *Heathens*, were most of 'em *lewd Sinners*, *Murderers*, *Adulterers*, *Thieves*, *Drunkards*, *Robbers*; and some of their *Goddesses* too, as *bad* as *they*; but their *Votaries*, worse than either of them, void of all *Shame*, or *Sense of Religion*, to *deify* and *adore* such *beastly Persons*, and the very *Pests* of *Man-kind*.

kind. SATURN was as *famous* and *grave* as Age could make him, but a greedy *Murderer*, that devour'd, and swallow'd down his own *Children* by Wholesale; JUPITER was a *great* and *terrible Conqueror*, but an unnatural *Usurper*, that depos'd his own *Father*; MARS was *valiant* and *brave*, but a sneaking *Whore-master*; MERCURY was *eloquent* and *witty*, but a pilfering *Thief*; BACCHUS was *jolly* and *pleasant*, but a *drunken Sot*; SOL was *illustrious* and *lovely*, but an intriguing *Pimp*; JUNO was *august* and *majestical*, but ridiculously *jealous of her Husband*; VENUS was *beautiful* to a charming Degree, but a *common Strumpet*: And what shall I say of the *rest* now, *Male* or *Female*, but that they *all* had their *Failings*, as well as their *Accomplishments*; acted their *Vices*, as well as their *Vertues* upon the *Stage* of the World; and that, granting the History to be *fabulous* and *allusive* only, the *best* of *us* may blush at it, and acknowledge the MORAL in our *own Bosoms*.

Every *Mother's Child* of us, from the *highest* to the *lowest*, expose our *Infirmities*, our *Omissions*, and *Imprudences* at one Time or another of our *Lives*. The *Learned*, as well as the *Ignorant*, have their *Follies*, *Freaks*, and *Vagaries*. No Man is *Pistol-Proof* against *Vice*, that will  
be

be fooling with a *Temptation*, before it is discharg'd; off it goes, and secures the *Meddler*. The most invulnerable *ACHILLES* may be wounded in his *Heel*, when his *Head* cannot *save* him, or keep him out of *Harm's-way*. What *Heart* is *impenetrable* by the *Dart* of the foolish *Boy*, so much talk'd of in *Female Passions*? *SAMPSON'S* Strength fail'd him against *DALILAH*. The stoutest *Champions* that ever went into the *Field*, have lost their *Lives*, as well as their *Honour*, upon the Delusion of such *Engagements*. The *Petticoat* has often triumph'd over the greatest *Warriors*. *Learning* can be no *Insurance* against *Love*, or that Kind of *Wild-Fire*. The wisest of Men have not their *Wits* about 'em at all *Times*; or else the old dotting *Doctor* had never marry'd a young *Girl*, to make him a *Cuckold*. The extravagant *Frolicks* of *Youth*, are as common as *Pissing-a-Bed* among *Children*. The *Beau's* of the *Town* are now-a-days as rampantly sweet and luscious as ever, upon the *Ladies* at *Balls* and *Gamboling-Bouts*; and the *Ladies* again are as little upon their *Guard*, either in *private* or in *publick Play-Houses*, as their *bumble Servants*, till their *Hearts* are none of their own. How fond are young *People* yet of going to *Bartholomew-Fair*, and visiting the *Devil's*  
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*Anti-Chamber*, to their Disadvantage or Disgrace! How much are *Irish-men* generally admir'd of late by our *English-women*! I could say more; but *every Bean hath its Black*, and there's an End on't.

In short, the *fairest* of the *fair Sex*, as they call it, is not without her *Blemish*, and some *Exception* either of *Mind* or of *Body*. The most *peerless Dulcinea*, or *matchless Angel* among *Women*, wants some *Qualification* or other still to render her deserving of that *Romantick Character*, let the *Lover* be never so blind and raving, or the *Poet* mad. *Pride* commonly betrays her *Modesty*, *ill Conduct*, or *mercenary Inclination* on the *one Hand*, and either her *forward Tongue*, or her *false Tail*, discovers her secret *Imperfections* on the *other*: So that, generally speaking, they are *one and all* guilty of the *Proverb*, from the greatest *Crimes*, to the smallest *Offences*; from mortal *Iniquities*, to venial *Oversights*; from *Lying*, *Envy*, and *Back-biting*, to the telling of a *Gossip's Story*, making of an *unlucky Escape*, or letting an *indiscreet Blurt* in *Company*: To say nothing of the *capital Vanities* of their dressing *bare-neck'd*, all *flying*, like *Lapwings*, with *Tufts* of *Feathers* on their *Heads*; which in cold *Weather* is as much as their *Lives* are worth. In a Word, *she* is the *best of Women*,

*men* that does not make a *bad Wife*. As for *our Sex*, take it in the Lump, and it wants an *Advocate*. A *Man* without a *Blot*, would be almost a *Miracle*. All the *Faults* and *Fooleries* of the Age, are laid at *our Doors*, and the *Women* say, that our *Backs* are broad enough to *bear 'em*, and to *father* their *Slips* or *Miscarriages*.

But to take this **P**roverb by the right *Handle* at last, according to the Opinion of some *Philosophers*, that no *Mortal* can be truly *happy*, or free from *Errors* and *Misfortunes* above Ground; *he* must needs be the *happiest Man*, who is the least *unfortunate* and afflicted with *Loss*, *Sorrow*, or *Trouble*, *Inadvertency*, or *Disappointment* in this World. *Infelicity*, say they, *is the Companion of Folly*. There is no *Man perfect* in all Points, *wise* in all *Respects*, or *wake* at all Hours. Every one overshoots his *Reason* in some Act or other of his *Life*, and must own himself *unhappy*, an *Offender*, or a *Criminal*, in the Sense of this **P**roverb, to his *dying Day*.

## P R O V. XXV.

*Faint Heart never won Fair Lady.*

*Reflexion.*

**L**adies do not love *Cowards*, or *pufillanimous Coxcombs*: And if every *Gentlewoman* has her *JUNO*, as the *Gentleman* has his *GENIUS*, he must be as *brisk* and *jolly* as *JUPITER*, to please her *Phancy*, or gain her *Affections*. A *faint-hearted Amour*, is but dallying with *Happiness*, and keeping *Matrimony* in *Suspence*; which seems as *deathful* to the languishing *Lover*, as hanging over the *Monument* by the *Eye-lids*. The *couragious Spark*, that presses the *Point* home with as little *Delay* as *Timidity*, will always be the *fair Lady's Favourite*; and forty *bashful humble Servants*, or *little cringing Rivals*, less *bold* than *himself*, shall not be able to hinder the *Match*. *Women*, *Wives*, *Widows*, or *Maids*, are not so modest now-a-days, as to be won by *shamefac'd Addresses*, or *insipid Complements*, in *Writing* at a *Distance*, but by *Word of Mouth*, and the undeniable *Importunities* of a *personal Courtship*. They love to be *kiss'd* and *teaz'd* into a *Compliance*. No *Rhetorick* prevails like that of a *shameless Codpiece*,



*Codpiece*, and a *confident Tongue*, to end the *Dispute* in a wanton *Correspondence* between a Couple of daring *Sweet-hearts*, and to set their *Passions* a longing for a *Completion of Joys*. The *dastardly Pen* now is of no *Use*, but to make the *Marriage-Settlement*. However, this *Proverb* does not only encourage an *unshaken Constancy* in the *Intrigues of Love*; but it also supports, and applauds an *intrepid Courage* in the *gallant Soldier*.

*Fortune* was always a *Friend* to the *Brave*, and ever crown'd the *Actions* of the *Valiant*, either with *Success* or *Honour* in the *Field of Battel*; for whether he *wins* or *loses* the *Day*, he is sure still to find either his *Triumph* in *conquering*, or his *Glory* in being *conquer'd* upon the last *Effort of Courage*. *Courage* is half a *Conquest* in the worst of *Fortunes*: It carries the *daring Hero* through the most insuperable *Hardships* and *Dangers*, with *Applause*; and though he *die* in the *Encounter* upon the *Spot*, it *immortalizes* the *Man*, and *eternizes* the *Action* or *Exploit*: Insomuch, that he *survives* his own *Fune-ral*. 'Tis true, *Victory* may sometimes fail him upon a *bold Engagement*; but a *secret Happiness*, as well as a *publick Blessing*, always attends the most *unsuccessful Gallantry*: And when thousands fall about  
so

so great a *Champion* in the Fight, *Death* it self often seems to *distinguish* him for his undaunted *Valour*, to give him *Quarter* for his invincible *Resolution*, and to preserve him for nobler *Ends*, or more prosperous *Atchievements*.

Give me the *Man* therefore that dares outlive his *Misfortunes*, and rally his scatter'd *Hopes* after an *Overthrow*; the *Man* that renews his *Attacks* with fresh *Vigor* in *Adversity*, and redoubles his *Bravery* upon the *Forlorn*; the *Man*, I say, that swims against the *Stream*, be it never so strong; who strives forward, still buoy'd up by *Fortitude*, and scorns as much to sink under the *Opposition*, as to be suck'd in by the *Eddy*, or to fall in a faint-hearted *Retreat*: One, that thinks it below him to truckle under *Chance*, or to give *Ground* to *Fate* in a doubtful *Affair*; who hates to make a drawn *Battel* on't, as much as to overcome without a *Blow*, or to be overcome without *Blood*. He, I mean, that sets a chearful *Face* upon the *Frowns* of *Fortune*; and does not fight backwards, like the *PARTHIANS*, flying: To whom a *Fall* is but a *Rising*; and a cross *Adventure*, no constant *Enemy*. *Dame Fortune*, how haughty, coy, and fickle soever she appears now, may be in a better *Humour* another *Day*, than to disappoint his *Expectations*,

pectations, reject his *Addresses*, or give him a *flat Denial*. He will not be *deny'd* at last, but pursue his *Importunities* with greater *Boldness* and *Intrepidity* upon her *Repulses*, 'till he has obtain'd his Desire upon his *Adversary*; 'till he has VICTORIA in his Arms, and enjoys the *fair Captive* by Right of Conquest.

MARS won VENUS's Heart by his *Magnanimity*. A *courageous Soul* cannot be struck down with a *pusillanimous Fear* upon the most *terrible Prospects* or *Perils* of Life and Death. *Disappointments*, *Dangers*, or *Destructions* in View, cannot daunt a *viril Spirit*, or shock his *Stedfastness* of Mind into a *chagrin* and an *unmanly Apprehension*; but rather rouses his *Resolution* to a victorious Pitch of a *fearless Contempt*, which immediately puts all *Hobgoblins*, *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones* to flight, and makes the most frightful melancholy *Visions* disappear, and vanish into *Nothing*. The *Lion* does not grow *fiercer* after he is *wounded*, nor the *Sun* shine brighter, when it has been struggling with a *Fog*, and bursts through it with *Beams of Glory*, than this *conquering Hero* appears, after he has been dispersing *Scotch Mists*, or scattering *French Clouds*, to give ENGLAND an illustrious Day: For, like the *brave Antæus*, when he is cast down



to the *Ground*, he rises again more *fresh* and *fortunate*, more *gay* and *lively*, more *brisk*, and *flush'd* with new *Vigour* for a *National Adventure*. NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE, is his *Motto*; his principal *Motive*, and final *Resolution* to make himself either a *Man* or a *Mouse*; and his noble *Courage* can never be cast down upon the most *impracticable Expedition* for the Good of his *Country*, or to *accomplish* his own *Wishes*. He knows, that *Fear* or *Faint-heartedness* did not make ALEXANDER so *great*, nor CÆSAR so *famous*.

What *Cow-hearted Fellows* are those then, that are afraid of a *Shadow*, that shrink at the *Sound of a Drum*, or the *Name of Misery*, as well as the *Noise of War*; that fetter themselves by *Consent*, and renounce the very *Hopes of Prosperity*, for want of *Courage* enough to ask a *Favour*, demand a *Right*, or to fight like *Men of Valour* for their *Peace*, and to act in their *own Defence*! What *Good*, what *Relief*, what *Encouragement* from a *desponding Mind*! *Despair* is the *Parent of Ruin*: It dispirits the *Man*, and helps on the *Mischief*: It unqualifies him either for *Self-Preservation*, *Assistance*, or *Compassion*. *Fear* is the *Bugbear of Fools*, and the *Touch-stone* of a *cowardly Mind*: It unmans the timorous *Dastard*, either for  
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Action,

*Action*, or the Exercise of common Reason. The Man's *Cart* might have stuck in the *Mire* still, for all his calling upon *HERCULES* for *Help*, if he had not pluck'd up his *Courage*, and given it a lusty *Lift* with his *own Shoulders*. In short, *he* that is afraid of *Disappointments*, *Difficulties*, or *Misfortunes* in the World, seems to be neither fit for the *Business* of *Arms*, nor qualify'd for the *Affairs* of *Love*: And when *such a Man* courts a *yound Lady*, but especially a *Widow*, I can soon tell him his *Fortune* by this **Proverb** — *He shall never have her, if his Heart fails him.*

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## P R O V. XXVI.

JACK will never make a Gentleman.

## • Reflexion.

**N**OR JOAN a Gentlewoman; unless when some *Cully* of a *Country-Squire*, or a *Fool* of a *Knight* marries his *Cook-maid*, a *Lady's Woman*, a lewd *Chamber-maid*, a *Kitchin-wench*, or a daggel-tail'd *Strumpet*, and falls in *Love* with an *Antidote* to expel the *Poison* of this **Proverb**.

'Tis certain there are a great many *would be Gentlemen* in the World; and JACK in the *Proverb* would as willingly make one, as any of 'em; but though he be never so finical, foppish, and fantastical in his own Conceit, Dress, Wealth, Grandeur, or Haughtiness of Aspect, his *unkind Stars*, and the *Herald's Office*, have not yet thought him worthy either of that *Character*, or a *Coat of Arms*. Mr. such a one, TAYLOR of Thieving-Lane, Squire PORTER of Pimp-Alley, Sir Edward SPENDTHRIFT of Vinegar-Yard, my Lord CROOK-BACK of the Livery-Stables, are all *false Titles* of Honour, and will never make a GENTLEMAN. JACK STRAW would fain have been a *King* formerly, but he was spoil'd in the *making*; for his *Ambition* confounded his *Phancy*, and brought him to a scandalous *End*, with eternal Ignominy and Disgrace.

In short, every one is not a *Gentleman*, that is *vulgarly* call'd so now-a-days, even to a little *Jack-Pudding*, or a pert *Jack-a-Dandy*. There's more than the bare *Name* requir'd to the making of him what he *ought* to be by *Birth*, *Honour*, and *Merit*. Let a Man get never so much *Money* to buy Land, *Talk* is but *Talk* yet, and he cannot purchase one Grain of GENTILITY with it; but will remain JACK in the



**P**roverb still, without *Vertue, Learning,* and *Wisdom,* to *enrich* the Faculties of his Mind, to *enhance* the Glory of his Wealth, and to *ennoble* his Blood. Give this JACK what *Breeding,* what *Education,* what *Preferment* you please, he will discover himself at one Time or another, to be what he *was* from the *Beginning,* in Point of Behaviour, to be of mean Extract, ungenteel, awkward, ungenerous, a *Gentleman* at second Hand only, or a vain-glorious *Upstart* : For you can never make a *silken Purse of a Sow's Ear.*

This **P**roverb seems to set forth the various *Dispositions, Tempers,* and *Qualities* of Mankind, as well as to reflect upon the *Unfitness* of particular Persons of low Estate, and ignoble Parentage, to be *promoted* to Honour and Dignity in the Common-wealth. Our *Minds* certainly differ as much as our *Faces, Features,* or *Complexions* ; not to say *more.* *Nature* and *Fortune* have not bestow'd their *Gifts* equally upon all Men ; for they have manifestly given *Beauty* to *some,* *Riches* to *others* ; to *some* Strength, and to *others* Learning. ALEXANDER excell'd in Valour and Fortitude, ARISTOTLE in Knowledge and Vertue, CRASSUS in Wealth and Grandure. Behold the incomparable *Genius* of DIOGENES, who was rather born

to *Wisdom*, than *Glory*. DIONYSIUS was fitter to be a *School-master*, than a *King*. CATO was never cut out for a *Courtier*. In fine, the *Philosophers* were no *Sycophants*, no *Dissemblers*; and therefore less qualify'd for *Business*, than the Propagation of *Letters* and *Knowledge* in the World. No Man is capable of undertaking all Things. A *Corn-Cutter*, I believe, will never make a good *Physician*. What an ignorant *Presumption* would it be for an impudent *Prick-lowse* to set up for a *Lawyer*, or a *Statesman*? A *Jack of all Trades*, or an officious *Jackanapes* of all *Sides*, is so far from being a GENTLEMAN, that he generally proves good for nothing, but to carry a *Budget* upon his Back about the Country. How uppish and sawcy soever such a *Jack-in-an-Office* may be, he will never be respected the more for his *Pride* and *Impertinence*.

But to pursue this *Topick* a little more to the Letter of the *Latin*, every *Wood* will not make a *MERCURY*. *St. Nicholas's* Image being made of a poor Man's *Plumb-Tree* in *Spain*, turn'd his former *Devotion* into downright *Negligence* and *Contempt*. He thought it was not good enough to make a *GOD* of; and he wholly despis'd the *wooden Saint* at last, because it came out of his own *Orchard*; and he esteem'd

it little better for being *transplanted* into the Church. However, 'tis plain, that every Boy has not a *Capacity* to carry him to the *University*: For some *Children* are so *dull*, that it is not in the Power of Art or *Discipline* to make them *SCHOLARS*; and a *Master* had as good pretend to teach a *May-pole*, as to accomplish them with *polite Learning*. The Truth on't is, such stupid *Fault-heads* at *School* will never have more *Brains* than they were born with, nor become better *Gentlemen*, either by *Education* or *Indulgence*; to confirm the *Proverb* of *Jack Sprat*, and his *Mother*: Neither will the *speaking of French* ever intitle an illiterate *Coxcomb* at all to the *Honour of a Gentleman*, without some nobler *Qualifications*.

## P R O V. XXVII.

*One Swallow makes no Summer.*

*Reflexion.*

ALL the false, as well as foolish *Con-*  
*clusions*, from a *particular*, to an  
*universal Truth*, fall under the *Reproof* of  
 this good old *Proverb*. He that gues-  
 ses at the *Course of the Year*, by the *Flight*  
 of



of a *single Bird*, may easily be mistaken in his Conjecture. *One Sparrow* does not make the *Spring*, nor *one Woodcock* the *Winter*. *Swallows* are not *Weather-wise*, though they naturally appear about *Summer-Time*; neither can they make a Man half so sensible of the *coming Season*, as an *Almanack*, or his own *Observation* and *Experience*.

I could never yet be a Friend to the *Roman Auguries*, nor have any Faith for their fond, foolish, and credulous *Observations*, taken from the *flying, feeding, chirping, chattering, or singing* of *Crows, Pies, Owls, Eagles, Vultures, Buzzards*, and such like *Birds*: I do not know whether there were any *Swallows* among 'em; but this I am confident of, that the *Grecians* were much in the right on't, to say, that *one Swallow makes no Summer*. And I cannot believe the superstitious *Predictions* and *Interpretations* of the *Latins*, without Banter; or, that the *natural Motion*, and *ridiculous Actions* of the *feather'd Kind*, could either portend, or determine the *Felicity* or the *Unhappiness* of the *State*, the *Welfare*, or the *Misfortune* of any particular *Persons*, the *Prosperity*, or the *Unluckiness* of certain *Times, Seasons, and Events*.

What! *one Man* make a *Government*, or the *People* collectively; and not a *Monarchy* neither! And shall the *Herd* of a *Mob*, or a *Gang of Myrmidons*, tho' pretending to be of *Revolution-Principles*, ingross the whole *Settlement*, and sole *Administration* of it into their own *Hands*? Why, where's the *Reason* of that, when *general Rules* are not to be drawn from *particular Exceptions*, let 'em be never so liable to *Exception* themselves, or obnoxious to *Censure* and *Cavil*? But however, it is contrary to the *Rules of right Reasoning*, to condemn *all* for the *Sake* of *one single Delinquent*; to arraign the *Vertue* of the *whole Sex*, for the *Faults* of a *few termagant strolling Filths*; or to argue against the *honest Use* of a *Thing*, from some *particular Abuse* of it: For are not the *holy Scriptures* good, because they are *wrested*? Or is the *Law* unreasonable in it self, because the *Practice* of it is *corrupted*? Such *Arguments* as these, would pull down *Heaven*, and level it with the *Earth*. Give me *Leave* then to say this farther, that *Singularity*, in any *Respect*, shews a *Want of Judgment*, as well as *ill Humour*. 'Tis a *Crime* to be of a *Party*, without a thorough *Conviction of Conscience*; for *Opinion*, *Prejudice*, or *Partiality*, were never yet reckon'd the *true Rate* of *Things*, nor  
a *just*

a just Standard of Reason; and besides it is a grand Offence to be *singular* in Society, without good Authority for't. The best Philosopher of us all, is subject to Error; but young People especially are most prone to *rash Judgment*, *Oversight*, or *Deception* upon false Prospects, and appear often too *forward* in displaying their giddy *Inclinations*, or palpable *Delusions* rather, upon fallacious Proposals, for want of a *well-grounded incredulous Deliberation*. A Swallow's flying abroad early in the Spring, is not a sufficient *Direction* to make me leave off my *Cloaths*, in Hopes of fine Weather, or dress my self up in a *volatile Air*, upon the Expectation of a warm Summer, for Fear of catching a *Mistake*, and meeting with a *cold Reception* upon such an *over-hasty Credulity*.

This Proverb turns upon another Hinge also. 'Tis not fair Dealing to denominate a Man *rich*, from one Piece of Money in his Pocket; nor to conclude him *universally good*, from the Practice of one single *Vertue*; although one *Vice* indeed is a sufficient Blot to make him *bad* enough in the Eye of Morality. But a Man is not therefore *temperate*, because he is *stout*; nor *liberal*, because he is exactly *just*, and so forth: Neither can the true Denomination of Goodness or Eloquence, proceed



proceed from any *one particular* Thing, either *well done*, or *well said* ; for there are more *Vertues* than *one*, even to the Number of *Twelve*, at least, requir'd to the accomplishing of the Character of a *Person truly vertuous* to Perfection. *One Day* cannot render a Man compleatly *happy* in Point of Time, nor *one Action* consummate his *Glory*, in Point of Valour and Bravery in a Field of Battel. A *particular Success* in War, does not gain the Reputation and Credit of an *absolute Conquest*, or an *intire Victory*. It may so happen, in fine, that a prosperous *Revolution* of repeated Advantages, of many Years standing, may peradventure be more *justifiable* in the *Progress*, or the *End* of it, than it was from the *Beginning*, upon Arguments drawn from an *universal Submission*, to the giving of *Right* without Controul, and *crowning* the Work at last with a *general Voice* of Justice, Honour, and Approbation.

To *conclude* then, from *Universals*, is the right Way of *judging* of Things beyond *Imposition* and *Fallacy*. What *Providence* or  *Foresight* this *Bird* in the **Proverb** has in human Affairs, I am not able to determine by all the *Fables* of *Æsop*, though the *Moral* be singularly good and ingenious ; neither is *one single Conjecture* sufficient

cient to put the Matter out of Dispute among *credulous easy Fools*, or *impudent Fortune-tellers*. But this I may positively assert, according to the *general Opinion* of all Writers, as well as SOPHOCLES, the *Prince of the Tragick Poets*; that, as *one Inhabitant* does not make a *City*, nor *one Man* a *Multitude*, so neither can *one silly Swallow* rationally convince a *wise, a cautious, or a considerate Person*, of the *Approach of Summer*.

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## P R O V. XXVIII.

*Brag* is a good *Dog*, but *Hold-fast* is a *Better*.

*Reflexion.*

**B**ragging is but so much Breath lost in *good Company*, and ought to be no more taken Notice of, than the *barking* of a little *Cur* in the Streets, so long as a Man's *Heels* are safe, and the *Dog* does not *bite*. *Cowardly Curs* always make the most *Noise* in the *Day-time*, and are *loudest* in the *Night*; whether a *Man*, or the *Moon*, or *Madness* be the *Occasion*.

Nothing *edifies* less in an ingenuous *Conversation*, than *Boasting* and *Rattle*. It is,

is, as it were, the *Dropsy* of the Mind, and *swells* a Man, like a *Bubble*, into *nothing* at last. *Ostentation* is a meer Imposition, both upon Faith and good Manners. For a Man to *crack* of his own *Courage*, and to make himself the *HECTOR* of the Company, looks more like *bullying*, than asserting a *Point of Honour*. It deceives the *Credulous*, offends the *Modest*, and disoblises the *Brave*. Besides, it is a downright *Affront* to his *Betters*, an indiscreet *Challenge* to his *Equals*, and a cowardly Way of *insulting* over his *Inferiors*, that (he knows) are not a *Match* for him. In short, 'tis intollerable *Insolence* for a Man to *extol* his own *Exploits*. He may say what he will of his military Qualifications, *Capacity*, and *Conduct*; boast of his *good Services* at Home, and what mighty Matters he could do Abroad; but no Man of Sense, for all this, will ever think him the fitter to *command* an *Army*, and *fight* the *French*. The Bounce of an *OBSERVATOR*, or a *self-conceited Poltroon*, will never make him a *GENERAL*. True *Courage* does not consist in flying in the Face of Mankind, and *braving* the World. *Fortitude* does not *hang* upon a Person's *Lips*, nor *dangles* by his *Side*, let his *Tongue* or his *Sword* be never so long. Talking *big*, signifies *little*: Doing



is All. 'Tis *Action* makes the *Hero*. *Blustering* does no *Execution*, and spills no *Blood*. It is only fighting an *Enemy* at a *Distance*; or, like one of *DON QUIXOT*'s imaginary *Combats*, engaging with the *Wind-mills* of his own *Brain's* making.

A *Braggadocio's* swaggering, huffing, and praising his own *Valour*, looks as if his *Tongue* had run away from his *Heart*, and the *Coward* had taken his last *Leave* of his *Colours*. Some Persons are so troubled with a *Timpany* of *Talking* and *Ostentation*, that they seem to be fuller of *Wind*, than of *War*, *Wisdom*, or *Courage*. Others are such *Crack-farts*, *Ranters*, and so proud of their own *Parts*, as if they were *Lords* of the *Universe*, and *Umpires* of all *Controversy* and *Debate*: And the *twelve Judges* of *England* are *Asses* to them. What signifies a *Parliament* to *BRAG*? The *Members* of it have not half the *Brains* of his *Dog*, *LION*. The late licentious *OBSERVATOR*, was a *Bravo* of this *Quality*, and a *Rattle-skull*, that reign'd for several *Years* *undisturb'd*, and *triumphant* in his own *Opinion*; but he has *now*, at last, quite lost his *Life*, *Credit*, and *Reputation*, for his *Pains*, among all sober thinking *People*. How well soever *BRAG* was formerly *set on*, the *Proverb* is upon him now, for all his *Bravado's*, and *self-conceited Ralleries*.  
On

On the other Hand, if a *Gentleman* has bravely vindicated his *Honour*, generously kept his *Word*, or faithfully held fast his *Integrity*, upon Occasion; what need has he to brag on't, and undervalue himself so far, as to be the *Trumpeter* of his own *Glory*? It only lessens a *Hero's* Character, to hear it from his own Mouth, when all the Earth, perhaps, is a *Witness* of his *Worth* and *Merit*; and if that is not large enough, *Heaven* it self also will vouch for his *Vertue*: And indeed the whole *World* is little enough for so great a *Man*, that can conquer himself, contain his own *Praise*, and subdue his *Passion* to this prudent *Temper* of a modest Silence.

As to the *Letter of the Proverb*, I shall only make this remarkable *Digression*. No *Brute* has been more famous in *History* for its Friendship, Fidelity, and Gratitude to his *Master*, than a *Dog*. But some *Dogs* have been too much made of in certain Families of some Countries, almost even to the dying for 'em OUR SELVES, or giving THEM *Christian Burial* after their Deaths; and they are still over-much pamper'd yet by several People, both at *Bed* and *Board*: To say nothing of my *Lady's* Lips, and her Lap too, for entertaining and caressing *Mounseieur le Chien*. However, a good *Dog* is as useful and necessary a Creature as  
any

any living, to all Men, both at *Home* and *Abroad*. BRAG indeed may go a great Way towards the scaring of *Thieves*, or the frightening of *Buzzards*; but HOLD-FAST is the *Dog* of Business, either for *Service*, *Safety*, or *Recreation*.

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P R O V. XXIX.

Sue a *Beggar*, and catch a *Lowse*.

*Reflexion.*

THIS is good Advice against going to *Law* with a *poor insolvent Person*; for what can any one expect to get by *suing a Beggar*, but his *Expence* and his *Labour* for his *Pains*? Our *Fails* groan with the *Complaints* of *mendicant Debtors*; and our *Streets* are fill'd with *Cries* for the *Relief* of *poor Prisoners*, who are so far from being able to *pay* what they *owe*, that they *subsist* only upon the *Alms-Basket*: Not but that a due *Debt* ought in common *Justice* to be *paid*; and there's all the *Reason* in *World*, that the *Parties engag'd* for it should be severely *punish'd* too with the strictest *Confinement*, upon a *shuffling Refusal*, when they are really *solvent*. But where *Nothing's to be had*, the  
King



*King himself must lose his Right* ; and 'tis Pity *they* should lose their *Liberty* by any inferior hard-hearted *Creditor*. To put a sorry *Creature* in a *Stone-Doublet*, or to give him the least *Trouble* upon the *Insufficiency* of his hard *Fortune*, or his downright *Insolvency*, is like labouring for *Water* when the *Pump* is dry. 'Tis as barbarous *Treatment* as he could meet with from *Highway-men*, to suffer in his *Person* for want of a *Purse* ; for *they* commonly use to be reveng'd of a *Man's Body*, and to take their *Pennyworths* out of his *Skin*, by beating, or binding him *Hand and Foot*, if his *Pockets* cannot answer their *Demands*, and compound for his *Carcass*, by satisfying their unreasonable *Expectations*.

What can be more ridiculous, than to sue a *Beggar*, when the *Action* must needs cost more than he is *worth* ; and the *Plaintiff* will be sure of *catching* nothing but a *Lewse*, perhaps, for his *Trouble*, according to the very *Letter* of the *Proverb* ? It calls a *Man's Prudence* mightily in *Question* ; though it puts his *Satisfaction* of *Revenge* and *Malice* quite out of *Doubt* at the same *Time*, to prosecute a *worthless Wretch* to the *Extremity* of a *Prison* ; which must necessarily render him incapable of ever being in a *Condition* to *discharge the Obligation* while he is in *Hold*,

Hold, and only either inflames the *Reckoning*, or denies him the *Opportunity* and *Freedom* of playing the Part of an *honest Man*. In this Sense, *Imprisonment* is the Bane of all *Industry*, and only makes *People* idle, who might work out their *Salvation* another Way; and endeavour to do the whole World *Justice* to a *Farthling*, under the Comfort of *open Air*, and the Encouragement of *Liberty*: For *NEW-GATE* is not fit to *breath* in. The *FLEET* stands by a *nasty Ditch*, enough to poison the *Prisoners*. The *Compters* are *Dog-Holes*: And the rest of the *Prisons* about Town, are properer for *Stables* to keep *Horses* in, than to confine *rational Creatures* and *honest Men*, that would pay their *Debts* if they could; but cannot, if they would never so fain, purchase their *Enlargement*.

*Beggars* are, generally speaking, reputed *lowly* People; but whether they be so, or not, that's nothing to the Matter, or the Merit of the *Cause*. However, when a *poor indigent Fellow* happens to be *arrested* for a *Trifle*, (and I have known it the Case of a particular Person, that had not Four-pence-half-penny in the World to help himself, or to save his Credit) it looks *litigious* and *inhuman* to the last Effort but one of *Spite*: And if peradventure

he becomes depriv'd of his *Liberty* afterwards, for a *greater Sum*, what signifies all the *Property* of a Subject he can pretend to? What can he do in the *Custody* of a merciless *Catch-poll*, or the close *Confinement* of a *Jail*, which pays no Debts, but what are contracted there, (if he can be *trusted*) upon the Necessity of keeping Body and Soul together in a languishing Condition, and in Hopes only either of a *Providential*, or a *Gracious Deliverance* from the *Powers Above*? What can we have of a *Cat*, but the *Skin*? What of a *Beggar*, but *Disappointment* and *Discredit*, or *Lice*, perhaps, over and above in Abundance? Who ever yet spread a *Net* for a *Kite*, or was fond of *catching* a *Carrion*? So that this *Proverb*, in short, condemns such unmerciful Proceedings with the utmost *Banter* and *Ridicule*. It is a witty *Lampoon* upon all indiscreet, troublesome, and vexatious *Law-Suits* commenc'd against *insolvent little People*; it reproaches the *Prosecution* of a miserable *Beggar*, for a scandalous, as well as an imprudent *Action*; and looks upon it at last to be no better than *Lowse-catching* in the *Issue*, or the Upshot of calling *Beggars* to an Account for their *Debts*: A ridiculous Employment indeed, where *Compassion*, *Mercy*, or *Forbearance*, ought to take Place, and even



even sit Judge too in the Court of Discretion, I mean every Man's private Bosom, to prevent a publick Bar! In a Word, if there was any Reason for suing a Beggar, I should not be so abrupt, and there's an End on't.

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PROV. XXX.

The younger Brother, the better Gentleman.

Reflexion.

THIS is a pure *English Proverb*, in which all the good *Families* of the Kingdom are highly concern'd, in Point of educating, as well as providing for their younger Children, against the common Custom of the Country, in giving *All* to the *Eldest*, and leaving the *rest* to find for themselves; nothing to depend upon more than the *Fortune* of this *Proverb*. And though *Gentlemen* do not live upon *Proverbs*, 'tis some Comfort yet for a *younger Brother* to reflect upon this remarkable *Saying*, under the *Disadvantages* of his not being born to an *Estate*: And it may also serve as a sufficient Encouragement to put him upon the honest Attempt of getting one, by his

own Industry and Vertue, without being beholden to his *Parents* for't; especially when he finds his *Honour* so universally establish'd in the good Opinion of the World, as to be thought a *better Gentleman* than his *elder Brother*. But how better? Why, by being put to his *Shifts* perhaps *Abroad*, SINK or SWIM, and by matching *Politicks* with *France*, *Italy*, or *Spain*; while the other, his Mother's Darling, lives like a *Dormouse* at *Home*, lull'd by Indulgence into *Laziness*, *Effeminacy*, and *Cowardice*; whose very *Soul* in his *Body*, like a *Sword* in the Scabbard, rusts for want of *Exercise*.

*Young Gentlemen* of the same *House* and *Blood*, ought not to be preferr'd in *Honour* before one another, according to the *Order of their Age*, in the Register of the *Parish*; but rather valu'd according to their real *Merits*, *Excellencies*, and *Improvements* of intrinsick Worth and Glory. He that was first christen'd, does not always make the *happiest Man*, or the *best Christian*. A *Priority of Birth* does not in the least argue a *Preference* either of the *natural Endowments* of *Mind*, or of *acquir'd Parts*. 'Tis the Privilege of Nature indeed to *pre-exist* in Point of Time, but not to *excel* in *Knowledge* and *Wisdom*. A good *Understanding* does not always go

by Seniority among a Man's Children. A Fool sometimes may be the first of the Family. The seventh Son, perhaps, may prove wiser than all the rest: I speak without Vanity or Superstition; let him fail never so often in curing the KING'S EVIL, upon a vulgar Credulity, and a repeated Application. In short, Learning and Vertue in the younger Brother, will always give him the Preheminence and Precedency in the Affections, as well as Judgments of all unprejudic'd People, to a First-born IGNORAMUS, or a vicious, prodigal, debauch'd Son and Heir; though his tender Mother be never so much offended at it, or angry with the Proverb.

However, saving a Regard still to the Law of the Land, as well as to the Privileges of Nature, this Proverb does not deny the elder Brother his Birth-Right, Much Good may his Inheritance do him, if he has the Wit to make a right Use on't; if he has the Grace to be a good Husband; if he has Law enough to set up for a Country-Justice-a-Peace, or a Middlesex-Magistrate; to preserve his Estate entire out of the Hands of vexatious Pettifoggers, and to keep his Land free from Mortgages, Cankers, and Caterpillars. But my young Master is in great Danger of being spoil'd by his indulgent Mother, long before ever



own Industry and Vertue, without being beholden to his *Parents* for't; especially when he finds his *Honour* so universally establish'd in the good Opinion of the World, as to be thought a *better Gentleman* than his *elder Brother*. But how *better*? Why, by being put to his *Shifts* perhaps *Abroad*, SINK or SWIM, and by matching *Politicks* with *France*, *Italy*, or *Spain*; while the *other*, his Mother's Darling, lives like a *Dormouse* at *Home*, lull'd by Indulgence into *Laziness*, *Effeminacy*, and *Cowardice*; whose very *Soul* in his Body, like a *Sword* in the Scabbard, *rusts* for want of *Exercise*.

*Young Gentlemen* of the same *House* and *Blood*, ought not to be preferr'd in *Honour* before one another, according to the *Order of their Age*, in the Register of the *Parish*; but rather valu'd according to their real *Merits*, *Excellencies*, and *Improvements* of intrinsic Worth and Glory. He that was first *christen'd*, does not always make the *happiest Man*, or the *best Christian*. A *Priority of Birth* does not in the least argue a *Preference* either of the *natural Endowments* of Mind, or of *acquir'd Parts*. 'Tis the Privilege of Nature indeed to *pre-exist* in Point of Time, but not to *excel* in *Knowledge* and *Wisdom*. A good *Understanding* does not always go  
by

by *Seniority* among a Man's Children. A Fool sometimes may be the *first of the Family*. The *seventh Son*, perhaps, may prove *wiser* than all the rest: I speak without *Vanity* or *Superstition*; let him *fail* never so often in *curing* the KING'S EVIL, upon a vulgar *Credulity*, and a repeated *Application*. In short, *Learning* and *Virtue* in the *younger Brother*, will always give him the *Prebeminence* and *Precedency* in the *Affections*, as well as *Judgments* of all unprejudic'd People, to a *First-born IGNORAMUS*, or a vicious, prodigal, debauch'd Son and Heir; though his *tender Mother* be never so much *offended* at it, or *angry* with the *Proverb*.

However, saving a *Regard* still to the *Law of the Land*, as well as to the *Privileges of Nature*, this *Proverb* does not deny the *elder Brother* his *Birth-Right*. Much Good may his *Inheritance* do him, if he has the *Wit* to make a *right Use* on't; if he has the *Grace* to be a *good Husband*; if he has *Law* enough to set up for a *Country-Justice-a-Peace*, or a *Middlesex-Magistrate*; to preserve his *Estate* entire out of the *Hands* of vexatious *Pettifoggers*, and to keep his *Land* free from *Mortgages*, *Cankers*, and *Caterpillars*. But my young *Master* is in great *Danger* of being *spoild* by his *indulgent Mother*, long before ever

he comes to this *Maturity*. He must not go to *School* in the *Heat of Summer*, for Fear of *over-heating his Blood*; nor in the *Depth of Winter*, for Fear of *catching Cold*. He must not learn *Latin*, lest it should make his *Head ache*; or the *eight Parts of Speech* should turn his *Brain*, and throw him either into a *Fever*, or an *Apo-plexy*. Let his *younger Brother* do the *Drudgery of Learning*, and run the *Hazard of his Life* for't. But if little *Master* has, perhaps, got a *Smattering of Grammar*, in seven or eight *Years Time*, at spare-Hours from his *Play*, and his *Prodigality*, what should he go to the *University* for? Twenty Miles or more distant from his *dear Parents*, and out of his *fond Mother's Sight* too? He has a *plentiful Estate* (God be thank'd) to maintain him at his own *Seat*, like what he is, a *first-Rate Gentleman*, without the *Help of professing either Law, Physick, or Divinity*, at *Oxford, Cambridge, or Inns of Court*. Besides, what signify *Mathematicks* to him, that is *Lord of so many Mannors*? He has *Land* enough in *Fee-simple*, without having any *Occasion to know how to survey it*. His *Grounds*, and his *Gardens* over and above, are a compleat *System of natural Philosophy*. His *Servants* will teach him *Logick* enough for his *Purpose*; and he



he can easily refine his *Reason*, by the *Conversation* of an illiterate Coxcomb of a VALE DE CHAMBRE. He can learn good *Manners* of the most civiliz'd Plough-men in the Country. In a Word, his *Hounds*, his *Hawks*, and his *Horses*, will be his best *Tutors*, and make him a most *accomplish'd Gentleman* in his *Mamma's* Opinion. And therefore, let his *younger Brother* again lead a *College-Life*, undergo the *Fatigue* of severe Discipline and hard Study, in Danger of a *Consumption*, or *cracking his Brain*, to qualify himself for the *Profession* either of a *Divine*, a *Lawyer*, or a *Physician*. Thus, in fine, is the *eldest Son* commonly brought up in *Luxury*, *Liberty*, *Ease*, *Ignorance*, and *Pleasure*; cocker'd out of his *Senses*, and indulg'd out of his *Reason* or *Health*, through the overweaning *Affection* and *Tenderness* of his *partial Parents*: 'Till the pamper'd *Fondling* at last, for want of better Education, degenerates into a more ridiculous *Ass*, than *APULEIUS's*; and, for all his *great Estate*, is only a *golden Blockhead* at best, in Comparison of his *younger Brother*.

Give me the *younger Brother* then, that has been put to his *Trumps*, try'd all *Fortunes*, and endur'd all the *Hardships*, either of *Study*, or of *Travel* in the World: He, that has been bred up to the Love of *Let-*

ters, and of *Arms*, from his Infancy : *He*, that is qualify'd either for the Business of the *Gown*, or the *Sword*, upon Choice : *He*, I mean, that is capable of the *highest Posts*, and most *honourable Employments* in the Common-wealth, by his great *Learning*, and profound *Judgment* or *Experience* in publick, as well as private Affairs. *This*, this is the Man of *Honour* in a *Family*, fit for the Service of his Country, either in the *Pulpit*, at the *Bar*, or in the *Field of Battel*. This is *he*, that will bid fair in a few Years Time to be made a *Bishop*, or a *Judge*, a *General*, an *Embassador*, or a *Minister of State*, in Consideration of his exemplary *Piety*, *Justice*, *Courage*, *Conduct*, and *Policy*. So that indeed an *Estate of Inheritance* is not worth a *Mess of Pottage*, if compar'd with the Blessings of a *liberal Education*, or the Advantages of some *genteel Profession* in the *Government*.

But to press this *Proverb* a little more home to the Purpose ; I cannot but observe here, by the *By*, the unhappy and fatal *Distinctions*, that are too frequently made in some *Families* ; especially by the *MOTHER*, in loving her *eldest Son* better than all his *younger Brothers* put together ; in *dressing up* her *eldest Daughter* finer than the rest of her *Sisters* ; and in *sweet'ning*

THOSE

THOSE with *Sugar-Plumbs*, while THESE are discountenanc'd with *Blows*; embracing *some*, and brow-beating *others*; doting upon *one Girl*, and despising *another*; giving some of 'em all the *good Breeding* or *Apparel* that may be, and the rest NONE but what they learn at *second Hand*, and pick up like *Sinder-Wenches* a-gathering Rags off the *Dungbill*: As if her *Children* were not *all* of her *own Body*, or of *one Man's* begetting. This shews the *unnatural Partiality*, as well as the *unreasonable Imprudence* of the PARENT; for it does not only charge her with Injustice and Barbarity, but also calls her *conjugal Vertue* shrewdly in Question too, or at least renders her *Honesty* obnoxious to *Suspicion*, *Censure*, and *Detraction*. And if the Father proves such a *partial Fool* too by mutual Consent, as to make *Fish of one*, and *Flesh of another*; to make much of *one*, and treat *another* unkindly; to make a competent *Provision* for *one*, and leave *another* to the *wide World*: If in short, *I say*, he makes his *eldest Son's* Fortune, at the Expence of his *Second's* Maintenance and Livelihood, this **Proverb** will fly in his Face for't; and in all Probability, the *younger Brother* may prove the *better Man* yet by the Providence of Heaven, in Spite of his *Father's* unfair Dealing or *Distinction*.

JACOB



JACOB had the *Blessing*, though ESAU had the *Birth-Right*.

Such *partial Proceedings*, and *distinguishing Marks of Favour*, are the Fore-runners of some fatal Misfortunes in our OECONOMY. The *Inequality of Paternal Love, Care, or Respect*, becomes the very *Bane* of all *Brotherly Affection and Concord*. It breeds ill Blood in a *Family*; it raises Jealousies, Heart-burnings, and mortal Emulations among *Children*; it creates irreconcilable Quarrels and Animosities, even to the Degree of intailing the *Curse of CAIN* upon all the *Posterity*. The *righteous ABEL* was inhumanly murder'd, upon this *Competition*, by his imperious and insulting *Rival*; and the *Younger* ought not to be run down and ruin'd, to please his *elder Brother*, or to aggrandize his Fortune. But after all such *unequal Doings* yet, of a *Father's* doting upon *one Child* more than *another* of the same Blood, his FAVOURITE, perhaps, does not always thrive the best, nor prove the *most dutiful Son* of the whole Stock. 'Tis true, the *elder Brother* may have the *gayer Coat*, and *more Money* in his Pocket; but the *younger*, generally speaking, *out-does* him still in some nobler *Qualifications of the Mind*, and excels him either in *Understanding*, or in *Vertue*; for want of such a generous  
Edu-

*Education*, as his *fond Parents* ought to have given him in his *Minority*, and not have thought it below his *Quality*, or the *Character* of their *Son and Heir*, to stop the Mouth of *common Fame*. However, in fine, this **Proverb** is not without many glorious *Exceptions* of *Dignity* and *Excellence* on the *elder Brother's Side*.

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PROV. XXXI.

Harm watch, Harm catch.

*Reflexion.*

**N**O Man living was ever yet out of *Harm's-way*, in one Sense or another ; let the *Church* be never so much out of DANGER, either of *Popery* or *Fanaticism*. Some People are still upon the *Watch* for *Mischief*, though they generally bring an old *House* over their own *Heads*, for their base *Practices*, and only catch what they deserve *themselves*, by the *Vigilancy* of their ill Will towards *others* : THOSE, I may boldly say, that *deserve* not the least Injury at their Hands, for *Peace*, *Moderation*, and *Indulgence*. What more frequent, than for such *watchful Make-bates* to meet with the just *Retribution* of  
a sui-

a suitable *Misfortune*, by wishing *another Man's Harm*, and to find their *own Ruin* at long Run, in the Expectation of their *Neighbour's Downfall*? *Mocking* is catching all the World over, even from *Tawning*, *Sneezing*, or the *Hick-up*, to a grosser *Blunder* and a greater *Mistake*: For I have often seen a sneering *Buffoon* make the very same *Trip*, *laugh* himself into the same *Inconveniency*, and commit a worse *Error* too than he derided in *another*, for all his vigilant Behaviour, or his vaunted Precaution. In short, 'tis not common Discretion in us to rejoyce at *other Mens Slips*, or to make a Banter of their *Sufferings*, for Fear of falling into the same *Miscarriages our selves*, and incurring the Danger of the like *Disappointments*, at one Time or another of our *Lives*, for the future; which usually prove the *Fate* of all *Harm-watching*, at the Foot of the Account.

This *Proverb* is of a *divine Original*, and the holy *Psalmist* sets it forth over and over, with the utmost *Illustration*. How *pathetical* are his Words to *this Purpose*! To the *Confusion* of the *mischievous Invention* and *Malice* of the *Wicked*! He bath *graven and digg'd up a Pit*, and is *fall'n himself into the Destruction* that he made for others: For his *Travail shall come upon his own Head*, and his *Wickedness shall fall*



on his own Pate. Can any Thing be more moving, than this notable *Metaphor*, which he industriously pursues yet farther in a most agreeable *Repetition* of it, to the same Effect? *The Heathen are sunk down in the Pit that they made; in the same Net which they hid privily, is their Foot taken: The Lord is known to execute Judgment; the Ungodly is trapp'd in the Work of his own Hands.* This is CATCHING with a *Witness*; after all our insnaring *Vigilancy*, our watchful *Motions* and *Contrivances* to intangle the *Innocent*, to delude the *Harmless*, to prejudice the *Peaceable*, to wrong the *Simple*, or to make any Advantage of the *Inoffensive*. When *Malice* is once set agog for *Destruction*, and the *Bargain* struck for conspiring the *Death* of an *honest Person*, the *Overtbrow* of a whole *Parliament*, or the total *Subversion* of a *Kingdom*, it takes Fire like *Touch-wood*, or like *Gun-powder* in bad Hands; and ill manag'd, it recoils upon the *Undertaker's own Life*, blows up the *Conspirator* himself, and scatters the *Boutefeu*, that kindles it, into *Atoms*. I cannot tell whether the *Author* of *Guns* dy'd by his own *Invention*; but neither would they have spar'd him in their Way, upon the Experiment of their Use, for *studying of Mischief*, or *watching other People's Harm*:

However,

However, the *Friar* was not *safe* from his own *Handy-work*, nor *invulnerable*. I do not blame the *Inventors*, or the *Makers* of the various Instruments of Death, in so lewd, so wicked a World as we live in; where *Self-Preservation* is our grand Concern, and obliges us to stand upon our Guard in our own Defence, against the sudden Attack of a secret Enemy in Ambush, or to prevent a Surprise from an unexpected Quarter: But the *Gun*, the *Pistol*, and the *Sword*, no doubt, have sometimes either done the Business of their Owners, or kill'd the very *Men that made 'em*. 'Tis not the first Time, that *Artists* and *Artificers* have invented *Guns*, *Snares*, and *Fetters* for themselves; *Hatchets* to cut their own *Skins*, and *Knives* their *Fingers*, if not their *Throats* too sometimes. However, 'tis observable, that all plotting against the *Lives*, or the *Governments* of *Princes*, is but playing the *Fool* at the best. *Plots*, for the most Part, miscarry; and then the *Plotters* are sure to be soundly hamper'd, or to go to Pot for their Pains, in the Discovery. We need seek no farther than our own native Country for *Incendiaries* and *Affassins*, who have not escap'd scot-free upon their *Conspiracies*; but have been brought to condign Punishment at the *Block*, or the *Gallows* in good Time,

Time, whether they either fail'd or succeeded in their black, bloody, and barbarous Attempts : Witness the *two memorable Days* they have establish'd in our *Calendar*, to make us mourn their prosperous, horrid, execrable IMPIETY on the *one* ; and to bless GOD for his gracious *Deliverance* on the *other*, to the Disappointment of their *dismal Intentions*.

If so then, if *watching Harm* be the Way to *catch* it ; let the *Murderer* consider, that lying in wait for *another Man's*, may, perhaps, sooner or later, cost him his *own Blood*, and startle his disappointed Imagination with the Conscience of his Demerit upon expiring all on the sudden in a helpless Gasp. Let the *Adulterer* consider, how he would like to be made a *Cuckold* himself ; let him look at *Home* first, and then go *a Whoring Abroad*, if he dares, if he has the Confidence to run the Venture of a *mutual Reflexion*. Let the *Usurer*, the *Pawn-broker*, or the *Extortioner*, consider, how they *flea a Flint*, as it were, *strip the Needy* stark-naked, and oppress the *Poor*, to the last Degree of *intollerable Injustice* : For *they* are *all* commonly paid off at length in their *own Coin*, and serv'd in their *own Kind*, either as to *themselves* personally, or their unfortunate Posterity, by Virtue of this

Proverb.



**Proverb.** And this is preparing a *Rod* for their own *Breech*, with a Vengeance.

But besides the *sacred Extraction* of it, I find no *Adage* more exemplify'd also in *prophane History*, or in *human Writings*. I need only mention the famous DADALUS for Instance, who lost his *Liberty*, was imprison'd in King MINOS's *Labyrinth*, for contriving the Adultery of PASIPHAE, and deservedly handsell'd the *Maze* of his own making, as the just Reward of his Roguery. The Story of PERILLUS's *brazen Bull*, is too well known, to need any other Remark, than *this*; that *he himself first suffer'd*, by a notable Piece of Justice in the Tyrant, to whom it was presented for a great *Curiosity*, all the burning Pains of that barbarous hot scorching *Engin*, which he had invented to torment others, and to divert the Tormentor: Neither did PHALARIS at last escape trying in his own Person, how good it was to put others to Death by a new-fangl'd *Invention*, or a new-fashion'd *Torture*, only to have the Pleasure of hearing them bellow artificially, and actuate the Brute in Effigies. To say nothing of forty more mischievous Persons, who have all been a Sort of SUICIDES, Authors of their own Miseries, by their Brains hatching of *Vipers* to destroy themselves; conceiving the Calamity of  
other

other Folks, and bringing forth their own, in the sad Catastrophe of their unadvised Projects. *Malice, Spite, and Envy*, are always *Self-Murderers* upon the Upshot. They make Men accessory to their own Deaths, like those poor *Birds* that carry their own Destruction in their Bellies, breed their own Captivity, and are their own Executioners, by doing the *Business of Nature*: For, to intend, study, or contrive any Harm to our Neighbours, is BIRD-LIME all over, and as certainly catches our selves only, as ever any Creature was intangled in the Snare of its own Production.

In a Word, how many People are daily taken in their own Craft, confuted by their own Arguments, baffled by their own Fallacies, beaten by their own Weapons, or dispatch'd by their own Cruelties! 'Tis Matter of Fact, ROME was once ruin'd by the Self-Conceit of her own Strength and exorbitant Power. Besides, this Proverb seems to grow apace now upon FRANCE, and may in due Time be brought home upon the greatest Mischief-Maker in EUROPE. What an honourable Motto then of a great and a good Man, is this wise Saying, EVIL BE TO HIM THAT EVIL THINKS? A Motto, worthy not only of a Nobleman's Garter, but of a Prince's Coat of Arms also, and of Royal

*Favour* ; worthy of eternal *Practice*, as well as *Remembrance*, for its harmless *Innocency*, its *Justice*, *Discretion*, and *Prudence*, or its inoffensive *Inclination* and *Benevolence*. For, in fine, this *Proverb* is the very *Standard* of *Honour* and *Integrity*, as well as of *Kindness* and good *Will* in a *Kingdom*.

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## P R O V. XXXII.

*A Burnt Child dreads the Fire.*

*Reflexion.*

**T**IS natural for all living *Creatures*, whether *rational* or *irrational*, for *Beasts*, *Birds*, or *Insects*, as well as *Men*, *Women*, and *Children*, to consult their own *Security* and *Self-Preservation*, either in *Point of Welfare* on the *one Hand*, or of *Life* and *Death* on the *other* : And whether they act by *Instinct*, or by *Reason*, it tends still to some *Care* of avoiding, either those *Things* that may *hurt* 'em, or those that have already done 'em an *Injury*, and endanger'd their *Carcases*. The *Child* dreads the *Fire* for the *Future*, that had once burn'd his *Fingers* ; the *Fly* shuns the *Spider's Web*, that had once like to have



have intangled its Wings ; the *Fish* is shy of the *Hook*, that had once hold of its Mouth ; the *Bird* flies the *Fowler's Net*, that had once catch'd it in vain ; the *Dog* stands off at a Distance from the *Hand*, that had once *beaten* him, put a *Halter* about his Neck, or attempted to *make him away*. And indeed all *Animals* whatever, great or small, over and above that *Antipathy*, which is the Privilege of their respective *Natures*, take an *Aversion* also against those *Evils*, or *Enemies*, that threaten their *Being*, prejudice their *Safety*, and either disturb, or destroy their *Lives*. But we must always suppose then, by the By, a *sensible Escape*, or a *palpable Experience* of some Mischief, which gives them this reasonable *Caution* for the Future, as naturally as a *burnt Child dreads the Fire*. In short, every Thing *lives* and moves by a *natural Foresight*, or a *prudent Apprehension* of Danger ; and *lives no longer* neither, than it has *Wit* or *Sense* enough to avoid its *Destruction*, and keep out of the Way of its *Destroyer*.

We meet with a great many *old Saws*, and *merry Sayings* in several Languages, in *Greek* and *Latin*, *Italian* and *French*, as well as in *English*, according to the Purport of this *Proverb* : As, *A Fool grows wise upon suffering* ; *The scalded*

Cat fears cold Water ; Hang a Dog on a Crab-tree, and he'll never love Verjuice ; and such like *ludicrous Expressions* to this Purpose. But the *general Meaning* of them all, is *this* ; that both *Man* and *Beast* will ever *spurn* at those Things *hereafter*, by which they have formerly *suffer'd*, and for which they have soundly *smarted* *heretofore*, if they have either their *Wits* or their *Senses* about 'em. The *Horse* will hardly ever venture to take that *River* again, where he had like to have been *drown'd* ; and will *boggle* at least, let the *Rider* be never so obstinate, upon the *Repetition* of the *Danger*. No *Lure* can tempt or entice the *Lark* to come down again, that has of late difficultly escap'd the *Fowler's Diversion*. The *Partridge*, that has lately been scar'd out of the *Covey*, and in *Danger* of being taken, always *springs* afterwards upon the first *Sight* of a *Setter* or a *Dog* in the *Field*. The *Dove*, that has once luckily sav'd it self from being *truss'd* by a *Hawk*, is ever after afraid of any *Feather* that flies in the *Air* ; keeps close within its own *Cote*, and dreads a *second Adventure* abroad, 'till the *Sky* is clear of *Kites*, *Buzzards*, and *Ring-tails*. But what need I say more, since there are so many *Millions* of *Instances*, both *above Ground*, and *under Water*, to confirm this *Truth*

*Truth* all over the World? How industriously do *little Fishes* keep out of the Way of *great Pikes*, in Pursuit of their Prey, for *Fear* of being swallow'd up at a *Gulp*? How do they *shun* the very Sight, or Shadow of the *Angler*, and *dread* to be taken out of their own *Element*, or to die upon dry *Land*?

But as for *Man* now, who either is, or ought to be the only *Master of Reason*; how should *he* abhor the *Place* another Time, where he has been heretofore *kurt*! How should *he* avoid a *second Encounter* with a *wild Beast*, which he had once happily worsted upon a dangerous Struggle, and not fall into his mortal Enemy's *Clutches* again, nor venture *another Engagement* for his *Life*! Does not the cautious *Mariner* study, with the utmost Application and Care, in all Winds and Weathers, to keep off from *splitting again upon that Rock*, where he was once *shipwreck'd* before, and suffer'd the last Extremity but one of *Misfortune*? 'Tis certain, *ULYSSES* had no great Kindness for the *Sea*, after he had been dangerously toss'd in it by *Storms* and *Tempests*, for the Space of ten Years, or upwards, before he could arrive at the *Haven* of his own Wishes, and *land* safe in his own *native Country*: For, no Doubt, he would have



*dreaded* the Thought of renewing those terrible Hazards, and repeating that *perilous Voyage* over again, as much as ever he *rejoyc'd* at his own *Safety*, upon an unexpected Deliverance from the Fury of a merciless *Ocean*. But, behold *Æsop's Woman in hard Labour*, without a *Fable*; who would not be brought to *Bed* there by any Means of *Perfwasion*, where she was *got with Child*! The *Moral* is true upon the Main, in all Cases of Difficulty and Concern, when *Nature* prompts us to an *Evasion of a repeated Sorrow*. Behold! the *Boy* stung by a *Bee*; who is afraid to be at the *Pain* and the *Trouble* over again, for the Sake of the *Honey*, and dares not run a *second Risque*, for Fear of his *Fingers*; though the *Temptation* be never so inviting to the *Eye*, and the *Prey* never so agreeable, sweet, and luscious to the *Taste*!

However, this **Proverb** seems yet farther to carry a *double Entendre* along with it, and to couch a *good Moral*, as well as a *natural Reflexion*, under the nugatory *Allusion* of a *Burnt Child's dreading the Fire*. And if a *Child* then, in his very *Infancy*, from the *Cradle*, and in the *Morning* of his Reason, is *afraid* of the *Flame* that has formerly burn'd him; if he shall *start*, out of a frightful Apprehension of  
falling

*falling a second Time* through the Carelessness of his Nurse; if he shall cry, ready to break his Heart, upon the Sight of what *frighten'd* him *before* into *Fits*; if he shall refuse the *Mustard* afterwards, which has once *bit his Tongue*, and *wean'd* him from his Mother's Breasts. If a *Child*, I say, does utterly *decline* all those hurtful, disagreeable, and ungrateful Things, whether *Impositions*, *Injuries*, or *Offences*, for the Time to come, as well as absolutely *reject* them also with the greatest *Dread* and *Detestation*, as far as lies in his tender little Power; what ought a MAN to do, that is grown up to *Maturity of Judgment*? How ought *he* to exert himself with the justest *Apprehension*, the wisest *Distrust*, and the wariest *Discretion* imaginable, against *double Debaucheries* and *repeated Intemperances*; which inevitably endanger either his *Health*, or his *Life*, *toties Quoties*, as often as ever he is overseen in *Drink*, overtaken with *Wine*, or overcome by *Women*? How can he hug the *Serpent* in his Bosom again, that has once *stung* him almost to the Heart? How can he *caress* his own *Ruin*, after the fairest Conviction of a former Experience? How can he pursue the fatal Embraces of a Strumpet, to a *second Salivation*? The *Pox* is only the Portion of lewd unthinking

*Fools*: And *he* has neither the Wisdom of a *Child*, nor the common Sense of a *Brute*, who does not dread the reiterated Hazard of that modish Distemper, or of any other experienc'd Injury, with the utmost Aversion and Abhorrence. What? And if the *Fly* flutters about the Candle, 'till it is singe'd in the Flame, 'tis only for want of Day-light: But are not a *Man's* Eyes open at all Times, unless he is asleep? And then he is secure enough from all Extravagancies of this Nature, so as not to burn himself twice in the same Fire, only to be Cock-sure of the Mischief, and make himself miserable as long as he lives. How much must the Nature of Men needs be deprav'd then by Folly and Madness, knocking their own Brains out for the Purpose, and sinning against their own Senses; making their Way through the most dreadful Apprehensions, to the frequent Commission of a damn'd Iniquity, whose Torment they had so often felt before upon the fairest Warning of a final Destruction? How stupidly deprav'd are Men, I say, when the plain Instruction of a Proverb cannot prevent the melancholy Rehearsal of their wilful Misfortunes, nor preserve them from acting their own dismal Tragedies at last upon the Stool of a lingering Repentance in their own Persons?

PROV.



## P R O V. XXXIII.

A *Shoe-maker* must not go beyond his  
*Last*.

*Reflexion.*

**I**F he *does*, he will never please his *Customer*. If he has the *Length* of my *Foot*, why should he not fit my *Phancy* rather, than *indulge* his *own Maggot*, and exceed his *Last* so far as to *disoblige* his *Friend*? Why should he make my *Shoe*, either too *big* or too *little*, too *slender* or too *strong*, too *fine* or too *fulsom*, only out of a *Crotchet* in his *Crown* to answer his *own Conceit*, and displease the *Buyer*, as well as punish the *Wearer's Feet* into the *Bargain*? The *nicking* of a *Man's own Humour* in an extravagant *Whim*, is not always the best *Way* to get other *People's good Word* and *Custom*, or to *gratify* the rest of the *World*: For whoever has been in the *Shoe-maker's Stocks* once, will desire to be *pinch'd* so no more, or will be very unwilling to *deal* with him again upon the *same Terms*.

But this *Proverb* is of higher *Importance* yet, and of far greater *Concern*, than the *Business* of *Shoe-makers* at *Great Turn-Style*,

*Style*, or at *Cordwainers-Hall*. Under this *mechanical Emblem*, it principally sets forth the *Vanity* and *Ignorance* of those, who presume to give their *Verdict* of Things that are out of their Way, either in Point of *Art*, *Make*, *Dealing*, *Knowledge*, or *Profession*. Why should a *blind Man* pretend to judge of *Colours*? Why should the *Cobler* of *Colchester* meddle with Matters of *State*, that are out of the Reach of his *Understanding*, and which he will never be able to *mend* according to his *Last*, or the *Capacity* of his *Conscience* made of stretching *Leather*? Why should any Son of *Crispin*, or a *Translator*, interfere with Affairs of the *Church*, or the *Nation*; when there is no Analogy, between the *making* of *new*, or the *soling* of *old Shoes*, and the *patching up* of *Governments*, or setting them upon a *right Foot*? Why should a *Shoe-maker* give his *Judgment* of an *Act of Parliament*, whether it be *reasonable* or *not*, and determine the *Justice*, or the *Injustice* of it in publick Discourse, when the *Tax* upon *Leather* will never make him an accomplish'd *Statesman*? In short, what Business has any rude *Mechanick* in his Stall; a *Botcher*, a *Tinker*, a *Weaver*, a *Butcher*, or any other ignorant Blockhead of a *Boutefeu*, to concern himself with the *Administration*

*tion of Civil Affairs*, which he *knows* no more of than a *Mill-stone*, but only to raise a *Mob* against the *Higher Powers*, instead of reforming *Abuses*, and keeping the *Peace* of the Kingdom?

'Tis of dangerous ill Consequence for People to *judge* of those Things, that are above their *Capacity*, and beyond their *Reason*. *Mysteries of Faith*, are never to be brought down to the *Test of human Understanding*. To determine the *Modus*, destroys the *Mystery*. Where is the *Object of Faith*, if *Christianity* be not *mysterious*? If the blessed *Trinity* be *comprehensible*, what is *Evidence of Things not seen*? What is *Religion*, if the *incomprehensible Arcana's of Heaven* can be reveal'd, or *demonstrated* by the imperfect Knowledge of *Man*? If *God* is no more, than what I *know him to be*; or if I will *believe* no more, than what I do *know* and can *comprehend*? But I forbear launching out of my *Depth*; and am unwilling to go beyond my *Last*, for Fear of *Reflexion*, or transgressing the **Proverb** I would maintain. However, in *divine Matters*, the *Vulgar* are commonly too *curious*, and too apt to *judge for themselves*, either in *reading*, or in *wresting the Scriptures*. God forbid they should be hinder'd from perusing the *Bible*, or from practising the  
holy



*holy Doctrines* and *Precepts* contain'd in it ; but the *Interpretation* should come from their *Ministers*, the Servants of the *Almighty*, upon Earth : Who, although they do not pretend to the *Infallibility* of the *Romish Clergy*, yet must needs be more *infallible* at least, and have more of the *blessed Spirit of God*, in expounding his *Word*, than the *illiterate Laity*. How unreasonably *ensorious* and *pragmatical* are some People, that go to Church for Company, only to advance the *Contempt of the Clergy* ! They shall find Fault with the *Sermon*, for some *natural Imperfections* or other of the *Preacher* ; perhaps, for want of a *good Delivery*, an *audible Voice*, and a genteel *Figure*, *Air*, or *Aspect* in the *Pulpit*. They shall condemn the *Discourse*, let the *Divinity* of it be never so good, and the *Doctrine* never so sound under all those *external Disadvantages*. They shall pretend to give their *Opinion*, I say, who, perhaps, know neither the *Chapter* nor *Verse* where the *Text* was. I have heard a pert Fellow of an *unlearn'd Lay-man*, pass Sentence upon an excellent *Exposition* of an abstruse Passage in *holy Writ*, enucleating the very *Sense* and *Soul* of the *Words* ; I have heard him *cavil* at, and *detract* from it, though he scarce knew a *Letter of a Book* out of his *Geneva-Bible*,  
and

and could hardly either *read* or *write* his Name. Now, this is exceeding his *Last* with a Witness, and he falls under the *Last* of this severe *Reflexion* for't.

In *Seculars* also, a *Self-conceited Pre-tension* of Men, to *judge* of Things above their *Understanding*, foreign to their *Employment*, and out of the Way of their *Business*, is the Mother of all *vulgar Errors*. How ridiculous would it be for a *Fidler*, that plays only by the *Ear*, and *scrapes* about the Country for *Corn*, or some other *Gratuity*, to find Fault with the *Muses's Favourite*, and to reprove a *profess'd Master of Musick*! When PAN challeng'd APOLLO to a Contention, who was the best *Piper* of the two, MIDAS was not a *proper Judge*, though he foolishly gave it for the *former*, and has ever since had *Asses Ears* for't. 'Twas witty enough of STRATONICUS, an eminent *Musician*, trying *Masteries* in his own Way with a *Blacksmith*: Why, *Sirrah*! says he, *you do not perceive that you talk beyond your Hammer*. What have *Porters, Water-men, or Coblers, Vulcans, or Under-layers*, to do with *Poetry and Painting*? Are they *Judges of Number, Proportion, or Symmetry*? Are they *Masters of Harmony, or of Life* it self in other Men's *Performances*, far above the *Ken* of their *Faculties*, and the  
Judgment

*Judgment* of their ordinary Professions? In former Days, the impertinent MARSYAS had his Skin stripp'd over his Ears for a *Presumption* of this Nature. There goes a notable *Story* of APELLES, the celebrated *Painter*, which first gave *Authority* to this very *Proverb*. Why, a *Cobler*, it seems, condemn'd a famous *Piece* he had drawn, and expos'd to publick View, because he had made *too few Latchets to his Golo-shoes*: [Now he lurk'd behind the *Picture* all the while, to *bear* what was *said* on't by People, as they pass'd along; as no Man is a fit *Judge* of his own *Work*.] He *mends* it accordingly; and the *Alteration* was no sooner made, but the *Cobler* comes again the next Day, and finds huge Fault with the *Leg* too, over and above the *Latchets*. Upon this, APELLES peeps out: And well! *Cobler*, says he, get you gone; *keep to your Last at Home*, and mind your own Business. How *judicious* was this *Expression*, never to be forgotten; and the *Reprimand* worthy of an *absolute Master* of the *Art* he profess'd!

The *moral Instruction* therefore of the whole, will be this; to believe those that are *skilful* in their own *Art*; not to *meddle* or *make* with Things out of our own *proper Sphere*; and not to presume to *correct*, or to *mend* what we do not *understand*.  
No



No Man ought to *judge for himself* in in Matters of Moment, beyond his *Ability*, his *Parts*, or his *Knowledge*, lest he should be misled, misinform'd, or mistaken by his own *private Phancy* and *Suggestion*. Men are always too *wise* in their own *Opinions*; *wise* even to a *Fault*, to *Folly*, and *extravagant Surmises*. But if *Artists* were only to judge of *Arts*, or *Scholars* of *Truth*, *Learning*, and *Knowledge*, we should be troubled with fewer *Whimsies*, as well as labour under a less Burden of *Errors*; and not have Occasion for so many *Shooing-horns* to pull on one *Mistake* upon the Back of another, among a deluded, ignorant, credulous *Populace*, till we are cramp'd and confounded in our *Judgment*, and have got *perplexing Corns*, or the *Gout* in our *Heads*, instead of our *Toes*. There would be no *disputing* then about *temporal* or *spiritual Affairs* with unskillful *Mechanicks*, that understand little or nothing of the *fundamental Constitution* of the Government. There would be no contending with pretended popular *Ignoramus's*, *Opiniators*, *what shall I call 'em*? who should be *uppermost*, or have the *highest Interest* in the Common-wealth, the *Learn'd*, or the *Illiterate*, the *Honest*, or the *Perfidious*. There would be no *Faction*, no *Piqueering*, no *Party-making* among

among wise *Patriots* ; lest the *Church* should become a *By-word* to her Enemies, either by secular *Policy*, or by modern Ecclesiastical *Polity*. Then HIC—GILL would be *punish'd* one for All ; ST——NS would be *degraded* for ever ; P——GE, the ill-tongu'd lying *Almanack-maker*, would have his Mouth stopp'd for calling that a *Brimstone-Church*, which is *establiſh'd* by *Law* ; T——IN, the late foolish *Observer*, would have been finally *silenc'd* ; and DANIEL DE FOE, the paltry *Reviewer* of whiggish Lies and Stories, would be utterly depriv'd of *Pen, Ink, and Paper*, for the *Benefit* of the whole *Kingdom*, as well as the *Orthodox Clergy*, or this **P**roverb in particular. Then every cobling, botching, busy *Trifler*, durst not go beyond his *Last*.

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P R O V. XXXIV.

Every Man thinks his own Geese,  
Swans.

*Reflexion.*

**A**ND every Crow thinks her own Bird the fairest, though it be never so black and ugly. The Owl in the Fable,  
fet

set up her *young Ones* for the greatest *Beauties* that ever flew; as if they had been so exquisitely *fair, comely, and reserved*, that they never appear'd by *Day* for Fear of being *Sun-burn'd*. No otherwise do the *fulsomest Ladies*, that are all *Feathers*, sometimes conceit themselves to be the *finest* Creatures of the Creation, and the perfectest *Paragons* of their whole Sex. No otherwise do some *foppish Gentlemen*, that are meer *Mag-pyes* in Colours, Dress, and Language, phancy themselves the *handsomest Persons* that the Sun shines upon, with no little Shame at the Reflexion of their *gawdy Splendor*. They say, the *ÆTHIOPIANS* have so good an Opinion, and are so great Admirers of their *own Complexion*, that they paint the *DEVIL white*, lest he should be thought like *them*, I suppose, or esteem'd as *dark and beautiful* as they are in their *own Conceits*; for the *blacker*, the *fairer* the *MOOR*.

*Self-Love* is the Mother of *Pride, Vanity, and Mistake*. It turns a Man's *Geese* into *Swans*, his *Dunghil-Poultry* into *Pheasants*, or his *Lambs* into *Venison*. It makes him crack of every Thing he has about him, to the Skies; whether of *Eating, Drinking, wearing Apparel, Ornament, Goods of Body, or of Mind*; whether of

M

Wit



Wit or Beauty, of Parts, Knowledge, or Performances, he still cries them all up for *superlative Excellencies*, next to the *Miracle* of changing the very *Nature* of 'em for the better, and making them all at last the *best* of every Sort in the World, by the imaginary *Transmutation* of his own fantastick Brain. *No Body* has any Thing like *his*, Forsooth: *His* Geese are all Swans. *Another* Person's *Fruit, Fish, or Fowl*, are not to be compar'd to *his*, either for their Largeness, Sweetness, or Delicacy. *His* Gardens are as *fine* as those at VERSAILLES; not to say *finer*, out of good Manners. *His* Birds, and *his* Beasts, *his* Hounds, *his* Hawks, and *his* Horses, *his* Ponds, *his* House, and *his* Land, *his* Contrivances, *his* Projects, *his* every Thing, from a Dog or a Cat, or the making of a *Mouse-Trap*, to *his* daily Food, are all the *finest* of the Kind still; the most admirable, handsom, or ingenious, and incomparably the *best* in the *Universe*, either for the *Eye*, the *Ear*, or the *Tooth*; either for *Service*, *Diet*, or *Diversion*. This is the *self-conceited Coxcomb*, that, over and above all those other peerless *Perfections* he boasts of, thinks *himself* the *wisest* of *Men* too by his own good Word, and in the over-weaning *Opinion* of his own *short-sighted Faculties*.

How

How many People are pointed at by this *Proverb*? There is no Man so great, so learned, or so good, so genteel, fair, beautiful, bold, brave, and courageous, but he may have his *Fellow*, or meet with his *Match* in the World; and in no wise his *Inferior*, but as well *accomplish'd* in all *Respects*, as his *High* and *Mightiness* himself: Another may be equally qualify'd with as considerable *Endowments*, and as valuable *Blessings*, both of *Nature* and *Fortune*, as he that phancies he *s—ts Frankincense*, or that brags of a *Perfume*, as agreeable as *Musk*, in what he leaves behind him upon *Necessity*. 'Tis true, no one ever *stinks* in his own *Nostrils*, but another Man may be as *sweet* as he to the full, in the *Sense* of all indifferent and unprejudic'd Persons; those, I mean, that are not *partial* to themselves, their *Friends*, or their *Fautors*, nor prepossess'd with the *Flatteries* of *Sycophants* and *Smell-Feasts*. There are such false *Parasites* and fawning *Favourites* entertain'd in all Places, that I cannot but believe every *Body* loves to be *flatter'd*, more or less, if my Master ARISTOTLE is not quite *mistaken*. An *inbred Philauty* runs through the whole *Race* of *Flesh* and *Blood*. They are wonderfully *fond* of hearing their own *Praises*. They delight to be sooth'd in their *Vices*,

as well as applauded, for their *Vertues*. They are mightily pleas'd to have their very *Infirmities* and *Imperfections* complemented. But the *fair Sex* especially, is most subject to this *Weakness*. 'Tis a *Woman's Character* all over, to be *cajol'd* into a better *Opinion* of her *Parts*, *Beauty*, and *Knowledge*, than she really deserves; or to believe *her self* a *Saint* and an *Angel* before her Time, from the obliging Mouth of an *hypocritical Adorer*. Nothing can gratify her *Curiosity* more at *Church*, than a fine complaisant smooth-tongu'd *Parson* in the Pulpit, or engage her Phancy more at *Home*, than a genteel, gallant, coaxing *Courtier*. *Young Ladies*, generally speaking, are the greatest *Admirers* of *themselves*; while they have the Briskness of *Air*, *Mein*, and *Address* on their Sides, they think every Man in *Love* with them, that looks at 'em; and if they are not charmingly *fair* in their own Eyes, the *Glass* is *false*; it misrepresents their *Faces*, and belies *Nature*: Or, perhaps, they have the *Vanity* to imagine, that the *Handsomness* of their Persons, the *Proportion* of their Features, and the *Beauty* of their Complexions, are far above the *Expression of Art*, and cannot be *reflected*, to their *just Perfection*, by any *Mirroure* of human Invention. But  
what



what is worst of all yet, neither does this *selfish Idolatry* always wear off with *Youth*, or abate by *Wrinkles*; nor can either *Time* or *Age* secure some decay'd, wither'd *old Women*, from the Error of their own *Admiration*. How did old Mother Acco foolishly *dote* on her own *Ugliness*, 'till a true Discovery, and an absolute Conviction of her *Deformity*, cost her all her Senses, her Reason, and her Life at once, for her *Simplicity*! But I blush at the Name of NARCISSUS, that *beautiful Fool of Fools*, that a *Man* should pine away with a *Womanish* Passion, and *admire himself to Death*, as well as to the *Dishonour* of his *Sex*!

Such a *Self-Love*, as this of *Credulity* or *Ostentation*, is a *Mote* in every *Man's Eye*; it *byasses* the Mind, *blinds* the Understanding, *perverts* the Judgment, *depraves* the Will, and *corrupts* the Reason of the most *modest*, and otherwise, the most *perspicuous Distinguishers* of Truth from Fallhood. It utterly destroys all *Impartiality*; it renders every one ridiculously *selfish*, *singular*, and *opinionative*; it makes him so fondly *conceited of himself*, that he *prefers* his own *Art* for its Excellency, his own *Skill* for its Perfection, his own *Compositions* for their Wit, his own *Productions* for their Beauty, his

own *Children* for their Handsomness, his own *Servants* for their Fidelity, his own *Country* for its Pleasantness, and every *Thing* else that is his *own*, for its incomparable Fineness, far before *all others* of equal, if not of higher Merit, superior Quality, and the noblest Accomplishments: Whereas all Things, *his* or *mine*, on the contrary, ought to have the Preference, according to their intrinsic Worth, not Possession, or Opiniatrety. In fine, it even makes a Man's *Vices*, *Deformities*, and ill *Manners*, please himself, how much soever they may displease or disoblige the rest of *Mankind*. This *Selfishness* of Affection also tains *Religion*, and puffs the *Fanaticks* up with an *enthusiastick Conceit* of their own *Purity*, to the last Degree of Rage, Envy, and Madness, against *loyal Churchmen*. How censorious are some pretended *Pharisaical Saints*, that think all other People *Devils*, but themselves, and yet have not *Charity* enough to deserve the Name of *Christians*, for all their vaunted *Piety* and *Goodness*!

But to moderate the Matter a little on the other Hand: There's no Reason but every *Bride* should seem to be the fairest of *Women* in the *Bridegroom's* Eye; and that every *King* should believe his own *Queen* to be the handsomest, the finest, and

and the most *admirable lovely Lady* in the World, according to the Merit of her *Vertue*: As indeed we have one is at present the most glorious *Example of Conjugal Affection and Happiness*. Every *Bird* likes its *own Nest*, but the *Cuckoo*, that scandalous Creature, which lays its *Eggs* elsewhere to be *hatch'd* by another's Warmth, Care, and Indulgence. Every *Man* therefore ought to love his *own Wife* best, if she be *vertuous or honest*; and to prefer her *Embraces* above any *other Women*, let 'em be never so *beautiful or bewitching*. Let his *lawful Spouse* be what she will, lame, crooked, blind, ill-shap'd, or ugly, 'tis a *favourable Case* yet for him to be fond of her, to a Fault, to think her a *Phœnix*, and a *None-such*, or to *admire* her, even to the *Contradiction* of his Eye-sight, for the Sake of some internal *Graces* of inestimable Value. *True Love* hides all personal Disadvantages, and external Irregularities, either of *Make, Carriage, or Aspect*, from the kind *Husband*; and he cannot perceive his *Wife* to be so *hard-favour'd, or deform'd*, as to cause an *Aversion* against his own *Flesh and Blood*. Well! and after all yet, *one Ass* will seem *fair* still in the Eye of *another*, and a *Sow* will appear *beautiful* enough in the Sight of a *Boar*; for *Love and Likeness* com-



monly go together, and *Lovers* can never *dislike* what they blindly admire. But I forbear pursuing any *Odium* of the Comparison further, or interpreting it upon *human Lusts*; which are able to transform the most *beastly Hag* into a *Lady of Pleasure*.

However, in one Word more: When *Scholars*, of all Men living, that have the least Reason to overshoot themselves, become gross *Opiniators*; when they magnify themselves with *monstrous Conceits* of their super-excellent Qualifications, or Performances: When every *Author* sets up for the *best Writer*, of the first Rank, in his own Judgment, and will not allow any other to come in *Competition* with him, for *Stile*, *Wit*, or *Learning*: When such *high-flown Gentlemen* as these, I say, think no Body's *Works*, but their own, *Rarities*, or as well worth the *reading*, they verify this *Proverb* in the *worst Sense* of it, and make good my *Reflexion*, to the Disgrace of their *affected Pretensions*.

PROV.

PROV. XXXV.

After Meat comes Mustard.

*Reflexion.*

I Have seen *this* actually verify'd at many *Tables*, through the *Negligence* and *Overfight* of thoughtless *Servants*. When the *Beef* was all eaten up, in came the *Mustard*. When the *Guests* had done sucking their *Thumbs*, the *Napkins* were brought in to *wipe* their *Fingers*. When the *insipid* *Entertainment* was over, the *Pickles* and the *Sawces* were serv'd up. When *Grace* after *Meat* was said, the *Apple-Pye*, or the *Pudding* was thought of, to *tantalize* the *Company* : So that this *Proverb* is a quick *Reprimand* to all such forgetful, giddy-brain'd *Hussies*, that do not mind their *Master's* *Business* upon *entertaing* his *Friends* at *Dinner*, as they ought to do with *Order* and *Decency* ; whether the *Mistress* or the *Maid* be in *Fault*, to serve their *Guests* so preposterously with *Mustard* after *Meat* , by a careless *Sort* of *Accommodation*.

But it is a *general* *Failing* in other *Affairs*, that we commonly begin to *think* too late. *Procrastinating*, and putting  
Things

Things off 'till to *Morrow*, argues the highest *Presumption*, as well as *Imprudence*. 'Tis not to tell what *Danger*, what *Damage*, or what *Disappointment* may proceed from *Delay*, and being *tardy* in our *Business*. If we do not take *Time* by the *Forelock*, we may bid *adieu* to the fairest *Opportunity*, either of doing our selves *Justice* upon a *critical Juncture*, or of serving a *Friend* upon a *dead List*, and a *Necessity* of doing it *now* or *never*. There's no catching hold of *Occasion* BEHIND; whether its *Baldness* (as the *Poets* phancy) or the *Swiftiness* of its *Flight*, puts it out of our *Power* to *recal* what is *past*. The *wisest after-Thought* can never make *Amends* for an *irrecoverable Slip* of *Vertue*. *Virginity* is brittle *Ware*, and *crack'd Maiden-heads* cannot be set together again, like *broken China*, or *Venice-Glasses*, without *discovering* the *Fault*, by *unwishting* the *Misfortune*. *Religion* it self suffers extremely by being *postpon'd* to *worldly Affairs*. Some People either cannot take *Time* from looking after their *Business*, or will not, out of a *Scruple* of *Conscience*, go to *Church* on *Sundays*, 'till *Prayers* are over, as if they were to be sav'd by the *Sermon*, upon the *Neglect* of their *Devotion*.



We often come a *Day after the Fair*, with our foolish *Apologies* and *Excuses* for Loss of *Time*, *Credit*, or *Honour*. We rarely *think* of preventing a *Debauch* over-Night, before we are *Crop-sick*, and our *Heads* *ake* the next Morning. We seldom or never *consider* of preserving our *Health*, 'till it is in *Danger*, or quite *lost*. When the *Patient* is past *Recovery*, we are as busy as can be in sending for the *Doctor* to cure Death. But such *after-Wit* seems to be the most ridiculous *Folly* in the World. 'Tis *too late* to unbend the *Bow*, when it is *broken* by a violent Intention. 'Tis *in vain* to fetch *Water* to quench the *Fire*, when the *House* is burn'd down to *Asbes*. 'Tis the *Proverb*, to proffer a *Kindness*, when the *Danger is over*; to talk of sending *Relief*, when the *Battel is ended*; or to prescribe a *Medicine* for a Man, when he is *dead*. *Dispatch* is the Soul of *Business*, both in *Peace* and *War*, in *private*, as well as in *publick*. The *Soldier* and the *Physician*, of all Men living, ought to let no *Time* slip in Cases of *Life* and *Death*. A *friendly Office* must be done out of Hand, to *nick* the present *Extremity of Occasion* for't. There's no *Recovery* in the *Coffin*. The slow, sottish, silly TROJANS, never lay'd their Heads together about restoring HELENA to the GRECI-  
ANS,

ANS, before they had experienc'd the dismal Calamities of a *ten Year's Siege*, and had lost their *Country*, or their *Lives* and *Fortunes*, for a PUNK ; which a little *Forefight* of future Events, and the fatal Contingences of *War*, might have timely prevented by mature *Consultations* and deliberate *Resolves*, from being recorded in the Rolls of *eternal Folly* as well as *Fame to after-Ages*.

'Tis *biting Mustard* indeed after *Meat*, to have eaten to a mortal *Surfeit*, to have drank to a poysonous *Excess* of Intemperance, or to have done any Thing for want of a prudential *Forecast*, that we may be the *worse* for, and *repent* of having done all the Days of our *Lives afterwards*. Jollity, Feasting, and Junketing, are shrewd Temptations to an *unthinking Freedom*, or a *ridiculous Merry-making* ; such an indiscreet Bout, that may prove as *fatal* as eating the notorious *Herb*, which causes a *foolish Kind of Laughing* with *Sorrow* or *Destruction* in the End. There's a *Sting* in the *Tail* of all unlawful Pleasures, Satisfactions, or Delights. When we have spent all the *Money* that we are worth, there remains still a miserable *after-Reckoning*. The most prosperous *Lewdness* never fails of an *after-Clap*, to embitter a *rash Enjoyment*. How many People

ple daily *dig* their own *Graves*, either with their *Teeth*, their *Tongues*, or their *Tails*, for want of good Conduct, Government, and Foresight, before they are ever aware of the *ensuing Mischief*! They do not dream of *future Consequences*, nor think of *to Morrow*, let it be never so late at Night. They cannot be *perswaded* to *repent* of their *past Follies*, or of their *present Desperation*, 'till they are *a dying*, with the *Remorse* of this *Proverb* upon their Consciences: But, as a jolly ingenious Friend of mine has this Expression often in his Mouth, *'Tis too late to pray, when the Devil's come.*

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P R O V. XXXVI.

*Good Wine* needs no *Bush*.

*Reflexion.*

**V**ertue is valuable for it *self*, and *internal Goodness* stands in Need of no *external Flourishes*. If the *Wine* be good, who will not commend it, in a corrupt Age of *adulterating* all Sorts of *potable Liquor*? Why, it will sufficiently recommend it *self*, without any BUSH, to the *Palates* and *Custom* of all those ever after,



after, who have once drank it, or have lately tasted the *true Juice* of the Grape, without Tricks of *Balderdash* and *Sophistication*. The *Vintner* needs nothing, but a *Leather Apron*, to make him a good *Cellar-man*; and then his *Wine* will be never the *worse* for Want of a jolly *BACCHUS*, a *FOUNTAIN*, a *CROWN*, a *KING'S-HEAD*, or a *DEVIL* at the *Door*: If he has but *Honesty* enough, to be so ingenious as not to impose upon his *Countryman*, his *Friend*, or his *Customer*, that cannot distinguish *French* from *Spanish*, *Lisbon* from *Canary*, or *Port* from true *English Cyder*. The finest *Bunch of Grapes* that ever was hung upon a *Sign-Post*, is no infallible Token of a Glass of extraordinary neat good *Wine* within Doors; while the *intrinsic Worth* of a *Bottle of Genuine and Generous* never fails of pleasing a *noble Gust*, without *extrinsic Paint* and *Pageantry*, under all the Disadvantages of *outward Show*, *Splendor*, or *Invitation* in the *Street*; nay, even without any Temptation of a *fair Bar-Keeper* in the *House* over and above to force a *Trade*. But not to *preach* too long over this *Liquor*, the *Moral Sense* of the *Proverb* is for the most Part to be found out of *Taverns*.

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'Tis no *drunken Metaphor* neither, but carries a good *sober Meaning* along with it; namely, that *excellent Persons* or *Things* are to be lov'd, prais'd, and admir'd, for their *own Sakes*: And it holds forth a just *Reflexion* also under the same Cover, upon our *undervaluing* those that are really *good* in *themselves*, for Want of *outward Graces*, *false Airs*, or a *gawdy Aspect*. *Counterfeits* have commonly the *finest Looks*, and make the most tearing *Figure* on the *Outside*: For the *Cheat* would never take else with any tolerable *Impression* upon the *Beholder*, if it was not dress'd up to the best Advantage of *Gaiety* and *Admiration*. But in Opposition to the fantastical Humour of emulating *Butter-flies* in the Glory of external Dress, we commonly say, A GOOD FACE NEEDS NO BAND: And what Necessity of *Set-offs*, to a *perfect Beauty*? *Patches* do but hide the *Features*, and *deface Nature*, as if the fair *Lady* study'd *Deformity*, was industrious to make herself *ugly*, or *less charming*, and had resolv'd to wear the *Blemishes* of her *Mind* upon her *Forehead*. Such artificial *Fanfarons*, as *Spots* and *Spangles*, painting the *Cheeks red* and *white*, and all the Colours of the *Rainbow*, or the *Peacock's Tail* in Apparel, are the livelyest *Emblems* of *inward Frailties*, and only display our *Va-*  
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nity, or the secret Vices of the Soul, to publick View. Good Women, like good Wine, need no Bush of false Hair, and no superficial Allurements to render themselves either agreeable or happy; they want no Fallals, no Washes, no Plaistering like whited Walls, to make their Fortunes upon the Cheat of a forc'd unnatural Complexion, a perfum'd Breath, or a stolen Beauty. When a young jaunty Widow appears with so much borrow'd Lustre in her joyful Mourning, as Pride, Art, and Money, can furnish, she might as well have hung out the Sign of a second Marriage, with a tempting Motto upon it, of her first Husband's being quite forgotten in a Month's Time; or have put up a Bill at the Door, to tell the World, that *this House is to be let, enquire within, and know farther*, to your Satisfaction; for, GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH. Such a gay flaunt'ring Appearance of our faithless Relict, will be as good as a NOVE-RINT UNIVERSI, that the Widow is a Woman still every Inch of her, and a Wanton into the Bargain.

But we ought to look farther than the Surface of Things, and not so lightly skin over the Water like Swallows, to find whether it is fordable; we ought to dive deeper into the Breasts of People, and search  
out



out the *inmost Recesses* of their *Hearts*, to discover their real *Dispositions* of *Mind*, as to *Temper* and *Merit*, or *Faith*, *Goodness*, and *Vertue*. 'There's no trusting to a fine *Frontispiece* ; no believing of *external Embellishments*, without knowing what *Order*, what *Furniture*, and what *Excellency* is in that stately *Edifice*. The *Gods* may be *without*, while the *Devils* are *within* ; a *Saint* in the *Face*, may be a *Fiend* at *Heart* ; the *Out-houses* may be fair to look upon, but the *inner Rooms* unadorn'd, ghastly, or disagreeable. *Painted Sepulchres* are always full of *Rottenness* and *Corruption*. So that to come nearer to the Point in Question, the *visible Ornaments* of the *Body*, how glorious soever, are no true *Criteria*s of the *invisible Worth*, *Honour*, and *Nobleness* of the *Soul*. The *Church of Rome* is no better for her *Haughtiness*, and *Ostentation* of a pretended *Visibility*, or setting up her *Candle* so *high* ; for *Humility* (and, I had like to have said, *Obscurity* too ; but we are not so much in the *Dark* yet) is the best *Mark* of a *good Christian*, or a *true Catholick*. A *Man* may be *learned*, without a *long Wig*: *False Hair* cannot make any one *wise*. He may be a *moral good Man*, without swaggering about like a *Mountebank* in *rich Cloaths*, all over *lac'd*, perhaps, to shew his *Foppery*

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pery, and expose the Vanity of making his *Back* indebted to his *Pocket*, for all the *Gold* and *Silver* he carries about him. He wants no fulsom *Beau-Neckcloth*, to be in Fashion still, and countenanc'd among Men of Sense and Sobriety, of Knowledge and Literature, or of Generosity, Probity, and Reservedness. His *Conversation* will always be singularly taking, and highly agreeable for its own Worth alone. He has no Occasion to put his *Head* upon a *Sign*, to make himself known by exposing his *Picture*, or to proclaim the *Simplicity* of his Mind, as well as the general *Approbation* of his natural Parts and Endowments. HERMES, SENECA, and ERASMUS, are not so much oblig'd to our *Chymists*, *Apothecaries*, or *Book-sellers*, for perpetuating their Memories, by putting *them* up to distinguish and countenance their *Shops*; for *they* have been so famous through all Ages for profound *Wit* and *Learning*, that they never stood in need of those Helps to make their Works *vendible*. Their excellent *Writings* will be had in everlasting *Esteem*, and *sell*, without giving publick Notice to put us in Mind of 'em, 'till *Ingenuity*, *Knowledge*, and *Morality* it self, shall become a *Drug*, and no Body will take their inestimable *Books* off-a-Hand. St. GEORGE

on Horse-back, before an Inn-keeper's Door, is no certain Argument, that a brave national Champion lives there, or that Travellers shall have any better Accommodation, and civilier Usage, for his trampling upon the Dragon. Kings and Princes did not use to keep their Courts at Ale-Houses, though their Heads are up there, in my Opinion, to the great Disgrace of their high Birth and Quality: For that popular Custom does no Honour to their Memories, and cannot excuse the Affront, or the Indignity, which looks like posting them only for Cowards, Drunkards, or Whore-masters: Neither can we, upon that Account of Royal Pomp, and Parade in Effigie, expect the more noble Treatment, either from the Tap or the Table of the little pimping Master of a Tippling or a Victualling-House. I would say one Thing more upon this Head, by the By, without Censure, that the SOVEREIGN LORD OF THE UNIVERSE needs no Orator, wants none of our Praises, Prayers, or Harangues, none of our lively Representations of Happiness, either to meliorate or magnify HEAVEN. All our Services are unprofitable still; no Addition to Infinity; no Obligation upon the supreme Goodness. Some Men are too familiar with our Saviour, as if they were his



*Chronies*, or his intimate *Acquaintance*. A Person that should drink a *good Health* to GOD ALMIGHTY, would be look'd up-on to be either *drunk* or *mad*, or *ignorant* to the very Height of Stupidity.

In short, *he* that sells a *good Commodity* in any Kind, whether he be a *Merchant*, a *Mercer*, a *Haberdasher* of *small Wares*, a *Vintner*, or what you please, will never want *Customers*. People need not much *courting* to *buy* there again, where they have once made a *good Market*. There's no Occasion for any *Ceremony* at the *Shop-Door*, to invite them IN. They will certainly go *thither* of themselves, where they have been faithfully dealt with upon the *Word* of an honest Man; and his *Chapmen* all know, that he verifies the *Proverb* of *good Wine needing no Bush*, to all Intents, Principles, and Purposes, by his own just Way of *Trafficking*, or in *selling* that, which will both do the *Buyer* good Service, and get *himself* great Credit in the Commonwealth. In a Word, such a *trading Proverb* as this, requires no farther *Descant* upon it; but must needs pass *current*, without any other *Certificate* or *Credentials*, than *Experience*, throughout the whole World.

PROV.

## P R O V. XXXVII.

It is good to make *Hay*, while the  
*Sun shines*.

*Reflexion.*

**H**OW many People have got *Estates* by this ~~p~~roverb, and made an excellent *Harvest* on't! It is as plain as the *Sun*, that *Summer* does not last *always*. It is not always *fair Weather*; which, methinks, may pass for a very good Argument, that we ought to make the best *Use* of our *Time* in an honest Way, when it serves our *Turn*, when it is *seasonable*, when the *Sun shines*, and seems to *smile* upon our *Affairs*, or to *favour*, if not also to *flatter* our *Enterprizes*. Every *Undertaking* ought to be *tim'd* according to the nice *Punctillo's* of nicking the *Opportunity*, that fairly offers it self to our *Consideration* and *Interest*. If we let the *Sun* slip into a *Cloud*, or discharge a *Shower of Rain*, the *Business of Hay-making* will be *over* for that *Bout*. We must quit the *Field* then, upon neglecting the *Serenity* of the *Day*: And if we *loiter* away the *Light*, or spend our *Time* in *Vanity* and in *Idleness*, upon such pressing and inviting Oc-

*casions* ; if we stay too long any where by the *Avocation* of *Drinking*, or good *Company*, and lose an *Advantage* by unnecessary *Delay*, improper *Satisfaction*, or impertinent *Delight*, we may then thank our selves for it at *Leisure* ; we may then bid *good Night*, NICHOLAS , ( according to the jocular *Phrase* of a certain jolly *Toper* ) the *Moon's* in a *Flock-Bed*. Indeed, we may *repent* of the *Omission* ; but the **Proverb** does neither *pardon* our *Mistake*, nor *forgive* our *Imprudence*, upon a serious *Reflexion* of the *Immorality*.

*Time* is so ticklish a Point, that it demands the most *critical Observation*. The Story of FRYAR BACON'S *Brazen Head*, is well enough known, whether it be *believ'd* or not, for saying, *TIME WAS, and TIME IS, and TIME WILL NEVER BE AGAIN* : But, *true* or *false*, I am sure the *Moral* of it cannot but be well worth our *Attention* and *Practice* ; that is, to *watch* the silent *Motions* of *Time*, and make a *seasonable Use* of our *swiftest Minutes*, in all the urgent *Affairs* of our *Lives* ; which, perhaps, may require an immediate *Dispatch* before the *Sun sets*, to prevent all *Disappointments* and *Miscarriages*, that may happen by a *dilatory Carelessness* e'er it *rises* again in our *Hemisphere*. Forty *Virtuoso's* fancy they had got the PHILOSOPHER'S



SOPHER'S STONE, but for this *Oversight*, through some unlucky *Neglect* or other, and either some *Misunderstanding*, *Mismanagement*, or *Misfortune* of the PRESENT TENSE: That golden *Juncture*, in the Opinion of our credulous, as well as sedulous *Alchymists*, when SOL appears to glorify the *Operation* of their Hands, and reward their *Labour* with *inexpressible Riches*, by no less a *Miracle* than the Power of *transmuting* all *imperfect Metals* into *Gold* and *Silver*. O wonderful *Mystery*! strange *Magick* indeed! This is more than *making Hay while the Sun shines*. But however *that* be, there's no dallying with *Now* or *Never*, and no *deliberating* upon a *downright Duty*. It must be done out of Hand, like *firing a Piece*; we must not *flash* in the *Pan* only, but make the *Gun* go off, and *discharge* a good Conscience *ipso facto*, without *Hesitation*, *hunting* and *hawing*, or *wavering* in the least from a *positive Obligation*. FELIX ought not to have put off the great ST. PAUL to *another Time*, but to have given him a *present Hearing*, upon the Voice of divine Inspiration, as well as his own trembling Conviction at the Truth of the *Apostle's* powerful and perswasive Doctrine. *Delays* argue the unmanly *Chagrin*, either of a Fool or a Knave; and are as *dange-*

rous to the full, as they are *imprudent* or *cowardly*. *Dilatory Proceedings* seldom ever prove to be *sincere* at the Bottom. *Defering* our Obedience to a lawful *Command*, looks like shuffling with the *higher Powers*, and halting betwixt *Duty* and *Interest*, in Hopes to play *our own Game* in the *Event* of a dubious *Affair* : But these politick Practices and *Put-offs*, are as rarely *successful* in the *End*, as they are *honest* or *honourable* in the *Beginning*. Let the *Sky* fall, *Justice* ought to be *done*, without *doubting*, *lingering*, and *disputing*, whether we should trust *GOD* with his *Providence*, and *MEN* with their *Rights*. Heaven loves no *demurring* in *Religion*, and allows no *controverting* of *Principles of Faith* to be necessary to *Salvation*. What signifies human *Deliberation*, and groping in the *Dark*, when the *Deity* hath *said* it, and the *Light* of the *GOSPEL* shines in our *Faces* ?

But this *Proverb*, after all, is too often taken by the wrong *Handle*. The unconstant *Temporizer* interprets it in Favour of his own *sinister Ends* and *Designs*, of making his *Fortune* upon a prosperous *Revolution* at *Court*. The cunning *Trimmer* calculates it to the *Humour* of shifting *Scenes*, and changing *Principles* upon *Occasion*, for his own *Security*, *Preservation*,

or

or *Preferment*. The corrupt *Ambidexter* of a *Lawyer*, expounds it for his own *Lucre*, upon making a good fat *Term* on't, right or wrong. The mercenary *Courtier* fills his own Pockets and his Coffers with it, upon a favourable Opportunity of *embezzelling* and *purloining*. The unjust *Steward* thrives upon it in the *Summer* of his Prosperity; reaps a plentiful *Harvest* from his Lord and Master's *Gleanings*, and grows as rich as a gathering *Pismire*, that abundantly provides against the *Adversities* of a coming *Winter*, or the *Miseries* of Poverty and Want. The common *Filt* manages her easy *Cully* by't, and makes the most she can of the *Milk-sop*, while he is in a good *generous* Humour, in a *giving* Temper of Mind, and has any Thing, either of *Money* or *Goods*, left to ruin himself, to *purchase* the *Pox*, and to *pay* for his own *Destruction*. They must all make *Hay* (*Forsooth*) while the *Sun* shines, or NEVER; never meet with such a glorious Opportunity again of *enriching* themselves with the Spoils of other People's *Estates*. And thus this good, honest, industrious *Proverb*, is made a *Stalking-Horse* to the grossest Villanies, and wire-drawn to countenance a thousand base Practices of the *temporizing* and *trimming* of Turn-Coats, of *Bribery*, *Subornation*, and *Perjury*, of  
Cheating



*Cheating and Fraud, of Extortion and Theft, of Oppression and Injustice, of Adultery, Fornication and Murder, which is the Consummation of all Iniquity upon Earth. I had like to have forgot one more, among the many others, and that is, the diligent Debauchee; who makes it his sole Business to wrest this vertuous Sentence, to the carrying on of his own dishonourable Intrigues; he loses no Time in Pursuit of his Prey; he lets pass no Moment, either of Opportunity or Importunity, to gratify his Lewdness; he watches all Hours, studies Night and Day to gain his Point upon a deluded Innocence, and to find out the critical Minute of a favourable, filthy, fatal Compliance. But notwithstanding all these Misapplications of our ADAGE, the true Meaning of it, on the other Hand, is highly moral. It is rather a great Encouragement to Vertue and Goodness, than to vicious Pranks. It teaches us to let no Time of doing our selves good Service, slip through our Fingers; and to lose no Opportunity of preserving our Reputation in any difficult Streights, which often seems to be put into our Hands by a providential Care. There must be no If or And in the Case; no Delay, no dallying; no deferring of the Matter, no rambling Thoughts, no following of false Fires; but*

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to stick close to the *Text* of our *Duty*, and never launch out into *Ambiguities*, or *doubtful Resolves*. I appeal to all the unfortunate *Ladies of Pleasure* about Town, at this *present Juncture*, who have generally been *undone* by their fickle *Deliberations*, and foolish *Doubts*, concerning the happy State of *Honesty*, for the Truth of the following *Affertion*. *Vertue* is gone, when it comes to *capitulating*, and talking of *Terms*, or *another Time*. *She* must stand to't, in all *critical Conjunctions* of *Temptation* or *Attack*. *She* is impregnable, and fears neither *Storm* nor *Tempest*, to make her *surrender*. *She's* Proof against *Corruption* or *Violence*, and wants no *Time* to consider of the Defence of her *Innocency*. *She* defies the *Affault*, and vanquishes the *Affailant*, both at once. *She* triumphs, without *any more ado*, like the victorious *Sun*; and without any other Ceremony, disperses the flying *Cloud*, that would have *overshadow'd* her *Glory*. *She* never pleads a *Demurrer* against her *Adversary*, but baffles him upon the *first Hearing*. *She* knows, that *Modesty* once lost, can never be *recover'd* in any *Court of Justice* or *Conscience*: No; such *Jewels* cannot be found *THERE* again, nor even in those very *Places of Pastime*, where they were formerly lost; lost only for want

want of a little *Resolution* or *Resistance* for want of exerting a Point of Honour upon the *fairest Opportunity* of conquering with Ease, in the Struggle, and of making *Hay while the Sun shines*.

We have a very notable old Country-*Roundel*, to this Effect :

*He that will not, when he may ;  
When he will, he shall have nay.*

It is but good Manners for every Man, Woman, and Child, to take what is given them by their *Betters*, for Fear of being deny'd after, when they have a Mind to't. He that will not accept of an *Opportunity*, either of doing himself *Justice*, or an Honour, when it is once kindly offer'd, may at length, perhaps, find his own Error and Repentance in the *Refusal*, as well as lose the *Benefit* of this *Proverb* for ever afterwards, in a total *Eclipse* of his Fortune. We must *strike while the Iron is hot*, if we would make any *Work* on't, even from *Mechanicks*, or hammering a *Horse-shoe* in a *Smith's Shop*, to higher Things, nobler Employments, and the Sun's shining in the Heavens, for far more illustrious Undertakings also than *Hay-making*. The Sun will not stand still for Us, as it did in JOSHUA'S Time upon GIBEON ;

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or *slacken* its Course for such flow, negligent, idle, trifling, insignificant Morals as *we* are, upon little *Occasions* of Husbandry, Livelihood, Learning, Ambition, or Preferment; nor upon any *other* neither of less Moment, than where the Glory of *Omnipotence*, and infinite *Veracity* or *Goodness*, may be highly *concern'd*. And yet we ought not to let the *Sun* go down upon our *Wrath*, or our *Impenitence*; neither ought we to let it conclude our *Sluggishness*, by a violent Presumption of promising our selves an uncertain *to-Morrow*. We do not deserve to *eat*, before we have done our *Duty* for't; we should not *sleep*, before we are reconcil'd to this **Proverb**; and never lead such *lazy*, or *unactive* Lives, as not to *make Hay while the Sun shines*; not to be doing something still, that is either proper to the *Occasion* of the Day, the *Invitation* of the Weather, or the *Exigency* of human Affairs. The great *APELLES*, how *assiduous* was *he*! who thought his *Time* lost, without some excellent *Line* to crown his *daily Labour*! Who can doubt this notorious *Truth* then, that a Man of any honest *Calling*, or *Profession*, would do well to be *industrious* in all *Weathers*, either *foul* or *fair*? It becomes him to be all *Life*, *Action*, and *Vigour*, to be active as the *Light*, busy as a laborious

laborious or a laden *Bee*, and as diligent as any toiling, tann'd *Hay-maker* in the Field, upon a *Sun-shiny Day*, for the *publick Good*. In short, he that will not *WORK* when the *Season* serves, and the *Fineness* of the Weather invites him even to a *Blush* at his own *Laziness*, will *want*; and there's an End of the *Sluggard's Idleness*. Go to the *Ant* then, thou *Sot*, and learn more *Wisdom*; for Winter will come.

Well! and therefore, O ye charming *Birds*! leave your airy *Notes*; begin to make your *Nests* in Time, upon the approaching Season; for it will not always be *Summer*. O ye blooming beardless *Youths*! leave your wanton *Gayeties*, prepare to improve your *Parts* upon a growing Reason; for *Age* will not always be green and flourishing. The *Fall of the Leaf* will come on apace. Do not *sing* and *dance* away either the *Spring*, or the *Summer* of your Lives, like the lazy *Grass-hopper*; but provide at *present* something that is solid and substantial for *Futurity*, not to be upbraided with *Beggary*, or *starving* upon the Declension of your *Years*. 'Tis a miserable Thing to *want*; to *want* in *Winter* too, and to *beg* up to the *Knees* in *Dirt* and *Mire*. *Winter* lasts a long Time, and *old Age* must be main-

maintain'd; for the *hoary Head* does not melt immediately, like *Snow*, nor dissolve into *Mortality* upon every Change of Weather. This, this, ought to be deeply imprinted upon the *Minds* of *young Men*, or worn upon their *Breasts*, for a perpetual *Memorandum* of a *provident Industry*, in laying up for themselves a competent *Maintenance* against the *evil Day*; a *Day*, when the *Sun* does not shine, and *they* are past their *Labour*. This is also a proper *Lesson* for *Parents* to teach by *Experience*, and for *Children* to learn by *Example*. 'Tis a *seasonable Hint* to give our *Sons* and *Daughters* good *Education* in their *Minority*; to breed them up betimes to *Learning*, *Vertue*, and an *honest*, as well as a *genteel Character* in the *World*; and to fortify them, *Body* and *Soul*, at last, with the truest *Principles* of *Philosophy*, against all the *Casualties*, either of *Adversity*, *Affliction*, or *Infirmity*, because we cannot promise *them*, that *they* shall always be *healthful*, or that *Fortune* will always be *prosperous* and *benign*.



## P R O V. XXXVIII.

*Need makes the old Wife trot.*

*Reflexion.*

**T**ROT to Market, and *trudge* farther a-foot too for the *Necessaries* of Life, for *Food* and *Raiment*, or to fetch *Fire*, as far as CUMBERLAND, to keep Body and Soul together, to support *old Age*, to satisfy *Hunger*, to prevent *starving*, for want of the comfortable *Subsistences* of human Nature.

*Need* also makes the *young* and *lusty*, as well as the *old* and *infirm*, go *a trotting* apace, to relieve their *Wants*. It forces *Men* too as well as *Women*, and *Maids* as well as *Wives*, to stir their *Stumps*, in order to get their *Living*, and procure their *daily Maintenance*. But I do not mean, that they should run *bare-foot* to LORETTO, on Purpose to *pray for Bread and Cheese*; neither do I believe, that the doing of the *Penance of a Goose*, would afford 'em any better *Support*, or bestow upon 'em any greater *Blessing of Relief*.

But the Power of *Necessity* must needs be very *great* indeed, when it puts *old People*, that have one Foot in the *Grave*,

to their Trumps ; when it makes the *Cripple* walk, the *Weak* strong, the *Decrepit* active and nimble, notwithstanding the Infirmities of *Fourscore*, and the languid Decays of their *aged Bodies*. It gives *Vigour* and *Life* to the most languishing, or feeble *Starvling*. It makes the *Laziest* find his Legs. It forces the *Lame* to travel without a *Leader*. It compels the *Blind* to go a begging without a *Guide*. He excites the most *Obstinate*, either to *lead* or *drive* at the Will and Pleasure of his *Master*. And, as this *Pbrase* is otherwise comically express'd, *Need makes the naked Man run*, or *the naked Quean spin* ; I suppose, to *cover* their *Nakedness*. And it is well done, both to *hide* their *Shame*, and to *keep out* the *Cold*.

NEED likewise (and more the Pity ) often puts *indigent* People upon doing ill Things ; as *Robbing on the High-way*, *House-breaking*, *Shop-lifting*, *Pilfering*, and other such *unlawful Pranks* ; which seldom or never fail of carrying them on to the *Place of Execution*, that takes *Care* of such *Offenders* once for all. And farthermore, it transports them beyond their *Duty* of being *diligent* only, and *industrious* in their several Callings, upon a very *false Argument* ; for, *they* say, *Necessity has no Law*. Now, this is a gross *Mistake*, as *they* in-

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terpret it, on Behalf of their *unjustifiable Practices* ; for the *Law* it self has sufficiently provided *Relief* for the *Poor*, the *Oppress'd*, the *Necessitous*. Besides, it has also set *Bounds* to all the villainous Transactions of *supplying our Wants*. It has prepar'd *Gibbets* and *Halters* for *Thieves*, *Traytors*, *Murderers*, and such like *Malefactors* ; so that it will never be a good *Apology*, to plead our *Necessities* against the *Punishments* either of our *Idleness*, or of our *Iniquity*. For, in short, there is no *Necessity* but this, not to do *Evil* upon any urgent *Necessity* whatsoever, whereby a *Man* may soon *forfeit* his *Livelihood*, and *lose* his *Reputation of Honesty*, which would otherwise *maintain* him handsomely in some publick *Business*, or private *Concern* of the *Commonweal*. No *Mortal* was ever yet *forc'd* to do *Injustice*, but by the *Impulse* of his own *Wickedness*, or for *want* of a good *Conscience*. But where *Need* meets with an *ill Inclination*, though it may make *Provision* enough for a *Family* at the present, yet it generally *suffers* for't in the *End*, and finds at last, that the most plausible *Necessity* must be govern'd by the *Law*.

The *Ancients* have taken this **P**roverb in another *Sense*, over and above the *Hardships* of *Necessity*, or *Indigence* ; either



ther upon a mistaken Notion of an irresistible *Fatality* in all sublunary Affairs, or upon a wrong understanding of what the *Philosophers* call *Fate*; which is the eternal, immutable, uncontrollable Course, and Coherence of Things, necessarily falling out so or so, and not otherwise, in Spite of all human Opposition, Providence, or Prevention. They thought that the Gods themselves were not able to resist this Force, or grapple with this Necessity; and that they were all Slaves to the invincible Decrees of *Fate*. There was no avoiding the Judgment, no awarding the Blow, no contending with the direful Darts, no conquering the potent Arms of *Destiny*. 'Twas in vain, they imagin'd, to controul its unalterable Dictates, or to contradict its arbitrary Commands. There could be no tampering with the insuperable, and no prevailing with the inexorable Goddesses, to surmount the Difficulties of a condemn'd Life. I wish some of our modern Authors have not misconstru'd this Opinion of the ancient Moralists, and made a wrong Use on't, by wresting of it to a *Fatality* in Religion, as well as a *Reprobation* in Manners, upon enslaving the Will, which ought to be as free as the Air is, for Action. But it would be a hard Saying, a *durum telum* indeed, a Weapon of Despair; who

could bear it? To ascribe *Poverty* and *Want* to *Fate*, and to make Men *miserable* by an *inevitable Decree* of Heaven. Whereas the *divine Goodness* seems plainly to have left us the greatest *Liberty* of being *laborious*, and given us the *freest Powers*, as well as the *propereft Faculties*, to be *industriously* happy in this World. And where's the *Doubt*, when *Providence* hath so manifestly establish'd a *Free-will* in all the *Actions* of our Lives? There's no *Fatality* in the Case of being *needy*, or of living in *Necessity*. But every Man has the *Freedom* of getting his *daily Bread*, if he will but take Pains for't; though he *earn* it with the *Sweat of his Brow*, under the most tiresom Difficulties of *Toil* and *Fatigue*, or the most pressing Exigencies of this *Proverb*. Suppose this *Liberty* then, the very *Prerogative* of Reason, attended with the Blessing of *Health*, as well as the *right Use* of our Limbs, and *Labour overcomes all Things* in the common Vogue of the whole World.

## PROV. XXXIX.

No longer *Pipe*, no longer *Dance*.

*Reflexion.*

NO longer *play the Fool*, no longer *please* some People. *Dancing* to the Tune of *Hey-go-mad*, is a wonderful *Diversion* among both Sexes, in this *frisking* Age of a mistaken Gallantry; when *Fashion* intrenches upon *Learning*, *Foppery* justles out good *Education*, and the *Gesticulation* of the *Body* is preferr'd far before the more noble *Instruction* of the *Mind*. No; and so passionately fond also are *young Folks* of turning themselves into *Anticks*, with the ridiculous *Motions* of their Hands and Feet, that they can make a Shift to *dance* sometimes *without a Fiddle* too, rather than *fail*: Which is more than the *Proverb* ever intended.

But so much for the Musick of the *Pipe*, or the Formality of *dancing to't*; the familiar *Allusion* of which, will carry us on to the Consideration of *higher Things* couch'd under this gamboling Emblem. While a *Gentleman* lives in *Prosperity*, he shall be surrounded with little *bumble Servants* innumerable to *dance Attendance* to his Com-



mands ; especially, if they have any *Dependence* upon being the *better* for his *Friendship*, or his *good Fortune* : But if a *Cloud* comes, and overspreads his *Glory* ; if his former *Splendor* chances to be overcast with the thinnest *Veil of Adversity*, *they* are all gone in that *Instant*, like so many flying *Shadows* ; and he is left *alone*, at last, as much *forsaken* as the *Bird* in the *Fable*, upon the forlorn *Hope* of ever *overcoming* his *Affliction*. This puts me in *Mind* of the famous *NAT. LEE'S* *unfortunate Song* (as I have heard) in *Bedlam*, than which I never saw a better, or a more ingenious *Translation* from the *Latin*, to this Purpose ; *viz.*

*If Fortune wrap thee warm,  
Then Friends about thee swarm,  
Like Bees about a Hony-Pot ;  
But if Dame Fortune frown,  
And cast thee fairly down,  
By Jove, thou may'st lie there, and rot !*

*Vulgar Friendship* seldom lasts longer than the *Pot boils*, according to the *Poet*. As long as the *Spunger* can be kindly entertain'd upon *free Cost*, so long he's your *Friend*. Where he finds himself *welcome* to a good *Dinner*, he is infinitely *oblig'd*, and acknowledges a thousand hearty *Returns*

turns of the Lip for the mighty *Favour* ; though, perhaps, his *Gratitude* does not out-last the *Digestion*. If he *smells* the next *Feast*, no Doubt but he will make as good a *Guest* again, as any of 'em all at the *Board* ; he'll be as *complaisant* to the full, as if he had never *din'd* there *before* in his *Life* ; and it may be, not think of his *Thanks* for that *Bout*, 'till the next Opportunity of *stuffing* his Carcass at the same Table. However, he'll shew an *inexpressible* *Regard*, at least, for his present *Benefactor*, while the *Meat's* in his Mouth ; but after the Repetition of never so many *Entertainments*, his *Respect* and his *Victuals* will both go down the same Way into the *Draught*, and forthwith either *stink* on the *Dunghill*, or grow *stale* in *Oblivion*. In short, the *Friendship* of those we call *Trencher-Friends*, will never survive an *empty Plate*, nor approve of the *Voider*, 'till the next *Bill of Fare* is appointed, and an immediate *Rendezvous* of *Drinking*, *Revelling*, or going to see a *Play*, stops their Mouths, and prevents any farther Enquiry for a new *Repast*, or another *Assignment*. But such *Smell-Feasts* and *sharping Parasites* as these, in the Days of *Yore*, have been always honourably *discarded* by judicious Persons from the common *Benefits of Hospitality*.

'Tis a *precarious* Thing now-a-days to do a Man a *Kindness*; and there is no *Insurance-Office* for *Gratitude*. The shaking of Hands with *Belly-Friends*, and keeping open House for *Sharks*, will not intitle the hospitable Person to their Help and Relief, against the sudden *Misfortunes* either of *Fire*, or of any other calamitous *Accident*. But this is the best Way to distinguish a *Friend* from a *Flatterer*, and to discover a false-hearted *Hanger on*. There's no *Credit* now to be given, without this *Proverb's* answering for't. No longer *pay*, no longer *trust*, is the Word. *Honour* signifies nothing, if a Gentleman does not keep *Touch* to the Day. But a Principle of *Honesty* is not so strictly ty'd up to a *Point of Time*, as that it may not often *out-last* the Date of an Obligation, and *out-live* the longest Delay. *Ready Money* truly seems to be the great *Cement* of modern *Friendship*. It makes all our *spunging Hangers-on* stick closest to their Pretensions, and cling the longest about their generous *Supporters*, in Expectation of more additional *Kindnesses*. Whence came this comical Saying, *No Penny, no Pater-noster*, but from *pecuniary Indulgences*? As if a Person could not say his *Prayers*, without *Money* in his Pocket to keep out the *Devil*. And yet so it frequently



quently falls out, in a *religious Sense*, among the *Romish Priests*, that a *poor Penitent* shall not have half so many *Masses* (if any) said for his Soul upon a *monyless Departure*, as a *rich Benefactor* to the *Church*; either to *absolve* him from all his Sins, upon a *bountiful Confession* while living, or to *pray* him out of *Purgatory*, in a *Trice*, when he is dead. A *mercenary Religion* indeed, to think of purchasing *Salvation* with *Money*, and of *buying Heaven* at so cheap a Rate !

But, all *sacred Ceremony* apart : True *moral Friendship* does not depend, either upon *Complement*, or *Flattery*. A *Friend* will be always best known in *Adversity* ; which is the sole *Touchstone* of a real *Fidelity*, or an unfeign'd *Kindness*. 'Tis no *Tryal of Sincerity and Truth*, to *dance* only while the *Pipe plays* ; to profess an *infinite Obligation* no longer, than the *Favour lasts* ; or to protest *Myriads upon Myriads* of good Wishes for a kind-hearted *Fautor*, just so long as he is able to continue his *Liberalties* : And no longer, than while the *thankless Receiver* sees that *Fortune* still smiles upon his *bountiful Benefactor*, and seems to *pay the generous Piper* plentifully enough to make *Amends* for the *Ingratitude* of an *oblig'd Hypocrite*. No *Memory* can be so *treacherous*, as to forget

get an *everlasting Bounty* receiv'd of a Person in *Prosperity* ; but the *Mind* may be so *ungrateful*, as not to *acknowledge* it to him in *Distress*, nor study any *Requit*al for it, upon the *unfortunate Change* of his Condition. But however, *he* that is so much *oblig'd* in Conscience, ought to accompany his *real Friend* in all *Fortunes*, as well in the *Bad* as the *Good*, and to stand by him in all *Afflictions* ; never to leave him in the *Lurch*, nor to let him want *Assistance*, as a *faithful Confederate*, to conquer his avow'd *Enemies*, and force them to an *honourable*, as well as a *lasting Peace* : For a *Friend* in Time of *NEED* ( and no other ) is a *Friend* in *DEED*.

And yet so it is, that this **P**roverb appears to be *true* still on the contrary. An *adverse State of Life* shall rarely be attended with any kinder *Companions*, or meet with more grateful *Acquaintance*, than such as *JOB's Comforters*, to pervert his *REASON*, to advise him to deny his *GOD*, and to *send him sooner out of the World*. *MISFORTUNE* will ever have *few or no Friends*. Unthankful People, though they have had *twenty good Turns* done 'em formerly, will *dance* no longer, than they have the *Musick of the Proverb* to oblige 'em still for their *Pains*; and *budge* no farther neither, than they have *Money* to  
pay

pay 'em for their *contin'd Services*. In a Word, the *Troubles of OVID* under Banishment, forc'd him to weep and lament the hard Fate of this **Proverb**, for want of a *fast Friend* at Court, upon the *Silence* of his *Muse* there ; though his *Sorrows* were ingenious still under all his *Sufferings* in Exile, and only made him *sing* the more *sweetly*. To say no more then; a *true and faithful Friend* is scarce to be found any where in a *doubtful Matter*, or a *difficult Misfortune*.

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P R O V. XL.

After *sweet Meat* comes *sowre Sauce*.

*Reflexion.*

**T**HE *Physician* will vouch for't, both in *Sickness* and in *Health*. It has every one's *Probatum* to't. *Poets, Orators, Pedagogues*, and all use it, as an approv'd *Maxim* of Welfare. 'Tis an excellent *Precept*, as well as a *moral Caution* of living *temperately* and *prudently* in the World.

Every *Boy* that is *whipp'd* at School for playing *Truant*, finds *this* experimentally *true* upon his *Posteriors*. After all his  
*Sports,*



*Sports*, his *Mirth*, or his *Sweet-Meats*, he is sure to come off yet with *Sorrow* and *sowre Sauce*, at last, for his *Waggery*. If his tender *Parents* indulge him at *Home*, to the taking of any such *unlawful Liberties* Abroad, he nevertheless generally meets with a *second Busby*, for *Integrity* and *Justice*, in the Management of *School-Discipline*, who cannot in Conscience spare the *Lash*, and spoil his *Scholar*, to gratify either the faulty *Fondling*, or the *Fautors* of his *Offence*. He could not but know the *Proverb* better, than to be *tardy* out of *Ignorance*, or hope to escape the *Severity* of it upon the Conviction of his *Crime*, as well as the *sowrest Correction* for't: Since no *Lesson* is more frequently inculcated than *this*, or sooner learn'd by various Repetitions of it to the same Effect; as, *after a Sun-shine comes a Cloud*; *after fair Weather comes foul*; *after Joy comes Sorrow*. 'Tis as common a *Rule* of *Vertue* and *good Manners*, to make an idle *Boy* smartly sensible of his *Error*, after some unallowable *Recreations* and *Diversions*, how agreeable soever they may be to his negligent rambling *Humour* for the present, as it is of *Cookery* and *good House-keeping*, for *sweet Meat* to have *sowre Sawce*, if it must not be *insipid* to the *Guests*: And all his kind *MOTHER'S Sugar-Plums* shall

shall not *prevent*, *sweeten*, or *allay* the *Bitterness* of his just, angry, offended *Master's Punishment*.

This *Proverb* is not so purely *scholastic* yet, nor so *boyish* neither, but the *biggest* and *oldest* of *us Men* may go to *School* again, to *hear* the *Wisdom* of its *Instruction*, and to *learn* more *Discretion* by it, than we daily practice in one *Passage* or another of our *Lives*. But after all the *Sourness* of the *old Saying*, it admits of some *Comfort* and *Consolation* of *Amendment* for the *Time* to come, or of *better Things* for the *Future*; as it is often *inverted* on the other *Hand*, and holds as *true* also *vice versa*; that, *The Sun shines bright after dark Clouds*; *The Sky clears up after rainy Weather*; and *Joy succeeds Grief in Course*, as commonly as a *profound Calm follows a violent Storm*: Which ought not however to set us upon *Tip-toe* for the *next Opportunity*, nor encourage us to a *second Transgression*, lest we should soundly *smart* for our *Confidence afterwards*, and consequently turn the *Proverb* the *other Way* again upon our own *Backs*. SOLOMON had a *Rod* for the *greatest Fool* in *Nature*; and it is our own *Fault* if we *suffer* by't in our *old Days*. *Young Fools* are excusable, now and then, through *Inadvertency*, or want of *Judgment*

*ment and Deliberation* ; but *old Folks* that should know better Things, are never to be *pardon'd* for stumbling upon this **Proverb**, and swallowing it *whole* ; nor *pity'd* neither, when they come to *chew* the bitter *Cud* of it in a *sad after-Thought*, and a *relenting Memorial*.

I shall venture to say then, whatever is *excessive* and *unreasonable*, either in our *Actions*, or our *Passions* and *Appetites*, to a *Surfeit* ; either in *eating* or *drinking*, to *Gluttony* ; either in Point of *Mirth*, *Wit*, or *Wantonness*, to *Intemperance* ; of *Lust*, *Lechery*, or *Lewdness*, to *Iniquity*, will certainly make the *sweetest Meat* we can eat, rise as *sowre as a Crab* in our *Stomachs*. It *turns* the *Blood*, *sharpens* it into *Pins* and *Needles*, and *poisons* the whole *Constitution*. How many *lamentable Instances* of this *Truth* are dying daily in the very *Gall* and *Bitterness* of their *Souls* after the most *delicious Enjoyments* of the *World* ; when *Life* only lingers upon the *Disgust* of those *nauseous Satisfactions*, which have now *enhanc'd* the *Smart* and the *Torment* of their *Miseries*, to the *Despair* of surviving them ! What *sorrowful Remorse* then ? What *sharp Compunction* ? What *severe after-Reckoning* ? *Sad Thoughts*, *sober Reflexions*, and a *serious Repentance*, but *too late*. Loathing the  
very



very *Medicine* that should do 'em good ; loathing even *Life* it self, under a *sore Disease*, and a *languishing Suspence*.

Be it as it will, there is rank *Poison* in the *Tail* of all *unlawful Pleasures*, a *bitter Sweet*, or a *deadly sowre Dreg* in the *Bottom* of the *Vessel* ; *Wormwood*, and *worse* than *Wormwood* in the *Belly*. Let those false *Allurements* be never so *tempting* ; let 'em make an *inconsiderate Man's Mouth* *water* never so much for *Enjoyment*, and seem never so *lusbious* to a lascivious *Taste* of Things, the will certainly, at last, *in-tail* some woful *Experience* or other of endless *Dissatisfaction* and *Misery* upon the rash *Profligate*, for the *Loss* of his *Estate*, or his *Livelihood*. *Alas !* poor *Libertines !* how *fleeting* are those *Joy's*, which we so greedily pursue, as if they were some precious, permanent, and solid *Jewels* ; while indeed they vanish like the *Morning-Dew*, in the actual *Fruition* of them, as soon as the *Sun* opens our *Eyes* to behold our *Mistakes !* *Ah !* how *airy* and *empty* are the voluptuous *Gratifications* of *Sense*, which no wise *Person* can *entertain* in common *Sobriety*, but will reject them for *fantastick Bubbles !* *Oh !* how *short-liv'd* are such mistaken *Delights*, which pass away upon the *first Salute*, and leave only a lasting *Remorse*  
of

of Mind behind them, for the *Farewel* of a good *Conscience*! Give me no such regretting *Pleasure*, that is so dearly purchas'd with an *after-Sorrow*. After such *Joy*, comes a fullen *Grief* to imbitter it with *Discontentment* and *Melancholy*. After the most delightful *Merriment* of this Quality, a sudden *Quarrel* usually arises, or some other *sad Accident* happens, to quash the *Jollity* of the Company, and sowre their Conversation with a ruful *Regret* of their *Frolick*.

What shall I say of the Rashness and Inconstancy of *sensual Delights*? How easily is the *Voluntary* impos'd upon by *fallacious Apperauces*, and drawn into ill Company, or Inconveniences, by *superficial Allurements*; dallying upon the *Surface*, 'till he sinks into an *Abyss*, or is suck'd into a *Whirlpool*; chow's'd before his *Eyes*, cheated to his *Face*, and not only the helpless *Speſtator*, but the active *Promoter* also of his own *Deception*! He admires his own *Fate*, wantonly sports upon a *Precipice*, and is in Love with his *Ruin*. How agreeable may *Poison* be to the *Gust*; but it presently tears the *Bowels* in Pieces with griping Pains, and destroys the Body upon swallowing the *gilded Cheat*! How pleasant and relishing to the *Palate* may that *Dose* be in going down,

down; which only makes Way for a violent *Convulsion* of Nature in the End, and carries the *Debauchee* off in a Pang! The *Honey* is *sweet* indeed, but the *Bee* stings; and when the *Mischief* is done, away flies the envious hurtful Creature, and the *Satisfaction* perishes. The *Smartness* of the *Pain* takes off our former *Pleasure*, and leaves a dismal *Damp* upon our *Sensuality*.

Well! and therefore, O *voluptuous Youth*, shun those pernicious SIRENS, who would delude *thee* with their inviegling Harmony, and, by the *Sweetness* of their Voices, only *charm* thee to thy Grief or *Distress*! Act the Part of wise ULYSSES; stop thy *Ears* against dishonest, or alluring *Filts*, and rescue thy self from their enticing *Snares*, for Fear of an *after-Clap*, for Fear of being *tickled* into *Captivity*, and made a *Slave* for ever, past *Redemption*. Fortify thy self against their fatal *Incantations*, who study only to *trepan* their *Admirers* into unwarrantable *Liber-ties*, or to *flatter* Men out of their *Security* and *Happiness*; to *rob* 'em of their Peace, Health, Wealth, Lives, and Fortunes; and, by their wanton or insinuating Treacheries, utterly to *ruin* them with some mortifying *Disasters* in the Conclusion of their *Mirth*, *Gallantry*, and good *Humour*: And is not this *Sawce* *sowre* enough



nough after the *sweetest Meat*, or the most *ravishing Enjoyments of Sense*? If the *Brute* did not foil the *Man*, who'd *indulge* himself to a *mortal Repast*? Who'd *regale* himself with his own *Destruction*? But, O miserable MARK ANTONY, who did'st not avoid the false and unfortunate *Embraces* of CLEOPATRA! How lamentable was thy *Fate* under that *Petticoat-Government*! Thy gross *Delusion* convinces me at once, both of the *stinging Vicissitude* of carnal *Pleasures*, and of the severest *Turns* of this *tart Proverb*.

If *Sadness* then, or *Sorrow* and *Perdition*, be the Consequence of all our *jovial Delights*, and *unthinking Follies*, give me *Leave* now to *bewail* our *merriest Vices*, *mourn* our most *joyful Calamities*, and *deplore* the dangerous State of those *Youngsters*, who (like hungry *Fishes*) greedily swallow this *deadly Hook*, that lurks under the most *delicate Bait*, and are ignorantly captivated, insnar'd, and undone: Undone beyond Recovery and Recollection, after all the cautionary Admonition of this *Proverb* to the *contrary*. Behold MARS and VENUS intangled again in VULCAN'S Net, and expos'd to the *Derision*, *Scandal*, and *Contempt* both of GODS and MEN! See! What follows such *salacious Amours*, and *lewd Entertainments*, but inevitable  
Disgrace?

Disgrace? A direful *Chagrin*, for the most Part, accompany'd with *Lamentation* and *Tears*, *weeping* and *wailing*, and *gnashing of Teeth*? Look ye now, if HERODIAS'S Daughter *dances* once again to please HEROD, and unman her wanton *Admirer*, what can be the *Issue* of it, but St. JOHN BAPTIST'S Head in a Charger, or *Adultery* back'd with a barbarous *Murder* upon the frolicksome *gamboling Bout*? This is the unhappy *End* of all our ungovernable *Foys*, intemperate *Fooleries*, or insatiable *Desires*. The *Scene* changes, after our unadvised *Pursuits* of effeminate *Pleasures* are over; and then our former *Mirth* starts into *melancholy Prospects*; then our *merriest Notes* are soon turn'd into *mournful Ditties*; then our *comick Pleasantry* goes off the *Stage* presently in a *tragical Exit*, a *Fit* of *Horror* and *Amazement*, which leaves not so much as a *comfortable Word*, a *contented Expression*, or a *cheerful Countenance* behind it, among the *dejected Actors*. In short, our *Play-Houses*, the DEVIL'S ANTI-CHAMBERS, are the chief *Nurseries* where the vicious *Miscarriages* of this *Proverb* are most frequently committed; where Men and Women are often *deliver'd* of their base *abortive Satisfactions*, or from *thence*, by *Assignment*, are afterwards finely brought to Bed of such *Monsters*,

sters, as make 'em rue the very *Conception* of their *Actions*, and asham'd of their own *Productions*.

But to conclude this *sorrowful Topick*: Do you *bemoan* any *young Gentlemen* debauch'd with Wine, and bury'd in a fordid Intemperance? *Pleasure* debauch'd them to the *Grave* of their own making. Do you *bemoan* any *ingenious Persons* languishing with the Love of Luxury, and destroy'd by the Wantonness of Women? *Pleasure* destroy'd them effectually upon the *Relapse* of their *Fortunes*. Do you *bemoan* any Drunkards and Adulterers snatch'd away in their *Cups*, or in the *Flower* of their Age, Vigour, and Alacrity? The same *mortal Pleasure* snatch'd them away from you in the *Bloom* of their *Lives*: *That Pleasure* which is my *Aversion*, and kills its *Lover*. Away then *painted Falshood*, with all thy perfidious *Charms*: Away; touch me not; *Fly*; leave no *Remembrance* behind thee, and let me never *feel thy fatal Sting*.

PROV.



## P R O V. XLI.

*One Bird in the Hand, is worth two  
in the Bush.*

*Reflexion.*

POSSESSION is a mighty Matter indeed; and we commonly say, 'tis *eleven Points of the Law*. It goes a great Way to the giving of *Security*, but not any *Right*. 'Tis not always *true*, that the BIRD I have in my *Hand*, is justly my *OWN*: But if no Body else has a *better Claim* to't, I would not *part* with it for *forty Birds* that are in the *Bush* only, and far enough out of my *Reach*. A Person may be pretty *sure* then of the Thing he *possesses*: 'Tis *safe* in his *keeping*; but if he once lets it *slip* through his *Fingers*, by grasping at more *airy Prospects*, he may bid *adieu* to the ever having of it any more in his *Clutches*. There will be no *catching* of the *Bird* again, after it is once *flown* out of his *Power*: And he'll find, upon this *Escape*, to his *Sorrow*, as well as the *Conviction* of his *Folly*, that *one such Gold-finch* in the actual *Custody* of his *Hands*, or a *Cage*, was *worth two* (not

to say ten times more) at their own *Liberty* in the Hedges or Fields.

This valuable **Proverb** has a higher *Allusion* yet, to direct us in our *Choice* and *Exchange* of Things : As certainly, *he* that grasps at too much, or too many CHIMERA's, holds fast nothing ; but lets go what is *solid* and *real*, for every gilded *Phantom*, rising *Bubble*, or delusory *Skit-tle-cock*, that strikes his wandering Eye. This is the *fickle* Man, whom *catching* of *Flies* will soon take off from a *Pursuit* of *Glory*, and turn his *wavering* *Head* another Way from any serious *Resolution* of Mind to make himself *SURE* of the Enjoyment of a *substantial* *Happiness*. While the *sagacious* Person, on the contrary, *fixes* his *Thoughts* upon more *certain* *Foundations*, than to build *Houses* in the *Air*, *Palaces* in the *Sea*, or to raise his *Hopes* upon visionary *Whims*, and expected *Uncertainties*. This is *he*, whom we find so *ténacious* of his settled *Purpose*, as not to *part* with his *Felicity* upon any *Terms*, or *Temptations* of a precarious *Promotion* in the World. This is *he*, that will not *shake* *Hands* with the *Principles* of his *Conscience*, upon the most splendid *Probabilities* of secular *Honour* and *Greatness*. This is *he* again, that will not *change* a quiet *Cottage* in *Possession*, for a  
tur-

turbulent *Kingdom* of Noise and Bustle, and Perjury in REVERSION. This is also *he* at last, that thoroughly *understands* the Truth of the wise *Proverb*, and *securely* practices his own *Welfare*.

But to come a little closer to our Business of shewing, that *one Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush*: All Men, I suppose, whether GREEKS, LATINS, ITALIANS, FRENCH, or ENGLISH, who ever read or wrote of *Proverbs*, will readily grant me, that *it is better to have an Egg to Day, than a Hen to Morrow*; that *the present Pleasure is more eligible than a future Enjoyment*; that *it's safer to stick to Certainty, than to Chance*; that *what's in the Fist, is worth two in the Fenn*; or that *one Horse in the Stable, is more useful for present Service, than three in the Pasture*. And thus have several *Authors* so ingeniously explain'd this old ADAGE of the *Bird in Hand*, that it needs little more Illustration to make it *instructive* to all Mankind; as it advises us in short, not to run the Hazard of a *certain Loss*, for an *uncertain Advantage*. INSURANCE or ASSURANCE-OFFICES, will none of them relieve us against an *Imprudence* of this *Kind*, when we are not able to pay their exorbitant PRÆMIUMS or *Demands*, for the Preservation of a *desperate CARGO*. However,



*bonest People*, in their right Wits, do not use to go to *Market*, to buy a *Pig in a Poke*. They do not lay their *Money* out, at a *Venture*, upon what they do not see, handle, and know very well, before the *Bargain* is struck. They do not deal like *LONDON-STOCK-JOBBERs*; among whom there is hardly ever any *TRANSFERR* made, or any *visible Stock* to be found, till some or other *breaks* at the *Bottom* on't, and the *Cheat* falls heavy upon a *Fool*, and his *Money* soon parted thro' chimerical *Expectations*.

Who will not be very careful of the *Bird in Hand* then, and cautious of trading upon a *solid* and *sound Bottom*, for Fear of throwing his *personal Estate* away upon the *uncertain Hopes* of becoming as rich as a *JEW*? In short, who will not discreetly manage his Affairs, by a wise *Distrust* of Fraud and Fallacy in most Dealings, according to the *Prudence*, *Resolution*, and *Reservedness* of this infallible *Proverb*? However, by the Way, I do not speak this in the least to discourage our *Commerce*, but only to confirm my own Sentiments of the Wisdom of acting upon *sure Grounds* in all our *pecuniary Correspondencies*; for I am fully convinc'd, that there are many *bonest People* left still in the World, who will never fail of doing the *fair Thing*  
above-

above-board. Notwithstanding yet, our facetious ADAGE is *certain* and *safe* after all; for who but a silly *Fop*, as foolish as the *Dog* in the FABLE, would not prefer the *Substance* before the *Shadow*? Who but a *Mad-man*, would not chuse a well-grounded *Certainty* at *present*, sooner than a Romantick *Uncertainty*, out of *Sight*, perhaps, and that may happen a *hundred Years* hence? In fine, who but a *Knight-Errant*, would not accept of a *real competent Estate* in POSSESSION, and hug himself in the *Enjoyment* of it, rather than live fictitiously, expecting the imaginary MONARCHY of the *World of the Moon* in REVERSION? What signifies *that* which is to *come*? Give me the *present Time*. FUTURITIES are liable to *Disappointments*. There's no trusting to-Morrow's Prospects, or Promises; no depending upon *shall* or *will* HEREAFTER, and no commanding of *Things out of our Hands*, five Tenses distant from *Fruition*. Now is the Time for *Performance*, *Enjoyment*, or *Dispatch* of Business. In a Word, *one Piece of Money* that a Man has in his *Pocket*, is better than *twenty* in the BANK OF ENGLAND, EXCHEQUER, or any other *Fund of Futurity*, to answer his *present Exigences*.

## P R O V. XLII.

The Belly has no Ears.

*Reflexion.*

**T**Here's no *arguing* the Case with *Hunger* : It is the Mother of *Impatience*, *Anger*, and *Wrath*, not to be appeas'd with *Lenten Logick*, or the *jejune Arguments* of Fasting and *Mortificatin*. The *hungry* Person may well be *deaf* to all *Reason* or *Rhetorick* ; for the *Ears* are not plac'd in the *Stomach* ; neither can People's *Bellies* be fill'd with *fair Words*, and much less will they ever be *satisfy'd* with *foul Language*.

*Hunger* makes a Man uneasy, peevish, and passionate, to the last Degree of *Unreasonableness*, even to the *Belly's* Distraction of thinking his *Throat* cut. 'Tis *Death* to him to stay for his *Dinner*. He could fight with a *Feather*, quarrel with the *Sun* for shining ; and is disturb'd with the *Flies* for coming to kiss his *Hand*, without robbing him of his *Victuals*. It provokes him sometimes to fall out with his *Devotion* at *Church*, and to find Fault with the *Sermon* for its *Length*, how learn'd soever, as if he could have eaten the *Par-*  
son



son for detaining him so long: And when he comes home, his *Family* cannot *pacify* him; but the whole *Parish* shall hear on't, if the *Pudding* is not *enough* to nick his craving Appetite. Besides that, if all Things happen to *be ready* to gratify this *hungry Soul*, 'tis ten to one yet, whether he will not think it too tedious, and Time lost, to say *Grace* before Meat at *Table*; too formal and ceremonious out of the *Church*, to ask a *Blessing* of the bountiful *Giver* of his *daily Bread*. And yet *Bread!* that blessed Name, the Support of human Life, that harmonious *Sound*, would be the best *Musick* to the *EAR*, if the unsatisfy'd *Belly* had *any*, to be charm'd into *Patience*, *Reason*, or *Thankfulness*. But the Force of *Hunger* is so great, so refractory, and obstinate, that it can *hearken* to no Arguments of *Honour* or *Obligation*; it can admit of no *Capitulations* of Health, Interest, or Authority from *above*; and it only *feeds* its own *Phancy* of Satisfaction and Security from *below*, 'till the *Belly's full*, and puts the Body in *Tune* again to maintain the Man in his Senses.

The *Hungry* love to *talk* of nothing but the *Pot* and the *Spit*, or of *Belly-Timber*. They have a *grumbling* in the *Gizzard* still against all other *Conversation*, but that which tends to the *regaling* of their  
eager

eager *Appetites*, and the stuffing of their empty *Guts*. The best *Language* of the *Brain* only intrenches upon that of the *Belly*, and disturbs their *Entertainment*. And indeed I am so far an *Advocate* for this *Proverb*, that I look upon all unnecessary *Table-Talk* at *Victuals*, to be both *indiscreet* and *unmannerly*, as if the *Meat* could not stop our *Mouths*. How indecent is it for a *Man* to *chatter*, while he is *chewing* his *Food*; or to *sputter* about the *Table*, while he is *eating*? Which seems to be little better, than charging the *Company* with a *mouthful* of ill *Breath*, or something *worse*, without having any *Regard* to the *Nicety* of the *Guests*! It can neither please the *Eye*, nor gratify the *Ear*, to eat our *Words* after the *Manner* of *minc'd Meat*, in a chopping or a mumbling *Way* of *speaking*; for the *Pronunciation* suffers extremely in the *Discharge* of a *Gobbet*: Besides that, my opposite *Neighbour's Face*, or his *Plate*, is in *Danger* of being *disoblig'd* into the *Bargain*. And yet after all, though *one Man* be as *deaf* and as *dumb* as a *dead Flounder* at *Table*, *others* are not therefore oblig'd to sit as *mute* as *Fishes*, for fear of *calling* decently for what they *want*.

The *Belly* wants *Eyes* too, as well as *Ears*; for a *Man* is as *blind* as a *Beetle*  
in

in a *hungry Mood*. The *fairest Object* cannot take him off from the Pursuit of his *Prey*; and *Anger* makes him *insensible* of his *Duty*, as well as of *Respect*, either to *Beauty*, *Honesty*, or *good Manners*. *Lions* have stopp'd here; but Men *a-hungry* have often made no *Bones of Innocence* and *Vertue* in their Way. However, it is notoriously observable, that People are never so irreconcilably *angry* and *quarrelsome*, as when they are *hungry*. “*Nothing makes the Vulgar more untractable, fierce, and seditious, than Scarcity, or want of Bread*: It fills a Land with a *Rabble* of Mendicants, Malecontents, and Rebels: Infomuch, that in some late *dear Years*, I have heard a *Promoter* of Infurrection and Mischief, cry out in the Crowd; *Why should the LORD MAYOR have a Shoulder of Mutton to Dinner, and MOE-TOM not a Bit on't?*”

In short, *Hunger* is a huge *Temptation*; and the *Devil* himself made Use of it, as an *Argument* to disprove our *blessed Saviour's* Divinity, and Power of turning *Stones into Bread*; but that *diabolical Test* of our *Lord's* Veracity and Goodness, at last turn'd to the *Tempter's* own Confusion in the *Answer*. Now, he that gives *Ear* to this single *Reflexion*, might with Ease (methinks) govern his *Passion*, appease  
his



his *Wrath*, and make a *Vertue* of his *Necessity*, under the most pressing Instances of *Poverty*, the most seducing Incitements of *Hunger*, or the most alluring Temptations of *Flesh and Blood*, to gratify his *Luſt*, indulge his *Luxury*, and execute his *Licentiousneſs*, in a *Pet*, perhaps, only for the Diſappointment of a *Dinner*, or the Loſs of his *daily Food*. However, let the *Necessity* of *Hunger*, or *Hardſhip*, be never ſo urgent on the *one Hand*, and the *Opportunity* never ſo fair and tempting to the Commiſſion of a *Theft*, or an *unfair Thing*, to ſupport Nature on the *other*; there is yet no *Apology* at all to be made for *ſtealing* to ſatiſfy the *Belly*, in ſo plentiful a *Country*, where People are not forc'd to live by *Rapine* or *Iniquity*, and needed not to go to the *Gallows* for want either of *Work*, of *Employment*, or of *Bread*, if they were but commonly *honeſt* and *induſtrious*.

But if *Corn* ſhould grow ſo *ſcarce* again *here*, as it has been in former Days, (*which Heaven avert*) we ſhould ſoon find, that the *Belly had no Ears*, with a Witneſs: And if our *Eſtates*, either of *Land*, or of *Money*, were to be more *equally* divided over again, to bring them to a better Proportion of *Limit* and *Allowance*, it would puzzle the *wiſeſt* of our *Engliſh Politicians*,

to

to perswade *particular People*, by his Eloquence, to give any *Ear* to *Reasons of State*, or to *hearken* to *Authority* upon such a Project for the publick Good. The great and the grave *Cato* made an admirable *Oration* formerly to the *Romans*, against the AGRARIAN LAWS; and yet thought it a *difficult Task* to plead his Cause with *Success*, upon the Account of this very *Proverb*.

'Tis natural for *Hunger* to breed *Choler* in Abundance, which raises the *Passions* to an exorbitant Degree of *Dissatisfaction* and *Madness*. And since the *Belly has no Ears* then, I cannot but blame some careless giddy-brain'd *House-wives*, by the By, that never mind how to please their hungry *Husbands*, whose *Callings* and *Confinements*, perhaps, oblige 'em to an Hour; that never consult either their *Interest*, or their *Health*, in getting their *Dinners* ready against a *set Time*, to prevent *Quarrels*, and preserve the *Peace* of the *Family*: Not considering, all the while, what *Uneasiness*, what *Disadvantage* such an unkind Negligence may produce in *Affairs* of Moment, when the *good Man* is put out of Humour, upon the Disappointment of his *Expectations*, and the balking of his *critical Stomach* for the whole Day. But, be that as it will, this *Proverb*, in fine, seems

seems to be a most prudent Caution against contending with *hungry Persons*, or contradicting their *quarrelsome Tempers*, by ill-tim'd Apologies and Perswasions to Patience. It is also, on the other Hand, a sharp *Reflexion* upon those *Greedy-guts*, who are so much addicted to the Pleasures and Satisfactions of the *Belly*, that they will hear of nothing in *Conversation*, but what is agreeable to the luscious Gust of *Gormandizing*. In a Word, 'tis a *Lecture* of Civility, as well as Discretion, not to disturb a *Gentleman* of a craving Appetite from his *Repast*, nor to trouble him with *unseasonable Addresses* at *Meal-Times*; which is as *rude*, as it is *imprudent*, to expect the *Attention of his Ear*, to a Matter of Discourse by the By, when he is engag'd, *Tooth and Nail*, in the Business of the *Belly*, and a more *necessary Affair of Life*.

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PROV.



PROV. XLIII.

*Kissing goes by Favour:*

*Reflexion.*

I Do not know, whether the *Man that kiss'd his Cow*, was in the *Right* on't; but every one to his own *Phancy*: For People naturally *love* what they *like*, and greedily embrace what *pleases* them *most*, whether it be *Milk* or *Mackrel*, *Flesh* and *Blood*, or any other *Favourite-Creature*; even from the ridiculous *kissing of a Cow*, to the scandalous *bugging of a Cat* or a *Dog* now-a-days in their *Bosoms*.

*Favourites* always *fare well*, and live the *best*. They are sure to be much made of in all *Regards*, both at *Bed* and *Board*, let who will else *want* in the *Family*. They are still distinguish'd with *particular Marks* of *Kindness* and *Bounty* every where, both at *Home* and *Abroad*, whether they *deserve* it, or not, by the strictest *Rules* of *Friendship*, *Justice*, and *Impartiality*, to the *Prejudice* of all *others*, that are far more *meritorious*, perhaps, than themselves, though less in *Favour* with their *partial Superiors*. *Parents*, *Masters*, and *Mistresses*, are but too often guilty of

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the **Proverb** ; and they unreasonably make it *good* in a *wrong Sense*, either as to their *Children*, their *Scholars*, or their *Servants*, in a different *Respect*.

'Tis a Piece of the grossest *Partiality*, not to *prefer those Persons* in our *Affections* and good *Graces*, that are most *worthy* of a just *Indulgence*, according to the *Laws* of right *Reason*, or common *Prudence*. I take it for granted, that the *Church* deserves better of **MONARCHY** for supporting it, than any *Conventicle* does, that would pull it down, and level it with the *Ground*. And I hope it is not to be doubted, but that *Royal Favour*, and the *publick Establishment*, are still on our *Side*, and will countenance *real Merit*, to all *Posterity* ; notwithstanding this **Proverb** seems to be so much *prejudic'd* in Favour of the *Fanaticks*, or on the Behalf of *Hypocrites* and *Occasional Conformists*.

If *intrinsic Worth* and *Merit* always took *Place*, either in the *Court*, the *Camp*, or the *Country*, we should enjoy *Halcyon-Days*, and have *fine Times* in a prosperous *Scene* of a profound lasting *Peace*: For then *Truth* and *Sincerity*, *Justice* and *Integrity*, *Honour* and *Honesty*, would for ever *flourish and abound*. But *Phancy* so much *governs* the *World* on the *one Side*, and *Interest* *over-rules* it so much on the  
other,

other, that there is little or no Room left for *absolute Merit* to come in Play, or in Competition with *either* of them for *Preferment*. I do not say what *Changes* there would be in the *State* then, if *Kissing* did not go by *Favour*. I do not mean, that we should not have the same LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND, the same LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, the same GENERALISSIMO OF ALL HER MAJESTY'S FORCES, and so forth; but some *inferiour Officers*, of little Worth and Vertue might, perhaps lose their *Places* for't, to make Way for the *Promotion* of Persons of *greater Merit*, and *better Qualifications*.

However, *Phancy* passes *Beauty* still in all Affairs, either of *preferring* or *admitting* our *Favourites*; and *Beauty* it self has no other *Prerogative*, than what proceeds from *meer Phancy*. The *Imagination* is struck with a *singular Idea*, which captivates the *Mind*, seizes upon the *Judgment*, and leads *Reason* in Triumph. *Love* is quite *blind*; and while it sees no *Imperfections* in the *belov'd Object*, it *kisses* in the *Dark*, and *judges* only by *Favour*. FAVOUR, that unaccountable *Fondness*, which is sufficient to make *Black* white, and *White* black; to recommend *Deformity* it self to an *Affection*, to think a *silly Coxcomb* fit to be made a *Privy-Counsellor*,



or to phancy a *dirty Drab* at last well enough qualify'd to become a *Lady of Honour*. Who but the fond foolish *PARIS*, would have given the *GOLDEN APPLE* to *VENUS*, upon a Contention for it with *JUNO* and *PALLAS*? Who would have adjudg'd it to an *airy Crack*, rather than to a *majestick*, a *graceful*, or a *chast Goddess*? But when we find fantastick *Beauty* preferr'd before *Dignity*, *Wisdom*, and *Vertue*, we may verily believe, that *Kissing goes by Favour*.

By the *By* then, every Man must be allow'd to love a *pretty Woman*; but not better than she *deserves* by her *Beauty*, and the *Fairness* of her *Complexion*, which are only visionary, perishable, outside *Ornaments of Body*; nor so well neither in Comparison of another *Lady*, though not half so *handsom*, who is endu'd yet with far more durable *Excellencies of Mind*. How fortunate are some People to be admir'd, even for their *Ugliness*, others to be prais'd for their *Follies*, and some again to be belov'd for their *Faults*, and kissing other *Women* besides their own *Wives*! These are the Effects of a *rash Judgment*, in a *partial Respect* of Persons. The *Passions* of the *Mind* are *prejudic'd*, and an over-weening Affection favours the *wrong Party*.

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This phanciful **P**roverb has also crept into our *Schools*, as well as *Church* and *State*, and has almost absolutely discarded SOLOMON's Rule of an *impartial Correction*. It has so far blinded our easy *Pedagogues*, as either to give up, or to forfeit their *Authority*. It has quite *cancell'd* the fundamental Constitution of inferiour Discipline, and abrogated the very best Laws of the *Birch*; which injoin an *equal Distribution* of Rewards and Punishments, without any *Favour* or *Affection*, or *Regard* to the Quality of the dull *Delinquents* in the *one Case*, and of the diligent *Well-doers* in the *other*, according as they fairly *deserve* for their *Performances*, good or bad; so *negligent* on that *Hand*, or so *ingenious* on this, as to baffle the **P**roverb, and to make *Kissing* go (as it ever ought to do) by downright *Merit*. In the mean Time no *Respect of Persons* can be *lawful*, where the *Worthier* does not take *Place*, and obtain the *Preference*, as well as the *Precedency* of the more *Unworthy* in our *Favour*.

## P R O V. XLIV.

Give him a ROWLAND for his Oliver.

*Reflexion.*

**Y**OU shall have as good as you bring, at Billingsgate; not to say, worse. You're a Whore, and you're a Whore, is the Language of all Scolds, from an Oyster-Hussy to a Lady of Pleasure. 'Twas pleasant enough to hear two Tongue-Pads a-scolding once, and giving one another the Lie: Why, says the one, Thou lyst like a Punk, a Thief, and a Witch. Well! but you Bitch you, says the other, you lie like an Almanack-maker, that lies every Hour of the Day, and all the Year long: No, you Fade! you out-do the famous Bully P——TRIDGE, and the infamous Doctor O——TS, in Lying. Now, this is the Quintessence of all Female Quarrels. Like for like, is the fundamental Constitution of Ribaldry and Detraction among the foul Sex, who are naturally peevish, froward, and ungovernable in the Liberty of their Tongues.

A Couple of brawling Shrews, well-match'd in a Tongue-Duel, out-do all the Bells in a Parish, or Bull-baitings in the King-



Kingdom, for unmanly Noise and Barbarity. Two such jangling Clappers out of the Church-Steeple, are enough to turn all the Drink in the Neighbourhood, and sowre the very Society of the World. The Loudness of their Rattle, and the Violence of their Contention, like a Peal of Thunder, is sufficient to disturb the four Elements, and raise such a Storm at Land, as requires the Prayers of the Church. If they could but speak Broadfides of Bombs and Carcasses, they would do well in a Line of Battel at Sea, and give the best Account of the French Fleet, after an Engagement in the Mouth of the Streights. However, happy is the deaf Man, that has a scolding Wife; happy he, who is insensible of her boisterous Clack, and cannot ply her with the Proverb, in Return of her Rallying and Clamour! For otherwise, she would give him ten Olivers for one Rowland, assert the Breeches at the Expence of her Duty, Obedience, or Breeding, and endanger all his Senses at once, by Distraction.

But this Proverb is more masculine and manly yet, than to authorize the Use of ill Language upon the most disingenuous Treatment of Obloquy or Slander. It would argue a womanish Weakness in a Man, to call Names, or to return as base Words as

are given, upon the greatest Provocation of Invective, Aspersion, and Calumny, either of the *Lip*, or in *Print*. *Female-Differences* only, are to be manag'd and decided by the Dint of *Scolding*, or *Railery*; but the *Controversies* of *MEN* ought to be more *mannerly* adjusted, and brought to an amicable Accommodation upon *civil Terms* and *good Language*, rather than inflam'd by *foul Expressions*, *personal Reflexions*, and *unpardonable Reproaches* on both Sides, into endless *Confusion* and *Scandal* of the Matter in *Debate*. How scandalous would it look for two zealous hot-headed *Party-Doctors*, to fall from *disputing* about a Point of *Learning*, to downright *Logger-heads*! To *bully* one another in *Knowledge*, fight it out in a *Tavern*, and make the *Church* ten Times more *Militant*, than it would be in *triumphing* over its avow'd *Enemies*, by enjoying a profound *Peace* in its own *Bottom*, and being *unanimous* in *Convocation*, as well as *Coffee-Houses*! An *Affront* is not to be repay'd with an *Indignity*, among *Men of Sense*, *Letters*, or *Sobriety*, without Loss of *Credit* on *one Side*, and *Danger of Reflexion* or *Insamy* on the *other*. To give a Man a *Slap on the Face* for a *Box on the Ear*, is only enhancing the *Quarrel*, confounding the *Question*, and vilifying

vilifying the *Profession* of the *Combatants*, whether they be *Divines*, *Lawyers*, or *Physicians*; among whom, neither *ill Words*, *Blows*, nor the *Sword*, ought to determine the *Contest*. *Fifty-Cuffs* are the fittest for *Car-men* or *Porters*; calling of *Names*, for *Water-men*, — the foul-mouth'd *OBSERVATOR*, or *REVIEW*; and *Duelling*, for *Pimps*, *Sharppers*, *Hectors*, *Bullies*, or bloody *Butchers*: All excluded the Benefit of this *Proverb*, in Point of *civil Conversation*, and *honourable Treatment*.

In fine, this Saying is not always to be taken in a *bad Sense*: It does not discard an innocent *Reparty* out of human *Society*. A witty quick *Reply*, upon a *Question* started among *Friends*, if it does not favour too much of the *Banter* and *Jest*, is wonderfully agreeable in Company; for it seasons all *Discourse*, like *Salt*, with a grateful *Gust*, garnishes all our *Talk*, and makes it *entertaining* to the last Degree of *Relish*, *Splendor*, and *Diversión*. It sharpens the *Taste* of the most insipid *Palate*, and quickens the *Company* into *Gaiety*, good *Humour*, and *Admiration* of its *Elegancy*. And then again, a *smart Answer* within the *Compass* of good *Manners*, how quaint or severe soever, to a *scandalous Libel*, either against the *Church* or the *State*, may very well



well plead the *Privilege* of this *Proverb*, without arguing the *Licentiousness* of the *Press*; if good *Manners* in writing against *Buffoons*, *WHIGS*, and *Republicans*, with Candour and Civility, be not *dead* with the late facetious and complaisant Sir R—*L' Estrange*: For why should not *loyal Authors*, or *TORIES*, have the *Liberty*, upon all Occasions, to give those rebellious *Fanaticks* an honourable ROWLAND for their infamous OLIVER?

The main Stress of this *modern Adage*, seems to be couch'd under the *ancient Law* of *Retaliation*; and *old* as it is, it is not yet *obsolete*, nor out of *Use*, at this Day, among People that act up to the *Rigour* of a revengeful *Requital* upon every Turn. *An Eye for a Eye*, and a *Tooth for a Tooth*, says the hard-hearted *Jew*; but a *Christian* ought to be of a better *Temper*, of a *peaceable*, or a *forgetting Disposition*, and to *forgive* his *Enemies*, *Persecutors*, and *Slanders*, in Spite of the *private Revenge* either of *hard Words*, or *rude Actions*: Neither does it become his *Character*, always out of a Spirit of Vexation, to cast the Cause of an *opprobrious Affront*, or a *contumelious Injury*, upon an Issue of publick Justice. A little more *Charity* practis'd among Men with common *Prudence* and *Discretion*, would prevent a great deal of  
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*Wrangling* in the World. However yet, a passionate *Love of Loyalty* in former Days, first broach'd this honest *Expression*, of giving a sawcy *Roundhead* a ROWLAND for his OLIVER; as certain as that noble *Cavalier* MONK did in vindicating that Right, by returning the *Dissenters* as good as they brought, in the happy *Restoration* of an injur'd MONARCH: If the *Mercy* of the restor'd Prince had not over-sway'd his *Justice*, confirm'd to the plundering *Sequestrators* their ill-gotten Estates, and crown'd his Return, at last, with *Ingratitude* to his best Friends, and the *Beggary* of his most faithful Subjects, through a too generous *Oblivion* of their Crimes, Rebellion, Robbery, and Sacrilege, and an ill advis'd *Indemnity*, both of their *Persons* and *Pockets*, without being oblig'd to refund a Farthing towards the Relief of many poor *Sufferers*, whom they had utterly ruin'd by Oppression, Rapine, and Pillage. This was not *Like for Like*, according to the Law of those *Republican Rapparees* under OLIVER's *Protection*. This was not *requiting* the Kindnesses and good Services of the *TORIES* on the one Hand, nor *retaliating* the Injuries and Iniquities of the *WHIGS* on the other. In short, this was not acting up to the Character of Row-

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LAND in the *Proverb*, nor to the Reason of a *just Retribution*. To say no more then, though *Losers have Leave to talk* at large, this *loyal Sarcastm* was not calculated to create a *Civil War* in the Kingdom; but intended rather to put honest *Cavaliers* upon their Guard against such a growing *Usurpation*, or a prosperous *Faction*, and to crush the *Cockatrice* in the Egg upon its first hatching of *Mischief*; to espouse their *lawful Prince's Cause*, and to restore a languishing *Monarchy* to its former Vigour and Glory. And this may, at all Times, serve instead of a *Proclamation* to awaken the sleepy *Church*, and rouse the drowsy *State* out of the *Lethargy* of a *passive Moderation*, in Opposition to those *Oliverian Projectors*, that would at any Time limit, mix, and mince the *establis'd Government* into a *Commonwealth* again, by inverting the *Proverb*, and imposing an *ignoble PROTECTOR* upon the Nation, instead of a *ROYAL SOVEREIGN*.

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## P R O V. XLV.

'Tis an *ill Wind* that blows no *Body Good*.

*Reflexion.*

SOME *Body* will always be the *better* for other People's *Miscarriages*, either in Point of *Manners*, *Instruction*, or mending his own *Mistakes* for the Future. One loses, and *another* wins ; one falls, and *another* rises ; one's beggar'd, and *another* is enrich'd by't ; and so the *Game* of the World goes round. In short, it is as natural for *some Persons* to profit by the *Calamities* or cross *Accidents* of *others*, as for the WIND to *blow* upon the Earth, let it come from what *Quarter* soever of the *Universe*. 'Tis true, the *Eastern Corner* was ever reckon'd the *worst* for ENGLAND, both as to *Man* and *Beast* ; but when all's done, it never fails yet of *blowing some Body Good* at last, in the various *Revolutions* of Fortune, *Traffick*, or the *Times* ; either by *Wracks* at Sea in a Storm, or by *better Weather* at Land, than *Hurricanes* of *State* and *Contrasto's* of *Government*.

The late terrible TEMPEST, which happen'd November 26 and 27, 1703, was attended

attended with the most *dreadful ill Consequences* that can be express'd; and yet it *made well* for the *Carpenters, Bricklayers, Glasiers, and others*, in *their* Way of Business, or in *their* Sense of Things: Inasmuch, that I believe *some* of 'em made a Banter of the JUDGMENT with this Proverb; and it was a *common Saying* among *them*, at the same Time, as I have heard, that it was an ill Wind blew no Body Good. However, there will always be *particular Advantages* in a *general Calamity*, what Use soever such sorry People make of it, whether Good or Bad. But it is ill sporting with the *angry Powers Above*, and only like *blurting* against the THUNDER.

To bring Good out of Evil, is GOD ALMIGHTY'S own great Work. That STORM was as remarkable for the Death of several extraordinary Persons, as dismal in the Conclusion of its heaping up Houses together in Rubbish: But nothing makes it more memorable to me, by the By, than a windy Harangue I heard upon that Occasion, before a numerous Assembly, from a thundering Preacher, who ascrib'd the JUDGMENT of it, out of the Pulpit, in a great Measure, to NOCTURNAL POLLUTIONS: His Text was the 4th Verse of the 4th PSALM: *Stand in Awe, and sin not: Commune with your own Heart,*

*Heart, and in your Chamber, and be still.* Now, *Chambering* and *Wantonness* are horrid *Sins* indeed; but how *well* or *ill* this Notion answer'd for the Character of SOME of those very Persons that perish'd in the *common Calamity*, I am not able to determine: Only, I think, we are *lost* in our *Reason*, if we either bring down a *decreeing Providence* to every *Skip of a Flea* on the *one Hand*, or if we attribute a judicial, divine, national *Vengeance* to the Crimes of any *particular Whore-master*, on the *other*, not excepting the most *publick*, as well as *private Debauchee*.

But let that be as it will, all *religious Controversy* a-part, we shall find *some Benefit* still even in *Misfortune*; for it generally makes us either *wiser* or *better*, than we were before in the full Career of our PROSPERITY. *Affliction* is the Mother of *Vertue*: It teaches us the Art of *Patience*, *Perseverance*, and *Contentment*: It calls us *Home* from the most extravagant *Ramble*, and *tames* the *wildest Temper* in the World. In a Word, it gives us a *Glimpse* of the PROMIS'D LAND in the *Wilderness* of our *Vagaries*. If the learned ZENO had not been *shipwrack'd*, he had never betaken himself so close to the Study of *Philosophy*; which afterwards prov'd his chief *Happiness*, and the *Honour* of his whole



whole Life. No Man can deny, but that it is a *prosperous Voyage*, to be cast away even at Court for a *good Conscience*, or to suffer the Punishment of *Poverty* and *Contempt*, for an honest *loyal Principle*: So that this *Proverb* turns all for the *best* still, to the faithful *Moralist*, and bears him up through all *Misfortunes* triumphantly. Besides, *Adversity* is commonly accompany'd with this *good Effect* too, that, when we are forsaken by our *false Friends*, we have a more particular *Regard* then to *our selves* upon the *Experience*; and let who will gather up our *WIND-FALLS*, or take our *Places*, we find our selves little worse at long Run, for the *Loss* of those gawdy unconstant *Trumperies* of Fortune, as *Riches* and *Honour*.

The true *State* of our *ADAGE* then, will be *this*, that there is a *Remedy* in *Poison*; and that *Diseases* themselves, as well as *other Misfortunes*, are *good for something*. There's *some Benefit* to be reap'd still, either of *Health* and *Devotion* from the *one*, or of *Prudence* and *Integrity* from the *other*; if we do but make a right Use of our *Tryals* in all *Cases*, *Casualties*, and *Incumbrances*, either of *Body* or of *Mind*. In fine, we are often getting something or other also, by the very *DEATH* of our *dearest Friends* and *nearest Relations*; though

though I would not have *this* taken by the wrong Handle neither, as if I meant to have such WIND-FALLS of Fortune reckon'd among the *Blessings* of our own wicked over-hasty *Desires*, and undutiful longing *Expectations* to see *them* in their Graves, for the *Lucre* of what is left *us* by their LAST WILLS and TESTAMENTS. There are *bountiful Disasters* enough in the World, besides such unnatural and ungrateful *Hopes* of inheriting all the Advantages of this misinterpreted **Proverb** with a *Jest*.

Let the *Wind blow* never so *hard*, where-soever it *blows*, I am well satisfy'd it is always appointed for *some good Purpose* or *other*; for 'tis GOD ALMIGHTY'S *Weather* still, and *that* must needs be the *best* for us; or else JUPITER'S bold *Farmer* had never *repented of his Bargain*. Such Seasons of *Sorrow*, *Want*, or *Disappointment*, are sometimes highly *profitable* for our *Correction*: We should otherwise forget whereabouts we are, and what we are doing. They put us in Mind of our *Duty*, our *thankless Practices*, and our *unbounded Wishes*, as if we were to govern every *Blast of Wind* for our own Ends, without any *Reformation* of Matters in the World. But I would not launch out too far neither, for fear of a *Storm*; and be-

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ing *safe* in the *Port* still from any *Malignity* of the **Proverb**, I shall only mention a particular comical *Story* in *Defence* of it, all *Misconstructions* a-part : I went once to see an *old Acquaintance*, and to condole with him for the *Loss of his Wife*, who had been *dead* about a *Month*, I think. *Well! Man*, said he, *Puff! never trouble your self for that: 'Tis only a BENEFIT-TICKET.*

However, *some vulgar People*, after all, often make an unmannerly *Use* of this **Proverb**, and are apt to apply it rudely to every *PUFF* of the *Posteriors*. I do not know how far *KING JAMES* the First's *Law* may justify a Man's *breaking Wind backwards* in *Company*; but I am sure, though it may, perhaps, disoblige a *Neighbour* at second *Hand*, yet it may do *himself* a great deal of *Good* in the *Cholick*: So that even *this* also verifies the notable *OLD SAYING* still, either in *Point of Health, Ease, or some other Advantage.*

PROV.



## P R O V. XLVI.

Look not too *high*, lest a *Chip* fall in  
your *Eye*.

*Reflexion.*

**T** WAS *Pride* first threw LUCIFER  
out of Heaven, and sent him pre-  
sently a packing to a *Hellish* Place of end-  
less *Misery* and *Punishment*, for his auda-  
cious *Insolence*. His *high* and *mighty* Looks  
were soon taken down, and his *aspiring*  
*Impudence* chang'd into woful Torment,  
for attempting saucily to *rival*, to *insult*,  
or to *ungod* his CREATOR : So that even  
*Angels* themselves would *look too high*, if  
they should not be contented with the  
*beatifick Vision*, and act within their *pro-*  
*per Sphere* of a due *Distance*, or an appoin-  
ted *Subordination*. Such bold and big  
Pretensions exceed the Bounds of a celestial  
Humility, Piety, or Perfection. But this  
is too *sublime*, perhaps, by the By, for the  
Business of a *humble Proverb*.

*Pride*, however, is undoubtedly the great  
*Blind* of all our *inferior Actions* in the  
lower World. It turns *Men* into *Mon-*  
*sters*, *Giants*, and *Rebels*, both against  
Heaven and Earth. It cost our *first Pa-*

rents Paradise, and the Pleasure of their primitive *Innocence*; as their *Ambition* was complicated with a disobedient Search after *Knowledge*, to become as *wise* and as *good* as their MAKER. It also brought *haughty* HAMAN to the Gallows at last, in the midst of all his *Pomp* and *Preferment*, and mounted him *fifty Cubits high*, only for an Example of a dangerous *Presumption*, or a Spectacle of an offending *Arrogance*.

This same *Pride* again gave PHAETHON a dreadful *Fall* for his *ambitious Foolery*, in meddling with what he was not able to manage. The *Height of Ambition* turn'd the Brain of this youthful, giddy, arrogant *Hotspur*; and down he came *headlong* with a *Thunder*, for fear of *burning* what was only to be *warm'd* by the enlivening Beams of a well-govern'd *Sun*: And though the Story be *fabulous*, yet it is abundantly *moraliz'd* over and over now-a-days, among thousands of presumptuous, aspiring little People upon Earth, who are so puff'd up with *Promotion*, and *swoln* with *Insolence*, that they burst into *Ruin*, *Shame*, and *Nothing* in the End; or what is worse than *Nothing*, they either get an *ill Name* living, or suffer a *monumental Scandal* and *Disgrace* after Death. They *sear* too near the *Sun*, to be *safe* in their  
daring

daring Flights, and sink at last into an *Abyss* of *Pride* and *Perdition* of their own seeking and Courtship. In short, *proud* imperious Persons will always be *climbing so high*, 'till a *Chip falls in their Eye*, as the *Proverb* jingles; and then they *must tumble* of Course, *blindfold*, GOD knows whither, in the Event of a fatal AMBITION.

What is *Pride*, but the *Precipice* of Destruction? Does not the *ambitious Man* stand all the while upon the *Brink of a Fall*? There's no sure Footing upon the *Top* of so steep a Hill, the *Pinnacle* of Honour, the *Monument* of Glory, or the *Weather-cock* of Fortune. *Aspiring* too high, looks like going up the *Ladder*, only to be *turn'd off* genteely. *Height* it self commonly begets *Giddiness*. It creates an *Unsteadiness* of Mind, produces strange *Apprehensions*, makes the *exalted Man* stagger upon the *Danger* of a *false Step*, and seldom or never fails of bringing his *lofty Head* down at last to the *Bottom*. The *highest Station* is but *precarious* and *uncertain* at best: And I question whether there are not some ill-dispos'd, sawcy, high-minded People watching daily, if not wishing also, for the *Fall* of GREAT GENERALS, who, they think, stand only upon *slippery Ground* with a Witness, because



they are not of *their* Kidney, Council, Faction, Interest, or Promotion. Such *Arrogance* deserves to be exemplarily punish'd in the *Expectation*.

However, the *Proverb* is no Fault, but reproves even *prond Kings* for their Sakes, who do not *look too high*, do not imperiously *fly* in their Faces for *Revenge*; do not, like usurping bloody-minded Traytors, barbarously *murder* their sacred Persons, at the Foot of the Account: While those arbitrary and domineering *Princes*, on the other Hand, perhaps, uncontrollably tyrannize, insult, and persecute their *faithful humble Servants*, and *obedient Subjects*. But a popular petulant *Contention* with our *Superiors* and *Sovereigns*, out of meer Haughtiness, Malice, or Mischief, is never like to fare better, than to be baffled with the utmost *Confusion* of Face, as well as the *Loss* of Life, Fortune, or Liberty. The insolent *Competition* is *unnatural*, and the *Arrogance* highly imprudent. Every such irregular *Advancement*, in *Defiance* of *Royal Power* and *Prerogative*, is a large *Step* towards a *desperate Downfall*.

We have many excellent good *Lessons* of this Kind, besides the comical *Proverb* of not *looking too high*, for fear of the *worst*, given us against the haughty Practices

ices of *Ambition* ; as particularly, *Hasty Climbers have sudden Falls*. And this may serve as an incomparable *Caution*, or *Reproof* rather to some *proud Upstarts*, lest a sudden Change should happen in the *twinkling of an Eye*, and humble their *HIGH AND MIGHTINESSES*. It is likewise a discreet *Check* upon several *high-flown Court-Favourites*, who may *rise* on a sudden, perhaps, from a *low Condition*, to a *large Estate*, or the highest Pitch of *Glo-ry*, and in a little Time, *fall* as fast again into their *original Obscurity*, or dwindle into *nothing* of *Extract*, *Honour*, and *Commendation*. *Fallen Stars* lose all their *Brightness*, and become contemptible out of their *shining Orbs* ; their *Lustre* goes off as soon as they are *down*, and the *worthless Thing* is *despis'd* : So when *Beauty* fails, the *Admiration* ceases, and turns either into a downright *Disrespect*, or an unregarding *Indifferency*. This seems to be the *Danger* then of *aspiring* to great *Dignity* ; namely, that all the *hasty Advancements* of ambitious Persons, are apt to beget *Pride* ; and that *Pride* never fails of raising *Folly* in *themselves*, as well as *Envy* in *others* : So that what with the *sawcy Impertinence*, or presumptuous *Security* of the *one*, and the vigilant *Censoriousness*, or malevolent *Insinuations* of the *other*,

they must needs be *crush'd* between both off-hand, and hurry'd out of *Favour* with an insulting Kind of *Precipitation* and *Triumph*.

But this *Proverb* turns upon another *Foot* also, besides taking *Heed* how we climb up too high to come at *Court-Preferments*, or to grasp at *inconstant Riches* and *Honour* : Though it is *Matter of History*, with what *Success* the famous SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH ventur'd at last to *im-bark* upon this rotten Bottom of *Ambition* ; what *Course* he *steer'd* to *Royal Favour*, and what came on't in the End of his *Elevation*, and *great Services*. Why, 'tis a Wonder his *Heart* did not fail him to climb at all, upon this single *Consideration*, that the *highest Flood* always has the *lowest Ebb*, and the *highest Standing*, the *lowest Fall*. But be it as it will, this good old *Saying* teaches us, over and above yet, the *Happiness of a contented Life in a mean Station*, without hazarding our *Heads*, by aiming at too high Things, without hurting our *Eyes* by *arrogant Prospects*, without lessening our *Estates* by *prodigal Presumptions*, without prejudicing our *Persons* by *insolent Practices*, and without endangering our *Lives* at last by any *high-flown Ambition*. Happy be then, thrice happy, that can adjust all his *Actions*,  
Under.



*Undertakings, or Attempts whatsoever, to this standing Rule of Moderation, and the modestest Maxim of Morality! He, I mean, whose Projects are carry'd on no higher than the Proverb prescribes, with Safety to his PERSON, and the Security of his FORTUNE, upon this comfortable Experience in a Country Retirement, that the tallest Tree bath the greatest Fall.*

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P R O V. XLVII.

*Fast bind, fast find.*

*Reflexion.*

**T**IS a loose Age we live in, and lewd to the last Degree, in Point of good Faith, as well as good Manners. Many Men are so mad, even out of Bedlam, that there is no dealing with them, except they be bound. Knavery seems now to be in its Zenith, and looks giddy with its own Height; but we may despair of its Declension yet, 'till an universal Reformation of Fraud, Interest, and Falshood brings it down lower, upon a Level with common Honesty.

There's no Faith in Man, quoth COLEMAN, upon the Disappointment of his Expectations

pectations at *Tyburn* ; where he was ty'd fast enough from telling of Stories, and making of *Plots* or *Discoveries*. *Court-Promises* are not to be rely'd on, without a wise *Distrust*, 'till they are perform'd, and we can BRAG of them in the *Enjoyment*. If *Policy* or *Interest* makes the *Favour* necessary, perhaps it may be granted ; for the *Courtier* is bound in *Conscience* then to do Wonders. I remember an *Address* made to a *Great Man*, several Years ago, by a *poor Relation*, for some Preferment : Why, says the DUKE, if you hear of any Thing worth your While, I'll give it a Lift. Now, something considerable was found out accordingly ; and the mighty Lift begg'd for't ; but nothing ever yet done in it, to this Day, nor any other *Kindness* bestow'd upon the *Petitioner's Family*, after all the *Obligations* of Honour, Friendship, and Veracity : So that *Words* are but *Wind*, at this Rate, be they never so sedate, fair, and calm about the inconstant *Weather-cock*. It looks as if no *Faith* was to be kept with *Inferiors*, or as if *Great Men* were of another Religion, and little People to be reckon'd *Hereticks*.

After many such *Disappointments*, and false *Practices* of this Quality, who would believe the fairest *Pretences* and *Professions* of Affability, Courtesy, and Kindness ?

Who

Who would take a Place of Preferment for *granted*, upon *Honour*, before he was actually put in *Possession* on't? Who would expect to find a *Gentleman* as good as his *Word*, true to his *Trust*, fast to his *Promise*, firm to his *Protestations*, or faithful to his *Friend* at last; a *Man*, I mean, that is no *faster bound* to this *Behaviour*, than by a little *Flattery*, *Complement*, and *Disimulation*? When *Apollo* made *Love* to *Cassandra*, she would not yield to his *Desire*, and yet countenanc'd him so far still, as to keep on the *Amour*, 'till she had got the *Gift of Prophecy* from him; but then she rejected all his *Addresses* Point-blank, and broke *Faith* with her *Friend*: Upon this, *Apollo* finding it inconsistent with his *Honour* and *Majesty*, to reassume the *Grant*, he resolv'd to lay a *Punishment* upon't; so that whatever *Cassandra* should *prophecy* for the *Future*, no *Body* should ever give any *Credit* to't. This is the Fate of all common *Liers*, not to be believ'd when they speak *Truth*; of all notorious *Cheats*, not to be *trusted*, when they would *deal honestly*; and of all general *Lovers*, not to be receiv'd, when they are really in *earnest*, or *sincere*. *Lying*, *Cheating*, and *Inconstancy*, must needs find but few *Confidants*, *Customers*, or

*bumble*



*bumble Servants*, after so fair a *Warning* to the World.

And since so it is, that People are so *loose* and *perfidious*, in general, what can be a greater Point of *Prudence*, than to be upon our Guard against *Treachery* and *Imposition*, in all our Dealings and Transactions of Affairs, either in *buying* or *selling*, *borrowing* or *lending*, *giving* or *taking*, in order to preserve a good Understanding, and a lasting Friendship among mutual Correspondents? 'Tis a wise Way to make a *Bargain*, as sure as *Earnest*, *Obligation*, or *Testimony* can bind it, for fear of meeting with a *Sharper* in the Multitude of *fair Dealers*, that will play *fast* and *loose* with his *Word*, and flinch from his own *Agreement*: For there are *Pick-pockets* in all *honest Crowds*, and they creep into the very *Churches* too, when they are *full*. However, a Man's *Word* ought to be as good as his *Bond*, to all Intents and Purposes; and he that has no more *Conscience*, than the *Law* will oblige him to have, shall take none of *my Money*: But for all that, to prevent Vexation, Trouble, and Wrangling in *Westminster-Hall*, five and twenty or thirty Years together, for an Act of Kindness, 'tis the *safest Way* to have good *Security* under *Hand and Seal*, to shew for the *Performance*

*mance of his Promises.* And *that* will not do neither, neither hinder, nor make an End of a Quarrel, unless the Clerk be a Person of Integrity, without the least Fault or Flaw of a Caterpillar, that neglects signing Releases upon the Conclusion of an old jaded Cause, on Purpose to prolong, and multiply everlasting Suits into a Plague, and entail the Infection upon the Posterity of his Client.

It is a hard Matter to find a Person now-a-days, that is fit to be trusted with a Secret, and much less with our Money or Goods, without some previous Obligation of the Law, as well as Fidelity, Justice, and Conscience. Conscience! (said a certain bad Pay-master to his Creditor, that demanded a Debt justly due to him, for Conscience-sake;) WHAT'S THAT? THE ITCH? So that there's no taking such a Fellow's Word for a Farthing, unless he do formally squeeze Wax for the Payment on't. In short, we should live in a dissolute State of War and Rapine, without Laws to govern the Licentious, and preserve the Peace of the World: HOBBS'S Ghost would rise up in Judgment, upon such a lawless Confusion. But there is no Law yet to prevent the Growth of Hypocrisy, both in Church and State; and nothing less than the Power of an Act of Parliament, can make

make *some Men* just to either *Church* or *Conventicle*, and *bind 'em fast* enough to their Duty, under the unrestrain'd *Liberty* of conforming to *both*, upon Occasion of *Freak*, *Interest*, and *Advantage*.

This old *Jingle* holds true yet, from the *Obligations of Law*, to the *hooping of a Hoghead*. It preserves the *Wine*, and makes the *Vintner* and the *Cooper* fast Friends. It reflects upon all *slippery Tricks*, that are play'd the *credulous*, the *easy*, and the *negligent Manager* of Affairs, and reproaches him with his own *Loss*, *Disadvantage*, or *Imprudence*, in the End. It brings the *careless Keeper* to the Stool of Repentance, upon the *Escape of a Prisoner*, for want of a strong *Chain*. It puts the gull'd *Husband* in Mind of his Folly and Shame, upon the *Elopement of his Wife*, for want of strict *Confinement*. It touches the chow'd *Creditor* in the most sensible Part, upon the *Despair of a round Sum of Money*, for want of good *Security*. It makes a wild extravagant *Apprentice* serve out his Time, lest he should lose his *Indentures*, or be disappointed of his *Freedom*. It induces an unwilling *Offender* to appear in *Court*, for fear of forfeiting his *Recognizance*. It secures the *Bird* from leaving its *Cage*, the *Horse* from forsaking his *Rider*, and the *Dog* from slipping his Neck



Neck out of the *Collar*. It is concern'd in all *Contracts of Marriage*, and hinders a *Match* from breaking off, for want of a *firm Resolution* or *Constancy*. In a Word, it ties the *true Lovers Knot*, which nothing but *Death* can *unloose*.

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PROV. XLVIII.

A Man is a *Man* still, if he hath but a *Hose* on his Head.

*Reflexion.*

There's no judging of *Men* by their *Cloaths*, or their *Outsides*. *Innocence* was originally *naked*, and *Truth* keeps the same *Dress* still, in Spite of *Fig-Leaves*, or *Furbelows*. The *Face* is but a false *Index* of the Mind at best. *Hercules*, they say, is known by his *Foot*; but the *Brains* lie *two Stories higher*, tho' our *upper Rooms* are not always the *best furnish'd*. However, a Person of Learning, with a *Hose on his Head*, now-a-days, would look very odd, and ridiculous among the *Beaus* of the *Town*, when *long Wigs* and *false Hair* are so much in Fashion: I had like to have said, *false Heads* too; for their very *Brains* are *bor-*  
row'd,

row'd, and their *Thoughts* are none of their *own*.

But the *Proverb* does not distinguish People by their *external Figure*. A *Man* is not to be undervalu'd and despis'd for his *Habit*; for we may sometimes chance to meet with a *DIOGENES* in *Rags*, and a *Philosopher* in *mean Apparel*, with his *Stockins out at Heels*, or the *forlorn Hope* of a *Shirt* on. Let his *Coat* be never so *Thread-bare*; he's a *MAN* still, and, perhaps, a *Man* of Honour too, without ever appearing at *Court*, either in the *Quality* or *Equipage* of an *EMBASSADOR*.

I could never yet like a *Scholar* the worse for having a *long Beard*; because I am convinc'd, that his *Soul* does not grow out at his *Chin*; and neither *Deformity* nor *Poverty* can scare me from an *ingenious Conversation*. 'Tis common *Prudence* only, to esteem a *Man's Qualifications* and *Parts* more than his *Person*; and to set the highest Value upon an inestimable *Jewel*, in what *Dunghill* soever it is found. *Æsop's Wit* might very well atone for his *Shape*, and deservedly recommend him to the Company and Admiration both of *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* at *Court*. Can any Thing be more *enter-taining* in *Conversation*, than a *Man of Sense*, though he has not a *Shoe* to his *Foot*,  
nor

nor a *Hat* to his *Head*? Riches, Splendor, and Beauty, are not comparable to a *good Understanding*, and ought never to come in Competition with Knowledge, Virtue, and Honour, for *intrinsic Worth* and *Excellency*. Men are not to be measur'd by their *Purses* or *Pockets*, but by their natural Gifts, and acquir'd Parts, by their extraordinary Endowments of Mind, and Improvements of Knowledge: For there are a great many *golden Blockheads* in this Age, and *Fortune* sometimes sticks the finest *Feathers* in the *Fool's Cap*.

Every *Man* of us all ought to act up to the Spirit of this *Proverb*. A Principle of *Generosity* well manag'd, and luckily exerted, upon a seasonable Occasion, is sufficient to ennoble a *Beggar*, and make him a *King's Companion*. *Virtue* can never fall under a *Cloud*, nor be totally *eclips'd*; but still breaks through all *Obscurities* and *Disadvantages*, with the greater Lustre, Influence, and Glory. It generally grows *stronger* upon a *Struggle* with *Misfortunes*, and displays its *Power* most upon *Opposition*. *Adversity*, *Calumny*, and *Contempt*, can never *unman* the noble Person in the *Proverb*.

There are no *personal Distinctions* after *this World*; which single Consideration is enough to take down the *Pride* of the most



imperious SULTAN among *Christians*. . We ought not to insult upon our *Inferiors* in Goods of Mind, Body, or Estate: And, for any Thing I know, to tread upon a *Worm*, is an Injury to the *Creation*. Let a *Man* be never so *low*, he may *rise* again, get better *Cloths* to his Back, and make a greater Figure in the World: But whatever becomes of a GOOD MAN *here*, with a *Hose* on his Head, tho' slighted into the Grave by GREAT MEN, he is sure yet *hereafter* to receive all the Benefits of a glorious Resurrection, and to be crown'd with Immortality. And then the uncharitable DIVES, *that inhospitable Wretch*, will have the sad Remorse of seeing LAZARUS in *Abraham's Bosom*, and his *Preferment* infinitely beyond the *Pomp* and *Haughtiness* of this World.

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PROV.

PROV. XLIX.

Reckon not your *Chickens* before they  
are *hatch'd*.

*Reflexion.*

**N**either ought we to *reckon our Eggs*  
*before they are lay'd*. We may count  
our Poultry when we *have them*, well and  
good, to keep the *Tale* of 'em; 'tis pru-  
dent *Huswifery*: But we ought not to  
*compute* upon them in the *Shell*. 'Tis not  
common *Discretion* to crack of our *Chic-*  
*kens*, to talk of our *young Turkeys*, and  
to feed our selves with the Phancy of  
our *Goslings* or *Cygnets*, before they are  
HATCH'D. And yet *this* is no more, than  
what Thousands of People do every Day  
in *other Affairs* of their Lives.

What a fine *Crop of Corn* shall I have,  
*says* the covetous HUSBAND-MAN, before  
ever the Seed *peeps* out of the Ground, or  
is *grown up* to any Maturity? What a  
World of *Apples, Pears, and Plumbs*, with  
*Cherries* in Abundance, shall I have, *says*  
the forward GARDENER, before ever the  
Trees are well in *Blossom*, or the *Fruit set*  
against black Winds and Blights? What  
a vast Stock of *Sheep and Goats*, besides  
S 2 other

other Cattel, shall I have, says the confident SHEPHERD, before ever any Lambs, Kids, or Calves are come to Light, and the Danger of miscarrying is not yet over? Well! but I shall have a brave Estate, when my Father dies, says one; I shall be in deep Mourning for my old Mother, and have new Cloths in a little Time, says another; and I shall be LORD MAYOR OF LONDON ere long, if such, or such a Thing happens, cries a Third: When God knows, who shall live to see that Day; for these are but vain Wishes in EMBRIO, ill conceiv'd, and as likely not to go out half their Time, or not to last 'till their Accomplishment. Now, what is all this, but the Folly of bragging of the Larks we shall catch, when the Sky falls, or rather, only the Hastiness of reckoning our Chickens before they are HATCH'D?

This is a reigning Vanity also among many noted uppish Authors, and Hero's of the Age. They commonly talk too fast of Things; both of them, by a Kind of BRAVADO, anticipating their own Exploits and Performances. The one affects an Applause before his Work's done; and the other thinks himself Cock-sure of Preferment, before he deserves any. This expects to be made a Great Man, some GENERAL or other, and that reckons himself



as good as a BISHOP already ; but *both*, perhaps, before their *proper Turns* of meriting such *Employments* : Which seems to be the worst of a precipitate *Foolery*, and a more ridiculous *Forwardness*, than the very **Proverb** condemns ; for it is even *hatching of Eggs, that were never yet lay'd* : That is, the fond *Conceit* has no Manner of *Foundation* to work upon in our Brains. 'Tis to be wish'd indeed, that we could *knock at the Gates of PARIS* in Arms, as well as in *Print*, or *Discourse*, and the sooner the better ; but it does not become us to be *over-hasty* in harbouring such *glorious Thoughts*, such *illustrious Confidences*. — ALL in good Time.

We are always *brooding* in our *Desires*, and *hatching* in our *Minds*, what we would have *come to pass*, before Things are ripe for't. Every one of us *talks* as he *wishes*, even from the telling of *Lies*, *Stories*, and *News* about Town ; *magnifying* our Advantages *Abroad*, and *multiplying* our Successes at *Home*, to the very HEN's having brought forth a *vast Number* of CHICKENS, before ever she had *sat* upon 'em. It must needs *be*, as we would have it, or else we are offended ; and nothing but TIME can convince us of the Error of our *rash Conjectures*, or *hasty Conclusions*. *Hastiness* begets *Blindness*, as the

*Bitch* brings forth her *Puppies*. It oftentimes makes us over-shoot our *Reason*, and forfeit our *Prudence*, in reckoning that our *own*, which is not yet so much as in *Being*. It puts us upon speaking confidently of our having, or as good as having, *Things* in our *Power* and *Possession*, which are far off still, only in *Expectancy*, and depend wholly upon *Providence*. In short, such *over-hasty Reckonings* proceed from *false Conceptions*. They are meer *Impositions* upon *our selves*. They are good *Signs* of our *great Hopes*; but no *Arguments*, that we may not be *disappointed*. There are many *Casualties* betwixt the Egg and the Bird; betwixt a Woman's being with *Child*, and its Birth. We do not know what *Miscarriages* may happen, to render our *biggest Expectations* abortive. However, there's no Doubt, but SPAIN will be *recover'd* at long Run by our Assistance; and yet at present, it is only one of the CHICKENS in the *Proverb*, not to be crack'd on 'till it is quite *batch'd*, and thoroughly *fledg'd* with the House of AUSTRIA's *Feathers*.

Farther yet, this jocular *Saying* has another *Meaning*; namely, against *reckoning without our Host*: For, *they say*, he that *does so*, must *reckon twice*; which argues either a great *Imprudence*, and down-right

right *Folly* in the *one*, or a cunning *Knavery*, and a manifest *Cheat* in the *other*. However, I have been well assur'd by *Travellers* of good Credit, that a *DUTCH Reckoning* never loses any Thing, by being carry'd in *twice* upon a Scruple of the *Guests*. In fine, all People would do well to consult their *LANDLORD's* Conscience, as well as their *own Purses*, before they make any Computation of what is to *pay*, for Fear of being *out* in their *Accounts*.

But the main *Interpretation* of the *Proverb* belongs chiefly to the wise, gallant *SOLDIER*, as a *Word of Command* how to behave himself, with *Honour* and *Discretion*, in the *Field of War*; not to triumph too soon, before *Victory*; not to glory too hastily, till the *Battel* is won; not to *insult* too rashly, before an *entire Conquest* is made; as the *FRENCH* were lately routed at *RAMELIES*. Now, both the *GRÆCIANS* and the *ROMANS* formerly, were always bountifully *grateful* to thier *successful* *GENERALS*. They had their *ENCOMIUMS*, both in *Prose* and *Poetry*, presented to 'em publickly, in *Praise* of their noble *Actions*; they were highly honour'd in open View, with *Triumphs* and *Trophies*, in Token of their *Valour*, besides other *Rewards* of their brave *Exploits*; and they were, in a Manner, extoll'd to



Heaven at last, and DEIFY'D with universal Acclamations of *Immortality*, for their great *Services* upon *Earth*. But it was both a *popular Shame*, and a *Scandal* for 'em to expect any such MIGHTY DOINGS, 'till they had absolutely conquer'd the GRAND ENEMY of their *Country*: And this very *Proverb* was the *Reflexion* upon those *unfortunate Warriors* of *Old*, who behav'd themselves with the utmost *Fidelity*, *Gallantry*, and good *Discipline*; although they could not finish a CAMPAIGN, perhaps, according to the *People's* Minds, nor accomplish the *Work of the War* with an EVERLASTING PEACE. Insomuch, that if such an *one* came *Home* at any *Time unsuccessfully*, and could lay never so just a *Pretension* to *Merit*, and to ROYAL FAVOUR: What! said the MOB of him, do you *crow* now like a *Dung-hill Cock*, before ever you've engag'd, or defeated your FOE?

PROV.

PROV. L.

*Curs'd Cows have short Horns.*

*Reflexion.*

**T**HIS, perhaps, makes the FRENCH KING live so long, upon our Threats; Not but that *he's as mortal as another Man*, though he may not die before his Time, by the Hand of a second RAVILLIAC, or such *curs'd Villains* as cut off King Charles the First's Head in our own Country. We have lampoon'd him with our Pens, bespatter'd him with our Tongues, and pay'd him off with our Arms in several Battels; but he seems ne'er the more to thrive upon our Curses and Triumphs, than his own Miscarriages or Misfortunes. On this Side of the Water, he has been often threaten'd with Destruction, and sent to Hell for his Falshood, Tyranny, and Oppression, with a Pox to the Rogue and the Rascal of a FRENCH BOUGRE; and if our Horns had not been so short of our Wishes, the Wound had prov'd mortal too, in Spite either of Fate, or of MADAM DE MAINTENON, to preserve the MOST CHRISTIAN TURK. However yet, on the other Side, the FRENCH TYRANT had bid fair for Universal

*versal Monarchy* long before this Time, if *he* himself had not labour'd at last under this *Proverb*, as well as his *Neighbours*, and his *Will* had not languish'd for want of *Power* either to execute, or accomplish his *ambitious Designs*. He might have *push'd*, perhaps, into the Heart of *GERMANY*, and the Bowels of *ITALY*, as well as made himself *Master* of some of the Riches of *SPAIN*, if his *Horns* had been *LONG* enough, and no *English Champion* had stood in the Way to his *accurs'd Conquests*. But *cursing*, or *undervaluing* an *Enemy*, is not the Way to *beat* him; and it only either *lessens* our *Victories* in Success on the *one Hand*, or *reviles Providence* in Distress and Disaster on the *other*: For *GOD* will interpose still in the Vicissitude of human Affairs, and govern the World in both Fortunes, for the best, as *he* thinks fit, to controul the *execrable Force* either of *Man* or of *Beast*, in the Field of *Battel*, and in Times of *Affliction*, as well as in the Day of Peace, Plenty, and Prosperity.

But, *publick Revolutions* apart, the *private Grudges*, and *ill Will* of inveterate *Enemies*, are couch'd under this ridiculous *Emblem* of *curs'd Cows*; which either have not the *Power* to do us a *Mischief*, as they would do, if we lay at their *Mercy*,  
or



or whose barbarous *Designs* are often frustrated, and their violent *Attacks* disappointed, by the Prevention of an *overruling Providence*. There's no *Security* in the *Lion's Paw*, without a *Miracle*. 'Tis the Nature of the *Beast* to destroy whatever comes within his Reach. Thus DANIEL, in all human Probability, had not escap'd untouch'd in the *Den*, nor outliv'd NEBUCHADNEZZAR's savage *Intention*; but an *Almighty Power* interfer'd for the *Prophet's Deliverance*, restrain'd either the *Liberty*, or the *Appetite* of the most hungry, fierce, cruel *Creatures* living, and convinc'd the *brutish Man*, at once, both of his *Infidelity*, and the *Impotency* of his *curs'd Attempt*. Nothing less than *Omnipotence* it self, can correct the natural Bent of *Inclination*, or cramp the *arbitrary Clutches* of *Inhumanity* from a mortal Grasp. Nothing less can disarm the *Will* of a bloody-minded Man of *Power*, to play all the *Engines* of Destruction, tame the *Tyger* in Pursuit of his PREY, and save the *Lamb* in the very Jaws of the *Wolf*. Nothing less again can stop the Mouth of a *Gun*, suspend the Force of a *Bullet*, or prevent *Execution*: And, without Banter, if a *Cannon-Ball* grazes upon a Man's *Shoulder* in a *Fight*, without hurting his *Person*, we may very well believe

lieve the *Wonder* was by *divine Commis-*  
*sion.*

Now, since so it is, that *Providence* can easily *defeat* all the Measures of our most *implacable Adversaries* to hurt us, we may very well *defy* the *Devil* upon this Confidence, and believe that *curs'd Cows* have *short Horns*; that *unmerciful People* are commonly either baulk'd of their mischievous *Intentions*, or depriv'd of the *arbitrary Power* of executing a compleated *Injury*, though their wicked ungovernable *Wills* be never so rampantly set agog upon't. For otherwise, what a *Wilderness* would the *World* be in a little Time, upon cutting of *Throats* without *Controul*, and taking honest Men off at a Dash, which stand in the Way of a *prosperous Villainy*, upon a Distinction of *FACTION* or *PARTY*; through *Nick-Names*, *Aspersions*, and *Calumnies*! A confederate *Malice* sticks at nothing of *Iniquity*, to gain its Point, 'till it is *disabled* and *overpower'd* by *Justice*. If the *Hands* of some *profligate Wretches* were not ty'd behind their *Backs*, they would set the *Malefactors* upon the *Bench*, and hang up their *JUDGES*. They would put *TYBURN* in *Mourning*, for the Death of a *true-blew Plotter*, or a *Popish Assassin*. They would ring the *Bells backwards*, and turn the Nation *TOPSY-TURVY* into *Anar-*  
chy

chy and Confusion. In short, *they* would do every Thing that *ought not to be done*, to hinder all honest People from *doing what they ought* in Duty.

But, *thank GOD*, we have both *divine* and *human Authority*, for the Establishment of this **Proverb**, to prevent the *direful Mob* from disordering the World: And the *Moral* of the whole Matter will be *this*, in short; *Providence* so wisely disposes on the *one Hand*, and the *Law* provides so well on the *other*, that *they* who have the *ill Will*, want either the *Power*, or the *Means* to wreak their *Malice* upon *those* that live under the *Protection* both of *Heaven* and *Earth*. For when these *predominant Powers* interpose for our *Preservation*, they soon *shorten the Horns of curs'd Cows*, whether they be *foreign* or *domestic*, that *push* at us; and *baffle* all the *diabolical Councils* of our *Enemies*, either at *Home* or *Abroad*, in Combination to contrive our *Overthrow*, and intail the *Curse of Conquest* upon our native Country.

In fine, not to press this **Proverb** too far upon *National Concerns*, it is a smart *Satyr* against the *little Piques*, *virulent Threats*, or *execrable Resolutions* and *Appointment*s in *private Families*. We cannot, *must not* do whatever we have a *Mind* to do in a *Passion*, to the *Prejudice* of



of our Neighbour. *Revenge* is not so *sweet*, but this single Consideration might be sufficient to *embitter* it, that it is not within our own Power to accomplish. All private *Vengeance* is positively decry'd for *unfair*, *cowardly*, and *unlawful*; and it generally deserves the very *self-same Punishment* too, that it seeks to inflict upon another by *Surprize*, *Disadvantage*, or *Inequality*: For if I dare not act in the *Light*, and bring an *Affair of Dispute* bare-fac'd upon the *publick Stage*, I am about some *dark Deed* or other, in *Disguise*, that is afraid of the *Sun*, and cannot stand the *Test of true Courage*; which ought to be argu'd fairly in the *open View* of the *World*, and before *proper Judges* too, for fear of *foul Play*, *false Weapons*, and an *unequal Match* upon a *Tryal of Skill*. *Satisfaction* above-board, is *honourable*; but a clandestine *Injury*, below a *Person of Worth*, or a *publick-spirited Gentleman*.

This *Proverb* also justly lampoons the detestable *Execrations* of *impotent Sinners*, or *disabled Offenders*. It reflects upon the *Infirmities* of superannuated *Whore-masters*, that are *wicked* still, to the utmost of their *Power*. It reproves the *insufficient Love* of an old *Letcher*, who has a *Month's Mind* to a *young Girl*, and is only *vertuous* by *Decay*. It checks the *Intemperances* of a languishing

guishing Lewdness, a feeble Passion, or a deprav'd Appetite, for want of *Ability* to commit a *Debauch*, or offer Violence to *Nature* and *Virtue*, according to *Inclination*. Besides, it is enough to put all *untoward People*, of a *revengeful Spirit*, quite out of Countenance, to be thus ridicul'd and banter'd with *Brutality*, *Insufficiency*, and *Contempt* ; or, in a Word, to be so HORNEFY'D for *curs'd Cows*, and made a *Jest* to all Mankind of a *better Temper*, and a more *peaceable Disposition*.

---

PROV. LI.

Give a Man *Luck*, and throw him into the *Sea*.

*Reflexion.*

**H**E'll not be *drown'd*, if the *Proverb* is true, and can *help* it : But he will be *sav'd* still, by one lucky *Providence* or another, from the imminent Danger of the *Waves* ; whether he be brought *safe* to Land, as poor ARION, the *Musician*, was, upon the Back of a *Dolphin*, or miraculously preserv'd, as JONAH, the *Prophet*, was, in the *Whale's Belly*, beyond all human *Expectation*,

But

But this ~~Proverb~~ has a farther *Entendre* yet, besides the *Letter* on't. *Luck* is a *Lord*, we say ; which looks, as if it rais'd a Man sometimes to *great Honour* and *Dignity*, from a *low Estate*; or made him a *Peer of the Realm*, from a *mean Degree*, upon a surprizing Change of *Fortune*. Give a Man but *Luck*, and he'll run through all the dangerous *Difficulties*, both of *Sea* and *Land*, with *Success*, and seldom or never fail of being *happy*, even beyond his own *Hopes*. 'Tis wonderful how some *Persons* thrive an-End in the World, and seem to prosper upon their very *Losses*.

*Some* People are so *hardy*, that they would live upon a *Mountain*, feed upon a fruitful *Crab-Tree*, and grow fat upon *Haws* and *Husks*, or the meanest of ordinary *Fare*. *Others* become unaccountably *rich*, from little *Concerns*. They have the *Luck* on't. *Riches* flow upon 'em ; *Money* tumbles into their *Laps*, and *Estates* drop (as it were) into their *Mouths*, without any farther *Trouble*. And *some* again are such *lucky Gamesters*, as to make their *Fortunes* at Play, upon the Ruins of other Men's *Wealths*. For we have a smart *Saying*, to this Effect, *Hit or miss, Luck is all* ; especially when the *Prodigal* shakes his *Elbow* at *Dice*, ventures his *All* upon the Hazard of a *Throw*, or stakes an *Estate* down at a *Game at Cards*.

FOR-



FORTUNE is the *Mistress of the Field*, says the *Poet* : And if so, QUEEN ANN seems to be her chief *Favourite*, by the inexpressible *Victories* obtain'd lately every where in the *War* with the *FRENCH*. But let us not mistake ; *Justice* is not to be measur'd by *Success* only, nor *Success* to be ascrib'd to a blind giddy *Chance* ; for Things of so vast a Concernment, as *Conquests*, must be owing to a *higher Power*, and the *Glory* of them acknowledg'd to the *Wisdom* of *human Conduct*, under the Goodness or Direction of *divine Providence* : That *Providence*, which is too often miscall'd *Luck* by the *Vulgar*, and *Fortune* by some of the *Learned*. However, a *permissive Providence*, or *worldly Prosperity*, can be no *Rule of Practice* ; for the *Righteous* do not always flourish.

The *World's a Lottery*, crys the *losing Gamester* ; and he that wins one while, perhaps, may have nothing to brag of at the Foot of the Account. The *Tables* may turn again, and then he must come off a *Losser*, notwithstanding all his former *lucky Hits*. 'Tis a common *Saw*, that *Time* and *Chance* happen to all Men : But when we see a Person prodigiously *fortunate* and *prosperous*, we are apt to make a *Banter* of the *Blessing*, and jest upon *Providence*, with the *Romance* of *Fortunatus's*

*Cap, Luck in a Bag, and what says Pluck?* Thus is *Heaven* foolishly insulted; and the *Success* either of living happily, of marrying well, or of making one's *Fortune* fairly any other Way in the World, *chances* to be often ignorantly lampoon'd, and falsely attributed to a mistaken *Deity*. No; rather than fail of misapplying this *Proverb*, some Folks will have it, that *Fortune* favours *Fools*; as if *Providence* had no Kindness for the *Wise*, and bestow'd all her *Benefits* upon the *Ignorant*; or as if a Man could not be *fortunate*, without being reckon'd an *Idiot*, or a silly illiterate Fellow, in their rash *Conjectures*, as well as ridiculous *Reflexions*. I grant indeed, the *honestest* Man, the *worse* Luck sometimes, in the Eye of the *Vulgar*, upon a *misunderstanding* of the Matter; but the *Little* that a good Man has, *honestly* got, will last the longer, in Spite of all *Misfortune*, or ill Luck.

Well! I shall beg Leave now only for one *Digression*, to take Notice of a *PACK OF PROVERB-CARDS*, lately printed, and curiously engrav'd with *FIGURES*, representing them to the Life; sold under the Cover of a fine *Frontispiece*, and couch'd under the *Motto* of *HIT OR MISS, LUCK'S ALL*: Which is near enough a-kin to this jocular Saying, of giving a Man Luck, and throwing him into the Sea. But the Col-  
lection

lection appears to be so miserably manag'd with *indecent Language*, and spell'd false too; so *nasty*, so *smutty*, or so *obscene* in general; besides, that *one* of the **Proverbs** is so unmannerly and improperly adapted to the **QUEEN OF HEARTS**, and *another* so grossly reflecting upon the *Clergy* over and above; in all *Respects* such *Proverbial Indecencies*, not to say *Untruths*, that I cannot recommend them as fit to be *play'd* withal, neither do I think them capable either of *instructing* Children, or of *diverting* Youth into *good Manners*. Young People may *laugh* at 'em; but not *learn*, by practising them, any great *Civility*, *Vertue*, *Breeding*, *Learning*, or any Thing else that is worthy of *Observation*, and much less of *Imitation*, in the *Upshot* of the *Game*. Mean Time, I must needs imagine, at least, without *Vanity*, that **THIS PACK OF SELECT ENGLISH Proverbs**, with *moral Reflexions* upon them, would be far better *Diversion* in *Families*, as well as more deserving of their *Perusal*; especially, if the *reading* of *Books* be preferable at any Time to *playing* at *Cards*.



## P R O V. LII.

All is *well*, that *ends well*.

*Reflexion.*

**T**Here is a *near Relation* betwixt the *Beginning* and the *End* of all Things; and the *Distance* of the *one* from the *other*, in common Prospect, can be no Argument against their Affinity, their Friendship, and Contrivance towards the accomplishing of their *Designs* through all Difficulties, Delays, and Impediments, either of *Time* or of *Place*: For that which cannot be *done* effectually in *one Day*, as *ROME* was never built so *soon*, may with Patience, perhaps, be *finis'd* in a *Year*, or more, according to the *primary Intention* of the Undertaker: And *he* that cannot gain his Point according to his Wishes at *Home*, in his *own Country*, or in *England*, may yet peradventure make his Fortune *Abroad*, by travelling beyond *Hercules's Pillars*, or in the *Indies*. He's a *short-sighted Author* indeed, that does not know his *whole Drift*, or his *ultimate Scope* of Writing, before ever he sets Pen to Paper; like an unskilful *Archer*, who does not see the *Mark* that he aims at, before the *bending* of

*of his Bow* : For the *final Resolution* ought to be thoroughly well understood, and taken in a *full View* of the Matter in Hand, upon the *first Attempt* of any Affair.

But as *Things* are now-a-days generally measur'd by *Success*, which is a very false mobbish Argument of their *Goodness* ; *All must needs be well, that ENDS well* in the Eye of the *Vulgar*, not discerning the notorious *Fallacy* and *Deception*, that often lurks under the most specious *Cover* of a *good Intention*, or an *honest Atchievement* : For, by the Way, such *wicked Means* of *Lying, Cheating, Robbing, Perjury, or Murder*, may be us'd in the *Execution* of it ; that, let the *END* seem never so *plausible*, and prove never so *successful*, those *base Practices* will blast all its *Glory*, and discredit its *Accomplishment* amongst Men of better *Judgment, Honour, or Conscience*. Upon this Account, I have taken such *Measures* in the Management of the *foregoing Work*, from the *Beginning* to the *End* on't, as are all of a Piece, *ingenious, faithful, just, equal, and honest* ; to undeceive the World of its *Sophistry*, and credulous, bigotted, partial *Rate of judging of Events* by *PROSPERITY*, as well as to convince People of my own *Integrity* and *fair Dealing*, throughout the whole Performance. Let the *Fate* of it be what it will upon

the *Upshot*, whether it be *done well* or *ill*, with *Applause*, or *Dissatisfaction* and *Contempt*.

As to the *Letter* of the *Proverb*, it is plain Matter of *Fact*, that the *END* crowns all *Things*. Only, as the *Westminster-Scholar* wittily observ'd in *OLIVER's Time*, there was no *CORONATION* upon the *Event* of that preposterous *Revolution*; no *Cross*, no *Crown*, no *Bishop*, no *KING*, but a confus'd *Hotch-potch* Kind of Government, accomplish'd and consummate enough in *Rebellion*, *Regicide*, and *Roguery*: And the happy *End* of that *Commonwealth* too, restor'd a *Crown'd Head* to *ENGLAND* again; whose *lawful Successors* may, by *GOD's Blessing*, sit for ever on the *Throne*, and reign at *last* undisturb'd by *Republican Spirits*, and *Commutations*; which are as *endless*, as they always prove *unsuccessful*. But to proceed to my *Purpose*. The *Evening* crowns the *Day*. A *happy Death* is the never-failing *Portion* of a *well-spent Life*; which always *ends* in *eternal Bliss* and *Glory*, and only changes its *mortal Condition* *here*, for a blessed *State* of *IMMORTALITY* *hereafter*. As for my *Part*, all that I court in *this World* by *Writing*, *Industry*, and *Labour*, is, to make an *honourable Exit* out of it, by being in some *Measure serviceable*, in my *Life-Time*, to  
my



my *native Country*: And I cannot but imagine, that Men must needs be the *better* for *Learning* and *Instruction*, when I consider the Story of an *illiterate Country-Fellow*, that formerly wonder'd a long Time who this *FINIS* was; and concluded, at last, *he* might be some *great Scholard* or other, that had written *Abundance*, because his *NAME* was at the *End* of so many *Books*. However, we are all but *Pilgrims* upon Earth, and must draw *home-wards*. The *first Step* of our *Lives*, is so much advanc'd towards the *Grave*; and the *next Breath* of Air we draw in any Climate, may be our *last*, for ought we know, of our *Deaths*: So that poor Mortals would do well to *live well* every where, if they desire to *die well*; for they will certainly *die* sooner or later, in such a Manner as they have *liv'd*, to fulfil this *Proverb*.

In *fine*, the best Way of judging of Things beyond *Mistake*, is by the *Issue*, or the *Event* of them; for as we say commonly, *The Proof of the Pudding is in eating*, so we ought to *speak* as we find only upon the *last Tryal* and *Experience*, either of its *Goodness*, or its *Dis taste*. Every Man's *Work* must stand or fall, according to this *Test*; and we ought to *suspend* our *Judgments* rather, than pass a *final*

*Sentence* rashly upon its *Usefulness* or *Vanity*, its *Credit* or *Disesteem*, its *Excellence* or *Insignificancy*, before it has receiv'd the *finishing Stroke* of the *Maker's Art*. Who can, with common *Justice*, condemn an *AUTHOR*, upon reading his *Title-Page*, or upon an *imperfect cursory Perusal* of two or three *Leaves*, here and there, *sacrifice* the *whole Volume* to the *Fury* of his *Scorn*, *Calumny*, and *Contempt*? For, without *Equivocation*, or *Sophism*, *Spite*, *Prejudice*, or *Revenge*, *All is well, that ends well*, in reforming the *Vices of the Age*, either by lashing *Prophaneness* and *Immorality* out of *Countenance*, or exposing *Whores* and *Rogues*, both to *Shame* and *Punishment* in this *Life*, as well as to *Disgrace* after *Death*: So that, when all is done, this *Proverb*, in a literal *Sense*, is *true* still to all *Intents* and *Purposes*; and I wish again, as I did in the *Beginning*, that it may be my *Case* now in the *Conclusion* of this *Book*.

FINIS.

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F I N I S

MVSEVM  
BRITAN  
NICVM

E R R A T A

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f. *brough*, r. *brought*. f. P. 64. l. 2. a, r. *as*. P. 116. l. 30. and in  
other Places, f. *Grandure*, r. *Grandeur*. P. 127. l. 19. f.  
*in World*, r. *in the World*. P. 155. l. 15. f. *is Evidence*, r.  
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f. *He*, r. *It*. P. 207. l. 13. f. *the*, r. *they*. P. 208. l. 15.  
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no*. P. 268. l. 11. f. *compleated*, r. *complotted*. Some Li-  
terals have escap'd, which the Reader is desir'd to excuse.

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